

## **Losing My Religion by Magladin**

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**Summary:** AU where Mike's dad is a fire and brimstone spouting evangelical preacher and El and Mike meet at church. This is SUPER SMUTTY and super angsty. If you're easily offended by church sex or anything like that, maybe this story isn't for you. I'd rate it a hard E if possible. Story is finished and I'll update frequently. Oh, I should mention that THIS IS SMUTTY

# 1. Chapter 1

Okay so this story is actually finished so I'm not looking for like, constructive feedback. I'm just posting in case anyone wants to read. The joy for me lies in making up these stories. And this is SUPER SMUTTY, and super angsty, which I think I'm less good at, but I also think it's one of the best stories I've written. That may just be my opinion though. Heads up that if you are really into church or are offended easily then maybe this isn't the story for you. Don't say I didn't warn you. I don't even believe in Jebus. Oh, and THIS IS SMUTTY. Look alive, people.

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The Universe is a crazy place, has a biting sense of humor, and is cruel a good bit of the time. But as two teens from Hawkins, Indiana, discovered, sometimes the Universe has plans that cannot be altered.

The first inklings of dawn showed themselves as the autumn leaves grew brighter with each passing moment, the sun illuminating more and more in the sleepy little working class town of Hawkins as it got higher in the sky. It was Sunday, the first Sunday the newly minted Hawkins Orphanage would be attending the church services that Mike Wheeler's father led. Ted Wheeler was a devout evangelical who took the Bible a little too literally at times. Mike just did as he was told for fear of facing his father's wrath.

El was an orphan and until recently had been an experiment at a government lab in Hawkins. After a lot of litigation and secrecy, the lab had been shut down and the building turned into an orphanage, so El still had to live there. The difference was that now she got to leave and go places like church and occasionally to the store to buy small items that she could now afford due to being able to do odd jobs around the lab.

She didn't love it, but it was drastically better than before.

Sitting in the pew in the sanctuary of the church, El was fascinated at what all went on before the actual sermon. There was singing and music and even though El wasn't sure about the content, the melodies were nice.

A group of eight boys stood nervously in the front and started to sing. There was a tall, lanky boy with the floppiest hair El had ever seen and she was sitting so close she could see his freckles. She didn't look away from him, her eyes boring into him. She smirked when he looked at her and her gaze did not falter.

As Mike was standing in front singing he noticed a new girl, a *pretty* girl, staring at him. He stammered the lines to his song and even forgot a couple because he found that he couldn't look away. She was smirking but there was something about her that made him want to stare back. She felt somehow familiar. He knew his father would be mad if he knew Mike had messed up the ensemble's song but in the moment he felt like he couldn't tear his eyes away from her.

El did the same, her eyes never budging away from his, not even when his cheeks flushed and he lowered his head. *Cute*, she thought to herself as she continued to admire his singing.

Going to church was something she had never expected to experience, but this was mandatory for the orphaned children at *The Lab*, as they still called it.

She couldn't complain, though.

The atmosphere was warmer and a lot more welcoming than it had ever been at the place she called home. It was far from that, but her circumstances had improved over the last year and she couldn't ignore the fact that she would have never had the opportunity to admire a boy so pretty if the original purpose of *The Lab* hadn't disappeared.

Smiling to herself, she continued to enjoy her first experience at this new place filled with deep, melodic voices and a kindness she had never known.

When service ended, the housemother told the crowd of orphans to follow her. She was a sturdy woman in her late fifties who had always made sure they were tidy and well-behaved, apart from sticking to the orphanage's schedule.

El didn't mind it most of the time, but there were days when she felt

the need to explore the town she had been kept away from for so long, only to be disciplined and told she couldn't leave the institution unsupervised. She knew that one day or another this rule might end up broken and today, after watching the tall, raven-haired boy from a distance, she awaited her escape.

"Kids, this is Reverend Wheeler. He was kind enough to let us participate every Sunday from now on so we should all thank him," the housemother forced out a smile at the group.

El knew better than to roll her eyes. She wanted to, it was long since she had last felt like a kid. She was sixteen and probably one of the oldest at the orphanage. That meant she was also one of the first who had put up with the past experiments that left her numb and nothing but a kid.

"Thank you, Reverend Wheeler," the crowd chanted together, apart from El.

Her eyes were glued on the tall, skinny frame that came to the preacher's side. It was the freckled boy, the one who had messed up his lines.

She sized him up, not missing how well put together he seemed. He wore a baby blue shirt and a tie under his gray woolen sweater and khaki suit jacket. His black shoes were shining and, for a moment, El felt conscious about her clothes. Her black and red plaid dress was lousy and borrowed from another kid from the orphanage, so it was nothing that the object of her desire could admire. She felt small all of a sudden.

Mike's palms felt sweaty. As he stood beside his father greeting children from the orphanage, mostly younger kids, he couldn't help but notice that the girl who had been staring at him was part of this group and it certainly seemed as though he was about to have to shake her hand. He hastily tried to wipe his hands on his jacket.

*Corduroy. Why today?* Mike thought as he tried desperately to get the problematic fabric to do his bidding and dry his hands.

Suddenly she was in front of him.

"Um, hi, welcome. I'm Mike." Of course, the words came out more as *um hi, welcomeimmike* but at least he made eye contact and managed to shake her hand.

And her hand...it was so soft and small but fit perfectly into his and he had to stop thinking about it. That stuff was for college...later. His dad had been clear.

Still, the way she had looked at him made his chest feel funny and try as he might, he thought about the girl, who had not given her name, all throughout Sunday dinner and while studying and while brushing his teeth.

*I wonder what her story is.* Mike thought as he tried to drift off to sleep that night. *It must be lonely to be an orphan.*

The next week had progressed unbearably slowly. El had tried to do everything in her power to take her mind off last Sunday's events. The moment that cute boy- Mike, as he had presented himself- shaking her hand had played like a broken record in the back of her mind. There had been no remedy that could alleviate the butterflies in her stomach throughout the week, not even doing extra chores or playing with the younger kids.

When the next Sunday came around, El was the first one to wake up. She put on a washed blue dress that was tied around the waist with a pink faux leather belt. It looked good, and she made sure to put a matching pin in her hair and polish her shoes before they all made their way to the church.

She spotted Mike sitting by himself in the second row and for a few seconds El's mind was consumed with thoughts. She glanced at the housemother who was walking right in front of her and pondered how successful her attempt of sitting next to Mike would be. There was only one way to find out, though.

"Mother Mary, can I sit closer to the reverend? I couldn't hear much the last time. I won't sit in the front row, I promise," she whispered solemnly as she walked right behind the old woman. She hadn't known the rules for who was allowed to sit in the first row of pews, but she figured that a group of orphans wouldn't be able to.

"Go ahead. He really is delightful, isn't he?"

"Yes, ma'am." El smiled as she strutted towards Mike.

He seemed absentminded, his head lowered as he played with the end of his black jacket until El took a seat next to him.

"Hi," she whispered, the corners of her mouth turning upward when she noticed his eyes growing comically larger. He really was pretty.

Mike glanced up when someone sat down beside him and was surprised to see it was the girl from the previous Sunday...the girl who had invaded and taken occupancy in his mind.

"Uh, h-hi," he stuttered when she greeted him.

*What is wrong with you?!*

"Sorry. I don't really stutter. Just got air caught in my throat," Mike offered.

*Lying already? You're an awful person, Mike Wheeler.* At least his brain was more honest than his mouth.

People were still filing into the big room and finding their seats. The service wouldn't start for another few minutes.

"I didn't catch your name last week. If you don't remember, my name is Mike. The reverend is my dad." He noticed that she was just staring at him.

"I don't know why I just told you that. I'm sure you know that. I'll be quiet now."

"It's fine." El couldn't hold in the chuckle that had just escaped from her throat. She looked at him, studying his beautiful features and wanting to embed them in her mind until the next week.

"I'm El. And yes, I know who you are. You're the one who messed up his lines in the choir last Sunday. Don't think I didn't notice it," she teased him, her eyes now facing the front of the church as the reverend was about to start preaching.

Mike could feel his face getting warmer and knew he was most likely turning every shade of red.

"Um, yeah. I got, uh, distracted I guess. Nice to meet you for real, El."

Mike settled in, sitting the way he always sat in the pew...slightly slouched, knees apart, hand beside him on the surface of the bench. He stole one more sideways glance at El, who was looking forward and seemed to radiate confidence, and then looked forward himself, ready to listen to his father's sermon.

Despite the church emanating a sense of tranquility for El, she found the reverend's preaching rather boring. It had been the same the last time she had been here, but she forgot how unappealing the sermon was because of her short interaction with Mike back then.

But now he was here, mere inches away from her and she glanced down at him. She could see his hand from the corner of her eyes, his finger pale and long, elegant even, and her whole body burned from the inside out. The impulse of touching him was too much to bear and after a brief debate with herself, she carefully moved her own hand until it brushed over Mike's.

Her eyes never left the reverend.

Her hand was touching his. Mike didn't know what to do. On one hand, this was church and he knew *exactly* what his father would say. On the other, her cool fingers touching his made his heart race, pounding in his chest so hard he was sure everyone around him could hear it.

Involuntarily he stiffened and sat up straight, bringing his hand quickly to his lap. Holding hands in church was wrong, especially with someone who was practically a stranger, even if her fingers had felt like part of him and he had felt a peace he hadn't known he was lacking.

The moment he retracted his fingers, El felt her heart pounding inside her ribcage. It was as if she hadn't even realized what she was doing until he moved his hand away. The realization of being rejected hit her unexpectedly and it hurt so much she felt numb for rest of the

sermon.

It was only after standing up from their seats when she decided to take one last glance at Mike. He might have just rejected her, but she was still incapable of controlling the feelings that were blooming for him.

"Goodbye," she mumbled under her breath and didn't wait for an answer, instead rushing toward the group of orphans, the ones that she referred to as family. The only ones that had accepted her.

Mike didn't know what had happened. El had been so confident and then her hand touched his. *Was it an accident? Was it on purpose?* Mike had no idea. But when she'd gotten up she looked sad and she mumbled a hasty goodbye and left so quickly. Mike wondered if he'd done something to upset her.

He instantly wanted to go after her, having the overwhelming urge to check on her and find out if she was okay, but she was gone. They didn't stay that day to do the greeting with the reverend.

Mike pushed his dinner around on his plate. His father noticed.

"Something troubling you, son?" Ted Wheeler asked.

"It's probably a girl," his sister Holly mocked.

Mike just looked at his plate.

"A girl? Now Mike, you know there will be time for that later. You were fine yesterday so if it's a girl today then that leads me to believe you met her at church. You know how I feel about that."

Mike didn't answer. He *did* know how his father felt about Mike and girls at church. It could never happen.

"May I please be excused?" Mike asked his mother, who nodded over her glass of wine.

Up in his bedroom, Mike played the events of the church service over in his mind. El had seemed fine, even teased him a bit, but then their hands had touched. Mike remembered how he'd felt but then also



that he'd pulled away.

*Did she feel something too? Did I make her sad? Why do girls have to be so hard to understand?*

Mike sighed. He'd hopefully see her next Sunday. The week was going to seem so long. He decided he'd spend the time trying to figure out a way to maybe spend a little more time with her. She could probably use a friend her own age. Maybe he could show her the neatest and most secret places he'd discovered in the church over the years as he'd spent time exploring and playing while his father worked in his office.

*I'll try again. If I did something to upset her I'll make it up to her.*

Mike promised himself he would.

El hadn't done much until the next Sunday besides sulking over what she had done the previous week. It had hurt her to see Mike refusing something as trivial as holding hands. To her, it didn't seem like a big deal. She had done it with boys and girls at the orphanage, but they were her friends and family, not some random stranger who also happened to be an orphan, just like she was to Mike. She couldn't blame him, but a part of her was still mad about being rejected.

That anger didn't go away until the next week when the housefather Steven led the youth to an orchard to pick apples. They were accompanied by some of the church members, which included none other than Mike.

He was wearing a gray sweater over a baby blue shirt and El couldn't stop herself from admiring him from a distance. The rays of sun cascaded over his pale skin and made him squint in response. To her, he looked pretty even then and it took a lot of time for El to focus on the task at hand. It only became worse when she was instructed to climb up the ladder and pick the fruits.

"Can someone hold this for me? It looks unstable."

She held the ladder propped against an apple tree and looked around. Apart from some of the orphans her age, there was also Mike and

before anyone else could react, he was already in front of her and steadying the ladder. Her eyes slightly narrowed.

Mike had heard El ask for someone to hold the ladder for her and quickly responded. He still wanted to find out if she was mad at him or if it was all in his head. She was already three rungs up when he arrived and steadied the apparatus. He didn't mean to, but when he glanced up to see her progress he caught a glimpse of her pink panties. She was wearing a skirt but no leggings and even though he knew he should look away immediately, Mike's eyes were locked on the way the pink fabric hugged her most private area.

"Are you holdi-" El was about to ask Mike if he was strong enough to hold the ladder in place, when she turned her head and glanced down at him.

It was only for a split second before his bulging eyes found hers and the mortified look on his face said it all.

She had just caught Mike, the reverend's son, peeking under her skirt and she couldn't help but smirk.

"You know..." she started slowly, her face averted toward the apples again. "I haven't been attending church for so long, but I'm pretty sure that's a sin."

Their eyes locked again before she winked at him and tossed the apple she was holding. She intended to only scare him and just pretend to aim in his direction, but the fruit ended up hitting his shoulder anyway. *He deserves it*, she smiled to herself.

While Mike kind of wanted to just melt into a puddle due to embarrassment, something about the way she'd said *I'm pretty sure that's a sin* made him think she wasn't really all that upset that he'd peeked at her. When she'd looked at him her eyes seemed to shimmer with something Mike couldn't quite put his finger on. Then she winked at him and Mike felt his face get warm again. He was actually a little relieved when she'd tossed an apple down to him and it hit him in the shoulder.

*She doesn't have to know I can't catch*, Mike thought as the fruit

bounced off of him and toppled to the ground.

"Sorry. I was just trying to make sure you were steady. I wasn't paying attention to where I looked. It won't happen again. Please don't pelt me with the harvest." He was trying to sound apologetic and meek but really he was feeling better. El was teasing him again and it seemed good-natured so Mike was hopeful that they could be friends.

"Um, hey, El?" Mike asked, still holding the ladder but not looking up at her. "After this I have to separate six bushels for the church fall festival this week. Would you want to help me take them to the storage room at the church?" Mike thought it couldn't hurt to ask.

"Me?" El was taken aback and she could have sworn Mike didn't want anything to do with her, despite having just sneak peeked to see her panties. "Okay then. I guess you need someone strong." Her tone was teasing but when she glanced down at him her eyes seemed warm and sparkling with joy. It was obvious that she hadn't expected the invitation.

A few hours later, a tired Mike and El had made their way to the storage room at the church as they carried the apples. On their way there, El had already learned that Mike was her age and had two sisters. She had joked about having a lot more siblings than him, although they weren't blood related.

When they reached the church's storage room, they started sorting out the apples in different bushels. They were both sweaty and dirty and relief washed through their bodies when they decided to sit down on the floor, their arms still doing the rest of the work.

"What is it like?" She asked in a whisper and continued to focus on picking out the apples.

Mike was so exhausted he wasn't sure he'd heard her correctly.

"What do you mean? What's what like?"

"What's being you like?" She mumbled, refusing to meet his eyes.

She had always wondered what it would be like to have a loving

family and a normal life, away from all the craziness of the experiments she had to put up with or, even now, sharing a room with five other kids. She had always been curious about what it was like to be free.

"Having a family...and everything." Her voice had gotten gradually smaller.

Realization dawned on Mike's face. El didn't have a family. Not a real one. She never had. He tried to ignore the pang in his chest.

"Oh, um. Well it's nice I guess. I mean, I sometimes argue with my sisters and I don't always agree with what my parents tell me to do, or not do, but I guess at the end of the day we're all there for each other? I don't know. For me it's just regular. Can I tell you something?" Mike didn't wait for her permission. "If I ever do get to like, have a girlfriend and that leads to marriage or whatever, I don't think I'd want a lot of kids. There are three of us and while you'd think we'd be close we aren't. I've always felt like Nancy is the favorite and Holly is the baby and I'm just there to remind them of their shortcomings. But I'll never have to worry anyway because I'll be thirty before my dad says it's okay to date anyone."

"Huh?" El slacked down as she took a break from the work and glanced at Mike.

Sure, she had never had a boyfriend either, but that was only because she was a freak and nobody would've liked her anyway. And it wasn't like she could date any kid from The Lab- that was her family.

But for Mike, a regular boy who had always come into contact with other teenagers, to not be allowed to date seemed weird to El. Maybe that's why he pulled his hand back, the quick thought ran through her mind and she had to hold herself back from smiling.

"So you've never had a girlfriend?" She asked in disbelief.

"I never have. My dad says dating should be saved for college. But um, that doesn't mean I don't think about it. I mean, do I really want to be close to twenty before I have my first kiss? That seems kind of lame."

El broke into a chuckle as she continued to watch Mike in stupefaction. She couldn't grasp the idea of someone as pretty as him not having a girlfriend or even a first kiss, but she figured that this hadn't been his choice.

"I haven't had my first kiss, either," El admitted nonchalantly.

Mike just offered her a sympathetic smile in reply, one that let her know he understood her pain and she couldn't do anything but reciprocate the gesture.

There was something about him, maybe the way he spoke and acted, or maybe just the simple fact that he was just as inexperienced as she was, that it made her feel at ease. For once in her life, she didn't feel small or inferior to someone outside the orphanage.

They sat in silence for a few more seconds, their eyes glued like magnets as they held the stare before El launched at him.

Her soiled hands pressed on either side of his soft cheeks so he couldn't pull away as she almost filled the space between their mouths. She could feel his warm breath fanning over her eager lips as her eyes studied his. He almost seemed scared.

"Do you want to have your first kiss, Mike? I promise I won't tell anyone." The tone of her voice was serious, but reassuring.

Mike's heart was instantly in his throat. Her hands were on his face and she was right in front of him and even though she'd been sweaty and dirty she still smelled like French vanilla, like his mother's favorite candle that his father complained cost too much. He knew he shouldn't; they were at church and even though they were in the storage cellar they were still *there* but her eyes were so pretty and her voice was so nice and her hands on his face made him tingle all over.

"S-s-sure." Mike tried to sound cool but cringed when he heard himself stutter. "I mean, if you want. No big deal either way." His words didn't match his hushed tone though. He found that he was also nodding.

El didn't hesitate, her soft lips pressing over his. She had no idea

what she was doing and for a second she felt herself panic, but she tried to focus on the moisture of his lips only. Besides, it wasn't like she hadn't seen before how a kiss worked.

The orphanage allowed them to watch shows in the common area and whenever girls won the TV over, they would watch soap operas for hours. She had learned the difference between a small peck and a French kiss, but she was scared to try it with Mike. The thought that he would think she was gross was still in the back of her mind, although the doubt was slowly fading away after today's events. Not only had he dared to look under her skirt, he had also accepted to share his first kiss with her and her heart skipped a bit at the thought of it.

She held him there, her lips mingling over his as she pecked them repeatedly or nibbled them softly. He was kissing back and doing the same to her and she had to think how to breathe through her nose again when his mouth parted.

It was almost like an invitation to deepen the kiss and her tongue slowly slipped inside his mouth and brushed over her his when she felt him flinch.

She slowly pulled away, but the tip of their noses still touched as she asked, "Too much?"

When Mike had gotten up that morning, experiencing his first kiss was the last thing he would have imagined would happen. El's lips were soft and warm and he knew immediately that he was going to want to do this again.

Her tongue touched his and Mike flinched, not because he thought it was gross or unappealing, he had been so caught off guard by how much he liked it and he was afraid he wasn't going to want to ever stop kissing her.

"No, I just...you know. No, definitely not too much, it was..." Mike sighed. "That was really nice." He spoke softly, still able to feel the ghost of her lips on his and feeling her very real nose brushing against his. "I, um, want to try again?"

El smiled in relief and proceeded closing the gap between their mouths again, this time not bothering to ease Mike into the kiss. Her tongue slipped past his lips without missing a beat and she exhaled deeply through her nose when their tongues met.

She could taste him, all mint and apples he'd probably sneakily eaten when no one had been looking, and she couldn't help but want more.

Mike responded in kind to her ministrations, but his body still felt stiff under the grip El had on his shoulders so she moved her hands over his until she guided them on her waist. She liked them there; it sent shivers down her spine to feel him grip her sides, the clasp going tighter with every swipe of her tongue over his.

They continued to do this for over two minutes, breathing into each other's parted mouth and only stealing small pecks from each other when they felt like they ran out of breath.

When they finally disentangled, she studied Mike's face. She couldn't pinpoint what exactly he was feeling, but his lips were swollen and a deep shade of pink while he gave her a ludicrous look. She offered him a mischievous grin in return.

"I won't tell anyone if you won't."

"Yeah," Mike whispered, unable to find his full volume. "Our secret." He still couldn't believe what had just happened. He'd had his first kiss and it had been more than he ever could have hoped for. They had pretty much finished with the apple sorting and El was about to stand up.

"Um, El? I can't have a girlfriend but if I could, I want you to know I'm pretty sure I'd want her to be you. I think you're pretty awesome. So I hope we can at least be friends and maybe hang out sometimes."

"Yeah?" El asked as she stood up and tried to fix her slightly disheveled dress.

Her feelings were all over the place, the most prominent being the warm, fuzzy feeling in her chest. Apart from that, she felt dizzy and almost scared as all kinds of thoughts swirled through her mind. She

hoped nobody would find out about their secret, or else she would be in deep trouble with the houseparents. On top of that doubt, there was also the fear that Mike was just using her to tame the hormonal teenage rage that came along with their age. She couldn't tell if she was doing the same with him, but a part of her was sure that she wouldn't have refused to be more than just friends with Mike.

He didn't have to find that out, though.

"Cool." She forced out a small smile and looked anywhere but toward him. "I should go."

Mike stood up. She was doing that thing again where she looked kind of scared and antsy. She had already turned on her heels.

*Now or never.*

Mike reached out and caught her hand. Before she could say anything he pulled her into him and wrapped both arms around her. She felt small in his embrace but she fit perfectly against him. Her head fit just under his chin when he tilted his head down and he could smell her shampoo. Mike felt her body stiffen upon first hugging her but then she quickly relaxed and he heard her sigh.

"Thanks for helping me today, El," Mike said softly, his right hand rubbing circles on her back. It just felt like the natural thing to do. "Thanks for everything." He held on to her, not wanting to be the one to end the embrace. She felt so nice, like she might be the only person he'd ever need or *want* to hug in his whole life.

*Don't be weird. Mike. She's your friend. That's all she can be.* His brain knew the facts. Mike's heart, however, did not.

After a few minutes of them standing in the cellar holding one another, because while it had started as just a hug El had also put her arms around Mike and was holding just as tightly, Mike reluctantly relaxed his grip.

"Um, sorry, I just...you looked like you could use a hug." Mike sighed. "Or maybe I needed one."

"Definitely you." El's smile didn't reach her eyes, mostly because it



hurt too much to feel happiness.

Mike was nothing but a stranger at the end of the day, but he had showed El more affection than she could have ever hoped for and it messed with her brain. She grew up being taught that showing sadness is a weakness so she pulled herself together before he could sense any trace of concern and sorrow within her.

"But thank you, too. You are a good person, Mike."

She left before he could get the chance to say something back and hurried to her group. Everything was going to be back to normal until the next week and she couldn't wait to see if Mike was going to be the same sweet, warm soul he showed her today or if he would just join the crowd and realize that she was nothing but an orphan freak, forgetting about her entirely.

**Author's Note: Thanks for reading! This is a long story altogether and some things I can't even believe I'm gonna post for strangers to read but I'm owning it so I'm gonna let it be. I wouldn't want my mother to read it, I'll just say that. I'll update in a few days.**

**M-thank you for your amazing ideas. And for everything. You make every day so fun.**

## 2. Chapter 2

I'm trying not to update too frequently but I have all of this so I thought I would. For New Year's, lol. Thanks for reading and for the nice responses. Someone had asked if this story was based in true life (and I will get around to replying to comments) but no, it was just an idea that my best friend had and it turned into something more amazing than originally envisioned.

Another update in a few days.

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Mike didn't forget about El. In fact, she occupied most of his mind and their sneaking around had been going on for weeks. Mike and El would find little reasons or excuses to spend time alone together and they would always make out. Simple kissing hadn't lasted long.

One Saturday early on after the day of picking apples El had been helping Mike clean the stained glass, a somewhat tiring job. She had volunteered when the reverend had asked the congregation. Mike had done it a lot and felt bad for her because it was a bit of a pain to do. So when they broke for lunch he decided to show her some cool places he'd found over the years.

Behind the choir loft and pulpit was more storage but it was also for speakers and sound equipment so the wall that was visible to the audience was actually fabric. They couldn't see into it at all from the pews but Mike had discovered that he could see out and hear everything if he was inside the storage area.

After that day, that was their favorite place to hide and make out.

It hadn't been any different today day, apart from the fact that Mike was probably too eager to keep waiting for the sermon to end. El had spotted him sitting two rows in front of her before he stood up and gave her a knowing look. He didn't even need to speak, his eyes had said it all and El watched him carefully as he hurried to their usual spot.

She had waited for a few more minutes before excusing herself.

"I feel sick. I want to get out for a bit," she had told mother Mary and the woman had been quick to dismiss her before they could interrupt the sermon.

Mike had taught her how to access the storage area from outside the church and that was exactly what El did, sneaking inside the dimly lit room through the back door and smiling when she found Mike sitting down on one of the huge speaker boxes.

He didn't seem to have noticed her because of the loud singing booming through the speakers so she took a moment to look at the crowd. She could see everyone, unbeknownst to them, but she preferred to focus on Mike instead. She was now standing right behind him.

"Couldn't wait?" El whispered in his ear.

Mike spun around. He didn't know why he'd gotten startled when he'd been expecting her. He guessed he was just anxious and excited.

"Hi. No, I couldn't wait." Mike reached for her hand to pull her closer. He was most definitely not supposed to be doing this, and especially not *here*, but he could never seem to stop thinking about El totally these days and it was something he was glad about. He didn't *want* to stop thinking about her, or how her lips felt against his, how soft her tongue was as she massaged his own with it, how she smelled. He didn't want to stop thinking about any of that, despite what his father would say if he knew.

"I've been thinking about you," he breathed as he pulled her to him. From his seat on the medium sized speaker box El was almost at eye level with him, standing between his parted legs.

"Yeah?"

El kissed him eagerly, her arms wrapping around his neck so she could reach his mouth properly. She licked between his lips and nibbled on his bottom lip before she retracted.

"And what did you think of exactly?" She inquired teasingly, her delicate fingers running over his neck and loving the way he slightly

tensed under her touch. She could never get over how soft and sweet he was when they spent time by themselves.

"I was thinking of this of course. I like kissing you. I want to keep doing it, like not ever stop." Mike could hear his father speaking downstairs and it only made him want to kiss her more. The idea of it being so wrong only made it hotter.

El smiled wholeheartedly. She could feel the butterflies swooshing in her stomach and it only made her yearn more for Mike's touches.

"Well, I've been doing some thinking, too," she admitted coyly before pecking his lips again. "And some researching."

She wasn't lying.

Last week it had been her turn to clean up the bedroom she was sharing with the other orphans around her age. One of them, a boy who was a year older, had been keeping a porn magazine that El happened to stumble upon. It had taken her one extra hour to make the bedroom sparkle, mainly because she hadn't been able to take her eyes off the photos.

Despite having learned the formal and informal terms for the private parts and the act of sex before discovering the magazine, that day had been her first time actually seeing people doing it. It had also been her first time masturbating and wondering if Mike had ever done the same. Even more so, she had wondered if he had ever done it while thinking of her, because that had been exactly what she had done the entire time she had touched herself.

"I found this...naughty magazine at The Lab..." She spoke slowly and let her hand travel down his body while she mumbled over his ear. "Do you know what that is, Mike? Porn I think it's called? With people doing stuff...similar to us...but a little more." She peppered kisses all over his chin and neck.

Mike knew about porn but he had never seen any and while he'd heard things mentioned at school he had never asked for clarification. He thought he was too old to just now be asking so he kept his questions to himself and hoped that he'd just figure it out.

"Porn? El, what did you see?" His heart was beating even faster, wondering what she was about to tell him, faster still wondering what she had in mind while he could hear his father preaching and see the congregation through the fabric wall.

"A lot." She shrugged and rested her hand on his thigh. They looked at each other and while El was smiling, Mike seemed petrified.

She could feel him squirming nervously and if El hadn't known him better, she would have thought he wanted her to stop. But he didn't. He never did. That was just how Mike worked. He was timid and awkward, but always eager to be touched.

"I know about erections so I won't ask you if you get them. I know it's inevitable. But do you do something about it? Do you touch yourself? I do."

She wanted to reassure him that he could confide in her and the next kiss pressed to his lips was meant to emphasize her point.

Mike felt himself turning red again. The truth was he did touch himself sometimes but it wasn't often and was never without its share of shame. He had been brought up with his evangelical father preaching that sex was for procreation. Mike had never failed to miss how his mother would subtly roll her eyes whenever his father would go on a rant about something he'd seen on television or *how no daughter of his will be some hussy* when his older sister had simply asked if she could try to get a job as a lifeguard one summer.

So Mike definitely kept his personal under-his-own-bed-covers exploits to himself.

Now El was asking and her eyes were so warm and her hand felt so nice on his leg. Now he definitely felt like opening up.

"I do, at least sometimes," Mike whispered. His hand was itching to rest on hers but she was moving hers, gently stroking his thigh, and he was afraid she'd stop if he touched her. "You do it too?"

The simple vision in his mind of El touching herself caused his cock to stiffen more. It had already started when she put her hand on his

thigh but he'd been keeping it in control. That control was now gone.

"What did you learn from the magazine?" Mike's voice was almost gone.

"Well, I already know that the penis goes inside the vagina so you could make babies. But I never knew it can go some other places, too."

Her grin grew bigger when Mike gulped and looked at her with wide eyes. She studied his face carefully, taking in his beautiful features and becoming amused at how anxious he seemed. Cute, her internal voice had said before her eyes traveled down his body. It was her turn to be surprised this time because she could clearly see the bulge in Mike's gray suit pants.

Tempted to touch it, her right hand took calculated moves until it reached his crotch and she fought the urge to gasp. It felt hot even over the fabric of his pants and she couldn't help but feel the weight in her palm.

"Can you show me how you touch yourself? You seem like you need it, anyway," she almost begged, her lips pressing over his one more time. "If you show me, I'll show you my boobs. You've never seen a girl's chest before, right? It's nice. And you can take a look if you let me take one at you, too."

El's hand was on his dick. *In church*. Mike was actually surprised he didn't come right then. He was the preacher's son, yes, but that didn't mean he didn't know the terms people used. It made him feel more normal to use the words everyone else did.

"You, um, you want to see? Are you sure? You don't have to show me anything you don't want to. You know that, right?"

She was literally rubbing him through his pants. It was the most amazing thing he'd ever felt. Mike unfastened his slacks.

"You can do whatever you want to, El. If you want to see it, you can." He watched as her hand started to slowly lower the zipper on his pants. "You can take it out if you want to," Mike whispered, unable to

look away from what she was doing.

"You said it can go other places. Like wh-where?" As he asked, he for the first time ever felt the touch of someone else's hand on his aching cock. Not himself, not a doctor. It was the girl who occupied his mind and found her way into his dreams.

"You want to know, huh?" El asked, too afraid to break eye-contact with Mike.

Her heart was beating increasingly faster as she felt his cock throbbing in her hand. She was so overwhelmed by the size and the smoothness of his shaft that she decided to take a look at it a little later. For now, she just awkwardly squeezed her hand around it and slowly dragged her fingers up and down. She had no idea what she was doing.

"You are the reverend's son, Mike. You're not supposed to learn about this stuff," she teased. "But you're cute so I'll tell you. Girls put their mouth around it. I don't know what supposed to happen, but it's in their mouths. Or boys put their mouth on the girl's vagina. The girls I've seen seemed really happy, so I guess it feels nice."

Mike seemed so stupefied that it gave her enough confidence to glance down at his cock after peeking at the crowd on the other side of the fake wall. They were currently listening to Mike's father.

"Oh, that's...big," she murmured under her breath, visibly surprised to see a penis for the first time. Even though she was still touching it, it felt even bigger when she looked at it and she could see little droplets of something that looked like pee oozing from the swollen tip. She didn't ask Mike what that was, though.

She was too busy clamping her thighs together to get some friction while she glanced back at Mike who was already panting. He was adorable.

"Show me how you touch yourself. Teach me," she encouraged him.

Mike's first thought upon seeing El's hand gripping his length was *erotic*. His second thought was *dad is so wrong*.

"You want me to show you? Your hand feels really good." Mike tentatively covered her small hand with his and moved it along his shaft the same way he did under the cover of darkness late at night at home.

"I do it like this," he whispered as he brought her hand up and then all the way back down to the base. "And when I get to the top, I rub the head softly. At first." He put El's fingers on his leaky cock head. "That stuff is what comes out when I climax, or *come* the magazine probably called it. When that happens it feels the best. Want to try it by yourself?" He loved how nimbly her fingers danced over him, how they made him twitch and sent electric shivers up his spine.

El nodded and did as she was instructed. Mike's sweaty hand had left hers so she was by herself now.

It took her a few tries until she had gotten the hang of it, but she quickly fell into a pattern of lazily stroking his cock and rubbing her thumb over the head of his shaft. She was still mesmerized by the exquisite mix of softness and hardness of his cock and the only thing that pulled her out of her trance was Mike's stifled moans.

It made her heart grow to know that she was doing the right thing, but she decided to stop for now and give Mike his reward.

"You've been a good boy, so I think I should be a good girl, too," she smiled and took a step back.

Her fingers grabbed the end of her cotton dress before she raised it above her chest. She was left in nothing but her white tights and pink panties that were subtly showing from underneath. There was no bra and mainly because her breasts were too small to always need one. The fabric of her dress was thick enough to mask any evidence of her bare boobs.

"I touched you so you can touch me."

Her brows quirked up as she stepped back to her initial position. She reached for each of Mike's hands and guided them over her breasts. It made her flinch, but she urged him to explore her chest anyway.



"Squeeze them."

Mike was getting a hand job. It suddenly clicked for him. And it was awesome. Her hand felt a million times better than his did. Then she stopped and took off her dress so he could see her and touch her, so she'd said.

It was then that Mike Wheeler knew he would forever associate the color pink with this beautiful girl who had entered his life without knocking. When she took off her dress and he could see her pink panties through the thin nylon fabric of her stockings, Mike felt a little come shoot out of the tip of his dick. It was just a little and he hoped she wouldn't notice.

"El, you're like, so beautiful. You're...just stunning." He couldn't look away. He barely noticed that she was coming back, closer to him. She resumed what her hand had been doing to his cock. She didn't mention it, but Mike didn't fail to notice how she rubbed the little bit of come that had leaked out all over the head and shaft.

Mike's hand was shaky as he reached for her breast. He cupped it gently and she sighed, squeezing his cock in response, which felt really good so he did it again, running his thumb over her nipple. He liked how that felt. She was standing so close to him as he rubbed her breasts and she stroked his cock, all Mike had to do was turn his head and he could kiss her neck. So he did.

"Feels good," El sighed and tilted her head so Mike could have better access to her neck. Her eyes rolled in the back of her head when he sucked on the skin covering her pulsing juncture and she could feel her panties getting wetter.

He was still teasing her breasts and sometimes gently pinching her nipples and she reciprocated the gesture by rubbing his cock a little firmer.

"M-Mike..." she stuttered before he pulled back.

Now they were facing each other, their hands still preoccupied.

"Do you want to feel your cock in my mouth? Just to try. Maybe it

feels better," she spoke so casually Mike wasn't even sure he'd heard her right.

Mike was dumbstruck. He was already still treading the waters of disbelief and suddenly he felt like he was drowning in them. *Is this really happening?*

"In...in your mouth? You want to? El, I'd definitely like that, I'm sure I'd love it, but you don't have to. I mean, if that's really what you want I won't say no but I definitely would never make you." Mike's mind was reeling just thinking about it, thinking about how her mouth would feel, thinking about what it would look like to see her lips wrap around his hard shaft. He most definitely wanted to feel his cock in her mouth but just having her touch him would be enough if that's what she wanted. He was still caressing her breasts and without thinking he dipped his head down and kissed one. He had her nipple in his mouth and was already using his tongue on it when he realized what he'd done and he immediately pulled back.

"I'm so sorry. I got carried away. Thinking about you putting my cock in your mouth is, um, really turning me on. And my hand was already there and you're touching me and it feels so awesome and I just..." Mike trailed off, realizing that he was rambling when he saw the amused look on her face. She moved directly between his legs, standing in front of him, their faces almost touching. Mike watched her as she looked down at her hand slowly stroking his cock. Her lip was between her teeth and Mike thought he'd never seen anything more perfect.

"Tell me if it feels good."

El lowered herself until his cock nudged her lips and she opened her mouth wide enough to take him in. The taste was salty and like nothing she'd ever had before, but she didn't mind it. Mike was already gasping and it only encouraged her to keep going, her mouth traveling lower down his length until she took half of it in. Her hand was still gripping him, but this time it was right around the base where she could feel his pubes tickling her skin.

"Can you stand up? I want to see you." She was frustrated that she couldn't see Mike's pretty face making all those noises.

He obliged and hopped off the speaker and she was quick to kneel down in front of him and grab his cock once again. This time she didn't just put it in, instead making sure to jerk his cock with her mouth just like she had with her hand.

The sounds coming out of Mike's mouth only seemed appreciative, but El was determined to make him feel as good as possible so she grabbed his hands and put them on either side of her head before letting go of his dick for a second.

"Guide me. Show me how you want it," she urged him and proceeded pushing his cock past her lips again and massage it with the inside of her mouth.

*My cock is in her mouth! She's doing it!* Feeling her tongue slide along his shaft was almost more than Mike could take but it was all so amazing that he willed himself to remain calm.

Then she told him to stand up and she was looking up at him with his dick in her mouth. Mike whimpered and moaned softly, trying his best to be quiet as he got his dick sucked while his father went on mere feet away about hellfire and brimstone.

Mike was in a slight state of awe when suddenly El seized his hands and moved them to either side of her face.

*Show me how you want it,* she said.

Mike was caught off guard by the demand. He hadn't really given it any thought. But here she was telling him to tell her and she was so sexy and so pretty and *oh my god she's swirling her tongue over the tip* that Mike only wanted to do anything she told him to.

He caressed her cheeks with his thumbs and gently pushed his cock a little further into her mouth.

"I want it like this. I want to feel how deep it can go. Don't let me hurt you though. Your mouth feels so good. Will you suck it harder? Will you suck my cock in as deep as you can?"

"Mhmm," El mumbled around his dick. She couldn't smile, but her eyes crinkled at the corners anyway as she looked at Mike while he

showed her what to do.

She let her head go limp so he could maneuver it, his slim fingers guiding her back and forth over his cock. It probably took her half a minute until she understood what to do, but once she had, Mike let go and just stared in awe at how good it looked to have his dick sucked, not to mention how it felt.

El gazed up at him almost the entire time. The only moments when she didn't were when she would accidentally take his dick too far in and activate her gag reflex. It made her teary, but she didn't let that be an obstacle and only continued to offer Mike his first, and hopefully his best, blowjob experience.

All Mike could do was watch. From what El had told him she was as new at this as he was but it didn't seem to take her long to catch on and soon she was what he assumed boys at school had meant when they talked about deep throating. She was sucking him so far in he was occasionally bumping into the back of her throat with the head of his cock. It made her gag when he did and he didn't want to hurt her, but hearing the gurgling sounds she'd make when it happened, gagging on his dick but never stopping, was the hottest thing ever.

"You're doing so good, El. This...you're...oh god, your tongue. Do you like sucking my cock, El? Suck on just the tip for a second if you do."

Mike ran his fingers through her hair and used gentle thrusts, meeting her mouth as she went down.

And then she was sucking on the head, teasing the tip with her tongue, her lips locked firmly around the top. She was answering his question.

"Oh god, you do. You suck it like you like it. El, I think you're gonna make me come. I'll warn you so you can step back. Please don't stop yet though. It's so good."

Mike kept watching her, kept fucking her hot mouth as she sucked and lapped at his cock. He could feel it. He was about to come hard while his father preached, about to come probably harder than *ever* because of the unassumingly sexy girl on her knees before him giving

him head that would most likely never be matched in his lifetime. He was so thankful.

"El, oh, El, I'm gonna come," Mike whispered, trying to push her back. "It's gonna go in your mouth if you don't stop now. Oh, it's coming. I'm coming, El, you gotta move."

El refused to budge, instead holding onto Mike's cock firmly as she jerked him off. Her mouth did the same with the tip, sucking it hard while Mike continued to lament about how she should step away.

She didn't and it was only a matter of seconds until she felt warm come shooting from the tip of his cock into her mouth. She took it all in, her eyes squeezed shut and her brows furrowed as she tried to get used to the taste. It wasn't the most pleasant thing in the world, but it was *Mike's* and she promised herself that this was not the last time she would have his semen.

When she opened her eyes, he was still thrashing above her and although the jets of come were gradually slacking off, he was still moaning and shaking. He looked so beautiful and El admired him the entire time, her throat taking all of the warm liquid in until there was none left.

Slowly pushing her head away from around his cock, she lapped at his overly sensitive tip a few more times to make sure he was clean. Mike trembled at the act and El smiled in response.

"Was it good?" She was confident in her ministrations enough to ask that as she stood up and wiped her mouth. The taste of Mike still lingered on her lips.

Mike was still coming down from the high of coming, and in El's mouth at that. He looked down as she kissed the tip of his cock, her lips barely touching the sensitive head.

"Was it good? El, that was like, the best, the most amazing, like the *greatest* feeling ever. It was awesome. You are awesome."

It occurred to Mike then that she still was only wearing panties and stockings but he could also hear his father and knew the church

service would be over soon. He pulled her to her feet and to his chest, his naked dick smashed between their stomachs.

"What about you though? The service is almost over. I want to make you feel good." His tone was apologetic and he couldn't stop himself from kissing her again. Her lips looked a little swollen from rubbing so hard against his cock and they glistened even in the dim light filtering into the storage room from the sanctuary.

"I'm fine."

She let Mike wash her in affection while she just giggled and took his kisses. They tickled and she squirmed against him until they stopped and just embraced each other.

"But be ready for next week. I want you to do the same to me, so maybe you should practice until then. Use your hand," she whispered over his ear.

Judging by the things reverend Wheeler was preaching, El could tell the sermon was about to come to an end. It made her sad to know that she and Mike would have to part for another seven days, but she was grateful to have him even then. He always knew how to make her feel special.

**Author's Note: It will get way more...graphic? Smutty? From here on. Maybe choose your reading nooks wisely.**

### 3. Chapter 3

By Saturday Mike was almost ready to pull his hair out. He knew he'd be seeing El at church the next morning but he was worried.

*What if she hates it?*

*What if I do it wrong?*

*What if I'm no good?*

Questions that had plagued Mike all week. Even still, he hadn't been able to stop replaying the previous Sunday's events over in this mind. He'd close his eyes and see El looking back up at him with her mouth full of his cock. He had to be just as good. He *had* to be.

"Hey," El beamed upon seeing Mike.

This time it had been different. She had been the first to sneak out of the service this week and, much to her relief, without anyone questioning her choice. A part of her was certain that it had to do with how quiet she usually was and how most of the houseparents had figured out by now that she was not enjoying the trappings that went along with organized religion. Nonetheless, it worked in her favor.

Mike filled the gap between them and was now hugging her tightly, to which she smiled and did the same. It was as if a weight had been finally lifted off her chest now that she and Mike had reunited in the storage room, away from everyone's eyes.

He seemed adamant to break the hug, but El just wanted to feel his plush lips on hers so she gently pulled back enough to capture his mouth in a kiss. It warmed her heart to feel Mike smiling against her lips.

"Did you miss me?"

*Yeah. You have no idea how much.* Mike chuckled. "It was hard to get out of bed most days." Mike winked and kissed her again. The second kiss was different. Mike's senses were all heightened and he could

taste her baby pink lipstick and he could smell that same French vanilla scent he'd gotten the day they picked apples. He finally pulled back, his brow a scowl as he looked down at her.

"Yeah. I missed you." Mike's voice was a husk of his own.

"Hmmm, is that so?" El's melodic chuckle reverberated over his neck before she pressed a firm kiss on the juncture where his neck met his shoulder. She could feel his pulse speeding up and it made her proud to know that she was behind the subtle shift in Mike's demeanor.

He was overly adorable, shivering at her faint kisses and moaning every once in a while.

"Do you remember our talk from last week? About you returning the favor?"

Mike was only able to nod as she moved her hand over his crotch and cupped him. Even through the thick material of his suit pants, she could feel his penis growing in her palm.

"And? Do you think you can do that?"

Mike looked at El, her hand on his balls. "Um, I'm not sure. I don't really know what I'm doing." It had been more embarrassing to admit than he'd previously thought.

"Would you? I mean, do you think you could?" Mike sighed in exasperation, dropping his head. When he lifted it again she was staring at him but with a look of quiet concern and not of mockery. "Could you show me what to do?"

"Oh..." El blinked rapidly as it hit her. *Of course* Mike had no idea what to do, he had never done it before. The only problem was that she hadn't done it, either, and the magazine she had used to inform herself hadn't been so helpful. All she had seen had been a man between a woman's legs with his tongue sticking out.

"Okay, let's see."

Her smile tried to put Mike at ease as she refused to acknowledge how scared and chary she was herself. She wanted this, though, and



she wasn't going to wait another week for it to happen.

Shimmying out of her panties, El lifted up the edges of her baby pink ruffled skirt until her pussy was exposed to Mike. She was still standing and resting against a wooden table when her smooth legs parted enough for Mike to see her bare private parts.

"I think you should kiss me there. Think of it as kissing my mouth? Maybe that will help..." She trailed off, gulping as she waited for Mike to drop to his knees.

Mike's hands were shaking as he steadied himself, using El's shoulders for stability, looking directly down at her.

"Think I should try that?" Mike scanned the room and in the corner saw a small stack of quilts. "I'll be right back."

After retrieving the blankets and laying them out on the table El had been standing against, Mike gulped and then more confidently asked,

"So...you ready?"

"Yes," El breathed out as she hopped on the quilt covered table.

Her skirt folded up to her waist and she parted it neatly on either side of her hips so she could be fully exposed to Mike.

She looked down at him, her hands gripping the table edges so hard her knuckles were turning white.

She couldn't help it, though, and despite having always taken pride in being more disinhibited than Mike, it was nerve-wracking to accept the fact that someone was going to put their mouth right there, where she ached the most.

And not just *someone*. It was going to be *Mike*, the only person that had ever made her feel fuzzy and warm on the inside. The only person who had ever seen past the fact that she was an orphan.

Taking in a deep breath, she parted her legs as wide as possible and kept her eyes peeled for what was going to happen next.

Mike's heart had moved to his throat. He thought he must actually really look like a frog boy right then. His heart was pumping so fast he thought for sure his throat muscles must have been sighing with every heartbeat.

He slowly lowered himself down until he was on his knees between her legs. He could see her looking down at him. *Lovely. How she looks is what they mean by that word.*

Mike ran his fingers softly over her inner thighs, following them with his lips just seconds after. He was pleased when he looked up and El was biting the back of one of her hands to try to keep herself from making noise. He hadn't even gotten close to where he was going.

He continued to kiss up, up, closer.

"Is this okay?" Mike asked, whispering from between El's legs.

"Y-Yeah..." She nodded in addition, her gaze never leaving Mike.

The sermon was still taking place and despite wanting to take a glance and make sure they were in the clear, she couldn't look away. It felt as if she was connected by an invisible cord and couldn't break free from watching him press his mouth over her burning skin.

His plump lips placed feathery kisses up her legs and she gasped when he reached the part that connected her right thigh to her pelvic region. It was close enough for El to feel his breath over her exposed pussy and she squeezed her eyes shut for a moment, trying to calm herself down.

Mike knew she was ready. Well, *physically* ready. He kept kissing closer to her opening, but wanting to take all the time he could. He knew his father well enough to know when the man had entered the closing stages of his sermon.

So Mike found his mouth over El's pussy when his head turned right after a series of kisses at the top of her thigh. He kissed her softly. Remembering what El herself had told him about thinking of it like kissing her mouth, he moved his hands to her hips, gripping them gently. He turned his head a bit and kissed again, letting his tongue

slide along her slit as he sucked on her lips.

"If you want me to stop just tell me to, okay?"

The spell had been broken. El had felt over the top, relishing in the feeling of Mike's hot lips pressed over her wet folds and sometimes bumping her clit before she heard his voice.

"Do you?" She asked, the uncertainty tainting her shaky voice.

El felt small all of a sudden, dirty even. She knew that just because she had given Mike head he wasn't forced to do the same thing to her. *Maybe he doesn't like it*, a small voice in her head was making her doubt the decision of sprawling her legs for Mike.

Mike could hear the sudden twinge of panic that had crept into her voice.

"El, I definitely don't want to stop." Mike went back to licking her, alternatively kissing her right at her opening but never sticking his tongue inside and teasing her clit with his top lip. He liked the different ways she'd writhe depending on what he was doing. Mike Wheeler was taking notes.

"If I didn't like it would I do this?" Mike ran his nose along her entire crack, front to back.

"Or this?" He held her spread open with his hands and spelled words on her clit with his tongue, namely Dungeons & Dragons. While it had been tricky, the ampersand was a good choice.

"And if I didn't like it, why then would I do this?"

Mike's tongue plunged into El's cunt as far as he could get it. He was needy at first but then he remembered what he was doing and thought he should focus more on her. From then on he'd go hard and then be more sensual, bringing her closer and closer to orgasm and then resuming his tongue-fucking of her. Her hands were clenched fists.

"M-Mike..."

El was a writhing mess from the moment she had felt reassured. From then on, she allowed herself to feel every swirl of his tongue, every bump of his nose and every sucking motion his lips made over her dripping core.

"You're learning...fast," she managed to mumble and smile down at him.

It became easier as the moments passed by and she soon found herself grabbing a handful of his dark locks so she could guide him up and down her cunt with no shame.

"Can you, oh...that's so good...Mike...can you put your tongue back in? Or maybe- maybe your finger?" She had never tried the latter before, but she was aching to be filled besides being licked.

If El asked him to do something specific Mike didn't hesitate. His hands were already so close to there. It would be easy to walk them the few centimeters over and be where she wanted him to be, to do what she wanted him to do.

First he coasted his fingers over her bare pussy lips. That would have been enough for Mike but El wanted more, encouraging him.

His tongue darted into her. His nose pressed against her clit while his face pushed her lips apart for him.

After a minute he replaced his tongue with his finger and his nose with his tongue. If they hadn't been trying to remain unnoticed Mike knew El would be crying out.

He developed a rhythm of alternating between his tongue and his finger. She had only almost crushed his head once when he did an inspired move that El apparently found both surprising and enjoyable, judging by the noise she had to contain. She had pushed the edge of the quilt into her mouth to muffle her sounds. Mike decided maybe that was a move saved for total privacy.

He did love her fingers in his hair though.

"Oh, Mike..."

El's hips pushed themselves closer to Mike's face. She kept a hand behind her body and face turned flat on the quilt clad wooden surface as she urged her body forward, her pussy trying to squeeze more of his finger in.

Her fingers were tightly buried in his hair and she couldn't worry about whether it pained him or not, because all she could think about was how to get his tongue and lips all over her folds and especially on her clit, where she liked it the most.

"Come here," she whined after a few minutes, her small hand carefully yanking Mike's hair until he got the hint and stood up on his feet.

His finger was still inside her and she rocked her hips back and forth to achieve the friction she needed, her mouth focusing on Mike's when his hand moved on its own accord.

They kissed, all languid and open-mouthed and El mewled inside his mouth, her teeth digging into his tongue when he pressed his thumb on her clit.

"Is this how I taste? Do you like it?" She asked between kisses, noticing that the familiar taste of Mike's was now mixed with something sweet and salty at the same time.

With his finger still pumping into her Mike kissed her deeply, wanting to share her taste with her.

"I do. I like it. I like how it feels and I like how you move and I like how you taste."

Mike slowed the movements of his finger, using his thumb to tickle and tease her clit. His tongue joined his finger inside her, filling her more, and Mike thought she might pull his hair out.

Mike pulled back just slightly so he could see her. She looked frantic.

"El are you okay?" Mike worried. Her eyes were like saucers.

"So close..." was all she got out before trailing off, but not before Mike understood.

He went back to her pussy, making a mental note of how her legs looked when they were covered in her own arousal. He lapped and licked, his tongue for her clit and his finger for her hole.

"Don't stop," she cried out, grateful that the sermon was loud enough for the strangled noises that came out of her mouth to go unnoticed.

She felt a wave of pleasure rushing through her body. It was similar to how she had felt while pleasuring herself back home, but definitely more intense. It made her legs wrap around Mike's shoulders and pull him unbearably closer to her pussy as she started rocking back and forth on his face and finger.

"M-Mike..."

Her eyes squeezed shut and she saw white for a few seconds, the surge of electricity focused around her privates hitting her so hard her ears started ringing and her fingers pulled at the roots of Mike's hair so hard he hissed in pain. She didn't notice, though, and Mike was too pleased to see El coming right in front of him to do anything about the discomfort she was causing.

"Mike..." she whispered one last time before her shaky legs mildly unwrapped from around his body. She released the tight grip she had on his hair at the same time.

Watching him through half-lidded eyes once she came back from her high, she reciprocated the smile he was offering and her heart skipped a beat. He looked like a total mess, his raven hair disheveled and the lower half of his face pink and covered in her juices, but he was just as pretty as ever.

*I just made El come! El just came in my mouth! I felt it too!* Mike's mind was working but his body was not. He was stuck in place. Watching her get dressed was just as sexy as watching her take it off. He finally snapped out of his stupor, pulling her to him once more.

"I hope I did an okay job. El, I thought that was fantastic. I mean, I'd totally kiss you right now but my chin is kind of messy and you probably wouldn't want to kiss me right now. But yeah, that was definitely awesome."

El laughed as she listened to Mike. He was adorably cute, rambling and watching her with doe eyes and seemingly proud of what he had just done. He deserved a kiss.

Closing the gap between their bodies, she pressed her hands on the back of his neck and inched in until her lips touched his chin. She pressed a kiss on the moisture, her tongue soon lapping at the juices and not stopping until he was seemingly clean. Her saliva was going to dry quicker than the come on his face, but it was going to take a lot longer until the stupor plastered on Mike's face would go away.

She stopped when she reached his lips, their noses barely grazing as she looked at him. Her eyes crinkled at the corners and twitched with nothing but happiness.

"Thank you, Mike. That really was awesome."

"Uh, yeah, I mean, you're awesome. I mean, obviously but like you're easy to talk to and you're funny and so sexy. Awesome is just the word I use when something is just...too tremendous to be fully described. But anyway. I can't seem to shut up," Mike laughed nervously. He shifted, trying to relieve the quite obvious bulge in his trousers.

El's eyes followed Mike's sudden shift until her gaze landed on his crotch. It was swollen and based on their brief experience last week, she already knew what that meant and she couldn't have been more flattered.

"Did you get excited kissing me there?" She teased, her small hand cupping his dress pant encased erection. Mike gasped in response and nodded just slightly, a timid smile plastered on his face as he looked down at the way she massaged him through his trousers.

"Will you let me make you feel better? Your father is not done. And if I hurry up and do it really hard..." she emphasized the last word by clutching his penis once and firmly, "... maybe you'll feel just as good as I did."

She studied Mike's face carefully, amused by the lack of reactions he was giving her back. All he did was stare at her and gulp, but it was

enough for El to advance.

She unbuckled his belt and undid the button of his pants before unzipping them. The fabric pooled to the ground with ease and she wasted no time in sneaking her hand inside his briefs and freeing his hard cock. It throbbed in her palm and he moaned when she started stroking it just like he had taught her.

"Do you want me to suck it, Mike? If you don't want me to, I won't." El smirked.

Mike could only nod. Her hand felt like heaven as she twisted and squeezed. So he nodded and kept nodding, only stopping when he realized she was looking up at him, her lips suctioned around his cock head, waiting for him to join her in the moment.

"I was already gonna fall asleep tonight thinking about licking you, but now there's no way you won't be in my dreams." Mike caressed her cheek. "That feels so awesome, El. Your tongue..."

Mike gently pushed more of his dick down her throat. He could feel his balls on her chin. El didn't gag, she just took it. She clamped her lips tightly around him and sucked, using her hand to pump him as well.

Mike knew it wasn't going to take long. He could see himself eating her out in his mind's eye, he could very plainly see her doing a pretty expert job sucking his cock if he just tilted his head down. He could already feel his orgasm building.

"El, gonna be soon. I'll warn you."

She wanted to tell him he didn't need to and would never have to, but his twitching cock inside her mouth restrained her from doing so. She didn't complain, though, instead sucking him harder and faster, her head bobbing back and forth his shaft with more determination than the last week.

In a moment of confidence, she cupped his balls in her right palm while she kept blowing him. She'd seen this technique in the magazine before, the girl having her fingers wrapped around the sack



while the penis was in her mouth, and El just hoped it felt as good for Mike as it had seemed to be for the man in the photos.

Mike didn't know what El was doing but he definitely liked it. His cock was twitching more and more with every passing second. Her hand squeezed his balls again and the combination of everything set his course.

"Oh, El, I'm 'bout to come. El, I'm c-coming," Mike whispered, trying desperately to control his volume as his climax rocked him while he watched El catch it all in her mouth. He saw her swallow and then she kissed the tip and tucked him back into his pants. Mike gawked at her, her level of sincerity a bit overwhelming.

Standing back on her feet, El made sure to wipe her mouth and run her hands through her clothes in an attempt to tidy them up. She looked like a mannered young lady, one that hadn't just had a mouthful of her favorite boy's dick just seconds ago.

"That was quick," she half-joked as her hands grabbed Mike's.

She swung their arms back and forth, admiring the contrast between his pale fingers and her olive-toned skin and wondering if she was able to put up with yet another week by herself just to spend some minutes with Mike.

He sensed the sudden shift in her demeanor, how her smile faltered within seconds and her eyes refused to meet his. It made him frown.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing," El whispered, her teary eyes locking with Mike's for a moment before she pulled him into a tight hug.

She took in his sweet scent, the one she had grown to love and crave so much every day of her life. This was the only thing that had kept her sane throughout the week and she had always made sure to smell the clothes she'd worn the previous Sunday, aware that Mike's perfume would linger on them for days ahead. She knew it was silly but it helped her through the week. El knew that she and Mike would never really be anything, this had all started just because they'd

wanted to see what kissing was like and both of them were worried about starting college in a couple of years way behind as far as knowing what to do. She hadn't expected it to expand to more sexual things and she *certainly* hadn't expected to have any sort of feelings for Mike.

"Mike..." she started timidly, pulling back from the embrace. "Do you think we could meet up...some other time, too? Not just on Sundays?"

"You'd want to? Sure, I'd like that. But when could we meet? When can you get out?"

"Never," El murmured defeatedly, her hands slowly letting of Mike's. "I guess I could sneak out, but..." She remained silent for a few moments as she contemplated her chances of sneaking outside The Lab. It would definitely be hard, she figured, but not impossible.

Mike's hand on her hip snapped her out of her thoughts and that was when she realized what she had just done. She was actively seeking Mike's presence, asking him to hang out outside the church and showing him that she cared. El was surprised that she bothered enough to stop and think of ways to sneak out, ways that would only put her in danger at the orphanage, all because she was starting to like Mike, maybe more than she probably should have. More than he would probably ever like her back, because, at the end of the day, she was nothing but a freak that belonged to no one.

Averting her eyes back to Mike, she became aware that he was still waiting for an answer. Or an admission that would make him realize how many things she would risk just to be with him. But the risk of him finding that out was the only one she *wasn't* willing to take. She had to fix this.

"Yeah, you're a fun experiment. I'm sure we could work something out. I mean, we've done this stuff. I don't want to enter college as a virgin either," she put on a forced smile and cupped Mike's crotch. "I know we didn't really discuss that but we've come so far. It'll be good to help each other out. As friends."

Mike wasn't exactly sure when he went from being extremely happy to extremely confused. *Friends. We're friends. We're just fooling around,*

*that's all.*

So why then did it feel like a knife to his chest when she'd said it just now?

But he was already a lost cause.

"Uh, definitely. Work something out. As friends.

"Yes," El beamed and moved her hand from his crotch his cheek. She caressed it gently, trying not to give too much thought to the way Mike seemed impassive to any of her ministrations.

"They are taking the little ones on a trip Wednesday morning. It will be easier to sneak out then. Do you think you could pretend to be sick and not go to school?"

She knew it was a lot to ask from someone as well-behaved as Mike, but she just hoped her skills had been good enough for him to lose control, even if just for a little bit. Without waiting for an answer, El added instructions. "There is a road that can take you to The Lab, where the roads Cornwallis and Kerley meet. We call it Mirkwood. All the older kids use it to sneak out," she explained. "We could meet there if you wanted."

"What time?" Mike knew he shouldn't entertain this idea. He couldn't have a girlfriend; yet he couldn't stop thinking about her. She was so mysterious and so familiar at the same time.

"I'll meet you. Just tell me where."

"How about 8:15?" She grinned, contented to see Mike complying so quickly.

"8:15? Wednesday morning? This Wednesday? Three days from now? Yeah. Okay. I'll meet you there. In Mirkwood." Mike grinned. He could wait three days. Easy peasy.

"What if you get in trouble?" El pressed, her smile never faltering. "What if your dad finds out?" It felt nice to know Mike would do something so out of character just to be with her. She tried not to let this to get to her head, though. *He's just horny*, she reassured herself.

"I'm not going to get in trouble, El." Mike was smiling but then got more serious. "I mean, I'm 16. He may not like all of my choices but he doesn't make them for me. As long as I keep my grades up I'll be fine. And I want to keep them up because uh, I kinda like hanging out with you. So there's that."

El forced out a smile. Of course he liked hanging out with her. She was the perfect person to use without any consequences or commitment whatsoever. It was obvious that she couldn't go out so often because of where she lived, not to mention that she would never even meet his friends because they didn't even go to school together. She was the easiest person to dispose of.

"Okay, then," she chirped in her usual soft voice, the worries that were eating her alive never being voiced out to Mike. He didn't have to know how weak and pathetic she actually was.

Their lips pressed together one last time, her fingers caressing his neck as the kiss deepened. They had to make it worth the wait, although this time it was going to be half as short as the last week.

"Mirkwood, 8:15. Don't forget," she whispered over his mouth before pulling back and making her way out through the back door of the storage room.

**Author's Note: So they're gonna hang out? Outside of church? I wonder what they'll get up to...**

**I don't think I've mentioned but they are around 16 in this fic (currently) and it's canon time so it would be like 1987. Clearly there was no demogorgon or events of season one but El does have powers. I don't get heavily into them but she uses them occasionally here and there and will explain some to Mike at some point. Just wanted to head off those questions before I get them, lol.**

**As always, thanks for reading! I'll update in a couple of days.**

## 4. Chapter 4

I love all the positive feedback I've had for this fic! Thank you! This chapter is long (but not as long as chapter 5...posting that in a couple of days) but I couldn't find a good place to cut it that didn't make it lose steam. Warnings apply. They're still experimenting and learning.

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"I think I saw the reverend's son walking around Mirkwood," Kali announced to the group of orphans she was sharing the room with. She was too old to be in the orphanage still but was living there and working to save money until she went back to college the next fall.

Amongst them was El, having been one of the six oldest kids that were part of the orphanage. She peered toward the older girl, watching her sitting down on the bed and staring at the other kids dumbfoundedly.

"How did you know it was him?" One of the boys inquired.

"I see him all the time at the church. He never leaves El alone," Kali scoffed. "And when I was coming back from town he was standing there, as if he was waiting for someone or something."

El lowered her head in an instant, not wanting to deal with her adopted family's criticism. They had already been vocal about how she shouldn't trust an outsider to the point of talking to them so much, but she knew she couldn't help it. Besides, she had no idea what Mike was doing there in the first place.

"So? Is there something you wanna tell us, El? Did you tell him about our secret spot?"

All eyes were on her.

"No," El mumbled defeatedly, her delicate fingers playing with the hem of her shirt.

"Yeah, right," the black-haired girl spat back and rolled her eyes.

"You'd better hope he won't tell his dad, or else you'll be the one getting in trouble, not us. Okay?"

"He won't tell anyone! He's a good friend!" El raised her voice, her gaze piercing the older girl's before it dawned on her. She had just admitted telling Mike about Mirkwood.

Everyone fell silent until Kali decided to speak again, but El was already making her way out the door. She could tell it was another threat, but she was quick to run downstairs and to the backyard to play with the younger kids. She might have cared about her so-called family, but she wasn't going to let them get in her way of hanging out with Mike.

Mike stood at the edge of the woods looking up at the stoic building. That this was an orphanage, a home for children who had no family, made his stomach churn. He could actually feel tears stinging the corners of his eyes as he thought about all the holidays and vacations and picnics and various mundane things he'd done with his family growing up, and the fact that El had no real ideas of what any of that was like affected Mike more than he'd ever imagined.

He stood watching, ducking behind a tree when he realized that the group of children wasn't just peering benignly out the window, they were *searching*.

But even with the sudden onslaught of emotions that had come along, Mike was glad he'd gone to have a look around.

Tuesday went the same way. After school Mike walked over to where he would be meeting El the next day and spent his time looking for secluded spots.

El had spent the days leading up to Wednesday by herself. None of the older kids wanted to acknowledge her presence anymore and despite how badly it hurt, she couldn't help but think she was doing the right thing. Mike felt *right*. All sweet and caring, always making sure that she was okay. Even when she didn't mean to disclose her true feelings, he always seemed to sense her moods and be there for her. And it all felt *right*.

That was why she couldn't wait for Wednesday to come along and when it finally arrived, she didn't waste any time in getting ready and making her way toward the established rendezvous.

She had planned everything ahead, so it had been easy to dismiss the few houseparents that were still watching them and the kids she was sharing a room with. It wasn't like they cared about her anyway.

She had to use her powers for the first time in a long period to have free access to her way out, but she made sure to meet Mike at the crossroads right on time.

He was already there, his wide shoulders facing the opposite direction as he propelled a few pebbles out of the ground and kicked them around.

El beamed and admired him from a distance. For the first time since she had met him, he wasn't wearing a suit and El decided she liked him better this way, even though she hadn't even seen his face yet. His light gray trousers and white sneakers were paired with a blue sweater and she just wanted to burrow her head in the soft fabric and take in his scent.

And that was what she did, her petite form crashing into Mike's from behind as she pulled him into a tight hug. It startled him and she let out a sparse chuckle.

"Hey."

She almost knocked him down but it was just another thing about her that he liked. She wasn't always careful and calculated and Mike found that to be refreshing.

So it only made him laugh when a tiny ball of energy flew into him and buried her face in his sweater.

"You found me!" Mike laughed, pulling El into a warm embrace. "You're stealthy. Got anything else going on up there I should know about?" Mike laughed and tapped her forehead. He missed how it crinkled when he touched her there or how her eyes quickly found something else to focus on.

"If you stick around long enough maybe you'll find out," she sing-songed in a sweet voice and tiptoed to wrap her arms around Mike's neck.

"Well here we are. What do we want to do? We have like, the whole day but we should try to stay out of sight."

"I know." El's mind wandered to the fight she'd had had with Kali and the other kids at the orphanage.

Mike was right. They couldn't stay here or they would risk getting caught by some other kids trying to sneak out or, even worse, by one of the adults.

"We could take a walk first. There are a lot of trees around and I'm sure if we go far enough no one will find us," her mouth pressed onto his before she whispered, "or see what we're doing."

Mike's lips turned into a grin against El's and she took a small step back to look at him, gawking at how pretty he looked. She came to the conclusion that no matter the outcome, Mike really was worth it. He was too kind and beautiful to not put up a fight for.

"Let's go."

She was already marching away from him, her white tights clad legs almost crossing as she strode off. She didn't intend to put on a show for Mike as her hips swayed right and left and made him stare in awe. El would rather hold his hand instead of walking separate from him, but after he had rejected her first attempt of holding hands, she had promised herself to never try it again.

Seeing El walk away from him caused something inside Mike to snap, or maybe *soften* would be a better word. He knew then that he didn't want to watch her walk away, he wanted to walk *with* her so he quickly jogged to join her.

"Why'd you take off?" Mike knew his tone was goofy and probably so was the look on his face but he didn't care. "I don't want you to lose me. Maybe you should hold my hand so I don't get lost." He was already threading his fingers into hers as he asked, noting how well



they fit together. "You wanna take a walk? Well let's see what we can find." Mike smiled warmly as he held a big drooping branch back for her. Once they had crossed and the branch was released neither Mike nor El could be heard or seen.

"Thank you."

She couldn't even tell if she was thankful for his polite gesture or the fact that he was holding her hand. The latter felt right, their fingers tangling perfectly like pieces of a puzzle, and she couldn't help but blush.

They had walked hand in hand for over ten minutes, El listening to some of Mike's silly high school stories and making sure to memorize them all. Apart from Mike, they were her only connection to the real world and they all sounded so foreign and exciting at the same time. It made her wish she could experience them one day, hopefully with Mike by her side.

And yet, when he had tried to ask questions about The Lab, El panicked a little on the inside. Apart from not being allowed to talk about the past experiments, she didn't want to talk about her everyday life, either. It was miserable most of the time and nothing like Mike's seemingly perfect teenaged life that she idealized so much.

And so she did what she considered to be the only thing capable of shutting Mike down, her hand tugging at his until she was trapped against a large oak tree and his body.

"Enough talking, Mike," she feigned a bright smile, her knee rising up until it almost reached his crotch. "Or we can talk if you want. But I also want to hear about what you did when no one was around, not just what happened at school. Can you tell me something about that? Have you done something by yourself these past days?"

Her lips pressed over Mike's neck ever so softly and caused the exposed skin to explode into goosebumps.

They fell into it so easily. Any lull in their conversation could be remedied by simply making out...just touching each other *anywhere*

really. Even just brushing their shoulders against each other was like an unspoken gesture of, *I'm not going anywhere*.

"You know, my mother warned me about being in the woods alone. She said I could get into all s-sorts of trouble (*oh god she's licking my earlobe*) if I'm n-not careful." Mike was trying to keep up his act but he honestly was becoming more turned on as the seconds passed by.

El was working on his neck, peppering kisses along his jaw line and then sucking on the soft skin.

"You, you wanna know if I've do-done anything by myself? That might be a little personal. I don't know..." Mike could tell she was becoming a little annoyed from her huffs as she kissed his neck.

"You want to know if *you're* ever involved, is *that* it?"

Mike lifted her chin so he could kiss her for real.

"El, you're all I think about anymore." Mike was about to kiss her again when he stopped and let her hand drop from his.

"I'm so sorry. What am I even doing? I know I can't have a girlfriend. I'll just end up hurting you. But as much fun as I have with you and as much as I like you and as much as I try to stop thinking about you and can't and as much as you show up in my dreams has to mean something. So no, I can't have a girlfriend but I don't know why we have to be labeled. What do you think?"

El watched him carefully, her hazel doe eyes scanning his until he stopped talking. His words sent a pang straight to her chest and she swallowed thickly before putting on yet another façade.

She barely stifled the laugh building up in her chest at the stupidity of it all, but mostly at the foolishness of her mind ever thinking that she could ever become more to Mike.

"I don't think anything about it." A pained, twisted smile crossed her features. "Who even said anything about me becoming your girlfriend? I don't want that," she lied unabashedly. "We're just having fun, right? Nobody has to know anything."

Her whispers turned into kisses over his Adam's apple and she swiftly grabbed his hand again. This time she led it to her breasts as she guided Mike to cup and squeeze her boobs while she nibbled on his cheek or lips.

Mike Wheeler had grown up in a house with a very smart sister, a rather dramatic mother, and enough knowledge about the fairer sex to spot things maybe not every guy would, so when El was trying to seem nonchalant and oh so casual about whatever it was that they were, Mike's heart was breaking. *No. She is not going to deny her feelings because of me. She gets to be herself with me.*

But he also knew that if he said anything else she might turn her back on the whole thing. She was an orphan and used to people leaving her. Mike was going to have to *show* her how he felt instead of telling her.

He let her move his hand where she wanted it.

"I definitely have fun with you, El. It doesn't matter what we do. We could just sit on a bench together and that would make me happy. But you're right. No one had said anything about that so I don't know why I brought it up. I guess I'm a mouthbreather."

"A *cute* one." El laughed at the term he'd used. She knew she wasn't wrong about Mike - he was always overly cute and quick to put her in a good mood.

Her left arm wrapped around his neck until her slim fingers tickled the back of his neck and pulled on the ends of his hair, while her right arm was dropped between their bodies so she could cup his growing bulge. He was hard and the trousers he was wearing did nothing to hide his excitement.

Wanting to distract Mike from what she was about to do, she gently parted his lips until he granted her access and their tongues swirled together. She used that slight sudden moment to sneak her hand inside his pants and briefs until she felt the warmth of his penis on her cold hand. The contrast felt out of this world, the heat of his pulsing member sending shivers down her spine as she started stroking it lightly.

"How many times...did you do it this week...Mike?" She asked between kisses, her hand working him a little faster. "I want to know...because...I want to make you come today...as many times...as you did it...plus one more." Her thumb ran over the swollen tip.

"How many? You wanna know? Plus one more?" Mike's head lolled back as he enjoyed the feeling of her hand on his cock while he tried to do simple math in his mind. "Wait, do you mean since Sunday or earlier?"

El contemplated for a few seconds, her hum reverberating over Mike's puffed up lips.

"I know you're not as innocent as you seem to be." Her hand moved to his balls and she played with the weight in her palm. "So Sunday."

Mike gulped. He wasn't going to lie to her but if she was serious he was going to need to rehydrate in some way.

"Um, well since Sunday...let's see. Once Sunday night. Another Monday night. Would have been two yesterday but I had to take the garbage out and garbage water got on my shoe and grossed me out. Oh, well and then there was this morning. So up until now four."

Mike was both excited and terrified. He had never come so much in one day.

"Oh..."

El froze in place, her movements stopping altogether. She hadn't anticipated Mike, a religious, well-behaved boy, to do it so often. But he was a teenager, after all, and she couldn't deny the fact that it put her at ease to find out that she wasn't so strange for masturbating almost as often as he did.

"Easy, church boy," she teased him and resumed the hand motions, her fingers wrapping around his shaft once again.

She used her other hand to pull Mike's trousers and briefs down to his mid-thighs so she could have more room to stroke his member and make him come as quick as possible. They had a lot of work ahead of them.

"But I can take this challenge. Do you think you can come five times for me?" She grinned and applied more pressure to his cock, letting him rock himself into her tight fist.

"I think I can do my best," was all Mike could muster as he watched her hand flick along at a fast pace. He was already leaking and knew the first one wouldn't take long.

After a few minutes of watching her jack him off, Mike moved his hand over hers.

"I kinda like to feel you doing it. Is it okay?" His hand was draped loosely over hers as her fist worked. He would rub small circles on the back of her hand with his thumb, not even realizing he was doing it.

"Y-Yeah."

El stopped for a few seconds and locked eyes with him. It felt so intimate to have Mike's hand over hers as she jerked him off, but the look on his face made it all worth it. He seemed so lost in pleasure, yet sweet and genuine at the same time and she couldn't help but lean forward until their lips melted together.

She slowly started pumping him again, smiling against his mouth whenever she felt him clamping his lanky fingers over her hand a little tighter at every firm stroke she made.

"You can come on my tights. Nobody will notice."

She was scared he might think she's some sort of sick pervert, but the worrisome thought didn't stop her from lifting up her dress and angling her hips forward until his cock was pointed toward her fabric covered womanhood. Their hands were still stroking his shaft, but the motions became more frantic with every moan that Mike was letting out.

Mike couldn't believe that El was going to try to make him come five times. He wasn't sure if that was possible but he definitely knew she'd at least get this one. She was stroking him like a champ but it was the idea that she wanted him to come on her tights, to spray them down

with his hot load of come that was quickly pushing him toward the edge.

"Your hand...so good. You want me to come on your tights? You want to feel it? You've got me so close." Mike kissed her bottom lip and then continued to watch her pump him, loving how she was angling the head of his hard dick toward her white tights, the part covering her panties.

"Maybe one day...it will be under all this fabric," she smirked and delved into the feeling of Mike's teeth digging into her lips as she let him abuse her mouth.

He was close, she could feel it in the way his hips stuttered and his breath hitched in his throat and she couldn't wait to feel the warm spurts of come seeping through the thin white tights. It was probably going to stain her dress, too, but she couldn't care less, despite making a brief mental note to discard her clothes as soon as she entered the orphanage.

She decided to push him a little closer to the edge.

"This isn't going to be the only place you'll get to come today, Mike."

"El, are you sure?" He was trying to be polite, to give her every opportunity to excuse herself from the pending mess, but it didn't look like she was going anywhere. She just smiled at him, pulling herself close enough so he could hear her breathing in time with him. The tip of his cock brushed against the nylon of her tights and Mike's vision tunneled.

"Oh, so good, El. Your hands...like magic." Mike was panting but excited. He had just come all over El's tights in the bright of day in the middle of nature. He felt like a woodland king.

"If you're really planning on having me do that four more times today I'm gonna need to eat. Want to see if we can find somewhere that'll keep our secret?" Mike reached down to help her up, offering his hand. He didn't let go once she was on her feet. Mike looked at his watch.

"It's almost 10 now. If we go this way we could come out near the quarry and maybe eat at Benny's? The lunch rush won't start until closer to noon. We could be long gone by then."

Pulling her skirt back down contently, El forgot about the liquid soaking her tights as soon as Mike started asking. She watched him intently, her heart speeding up as he kept talking about how he wanted to go eat at Benny's.

She'd heard about this place before - everyone at The Lab had. They would sometimes pass by it and wonder what the burgers they served there tasted like. No one had ever had one before and mostly because they had no money they could spend, but also because they were never allowed to go in public places. That could jeopardize their safety and might reveal their secret about having powers, the houseparents would always say.

El didn't care about that. But there was still one more problem; she didn't have any money on her.

"I don't," she started in a small voice, her eyes fixed on anything but Mike. "I'm not hungry. But...I can go with you."

They locked eyes again and she offered him a forced smile.

Mike knew immediately what the problem was. He'd been friends with Will for long enough to recognize the telltale signs of someone who can't afford to do what everyone else can but who doesn't want to disrupt anyone's fun. He frowned, his brow furrowing as he tried to think of a solution that wouldn't embarrass her.

"You aren't hungry? How? I'm starving! But I can't sit there eating while you don't. That'll make me look like some sort of wastoid. What if I just buy a burger to put in front of you so I don't look like such a jackass? If you want it, cool. If not, no big deal. But at least it won't look like I'm making you watch me eat." Mike could see her thinking so he turned it up a notch, stepping closer to her.

"Besides, you're still gonna make me come like four more times, right?" Mike's nose inched closer to her neck, inhaling her scent. "I need to eat to do that," he whispered against her skin.

El was trying so hard to fight the tears threatening to spill down her cheeks. It was probably just an insignificant gesture for Mike, he was merely offering her something as simple as a burger, but just the sheer thought of him being willing to share something with her made her want to sob uncontrollably.

She didn't, though. Not that she could, now that Mike was breathing down her neck and sending shivers down her spine.

"Okay, if you really need to..." Her laugh was buried in Mike's shoulder as she pulled him into a tight embrace. *Don't cry. Don't do it. That's weak.*

On their hike through the woods to Benny's Burgers, Mike and El found a deserted old cabin. It was small, a few cracked windows, but definitely a surprise find for them. But the time was ticking away and they wanted to be in and out of Benny's before the lunch rush so they noted where the cabin was and decided to explore it later. Benny's turned out to be peaceful and El was relieved to not have run into anyone Mike seemed to know. It was still early besides being a school day, so there weren't many people inside the place.

El took in their surroundings with her mouth agape, her need to hold onto Mike's hand translating into a tight clutch she had on his elbow. He was her support as she looked at the unfamiliar faces and wondered if they could tell she was different. Nobody seemed to pay attention to her or Mike, though.

Gulping, she let go of Mike when he motioned for her to sit down across from him. She did as she was told, her eyes still scanning the place until they finally stopped on Mike. He was her anchor, the only real connection between her world and the outside and she couldn't have been more grateful for his presence. His smile was enough to calm her nerves and she couldn't help but smile back.

They'd been sitting in the booth looking at their menus for almost forty-five complete seconds when Mike realized that he was sitting across from the only person he'd ever want to sit across from. He tried to shrug the thought away, tried not to notice how the rays of the sun streamed through her hair or how the sunlight attached to the girl. He chastised his brain for pointing out to him that the light



bouncing off the window was causing her to have a halo. He was really becoming a bit of a silent mess as he sat across from her, thinking about her and watching her. Seeing things through El's eyes made everything seem more magical, as though he'd been just walking through life with his head down and El had forced him to look for the first time at where he was going.

"So, um. I'm gonna get a bacon cheeseburger. What do you want? Anything is fine. The burgers here are the best."

Mike was still feeling like he was out of his body watching all of this happen but then he felt her foot on his ankle and it was just so reassuring that he was instantly brought back to himself.

Their order arrived not long after they'd placed it and as they sat together eating, Mike thought about how this had come to pass. *Maybe I'm reading too much into it. Yeah. I definitely am. I'll just float along. Go with the flow. But wow, I really like her.*

"So are you glad you snuck out today to hang out with me?" Mike asked, lowering his voice as though it was a covert operation.

"Yeah," El laughed at Mike.

Her elbows rested on either side of her plate and supported her head as she silently watched Mike. The uncertainty of accepting his offer still lingered in her mind and she studied him eating, noticing how held and savored the burger. She almost took notes, her stomach churning until she couldn't hold back anymore.

She wasted no time from then on, her small hands wrapping around the patty as she started munching on the burger. She hadn't even realized how fast she was eating and moaning at the same time until she sensed Mike's eyes on her. He seemed dumbfounded, his mouth parted as he just stared at her.

"Mmph, s-sorry," El whispered through a mouthful of food, her cheeks reddening at the thought of Mike thinking less of her because of what he'd just seen.

Mike grinned. "No, it's okay. I appreciate your extra effort to make

me look like less of a mouthbreather." He knew that wasn't at all what she was doing of course but he was determined to continue to act as though she was just helping him.

Getting to see and hear her enjoy her first ever Benny's burger was a bonus Mike hadn't counted on and he wanted to remember every minute detail.

"Um, you have a little mustard..." Mike gestured to his own face to show her where but when she kept reaching for the opposite side he laughed and, reaching across the table, wiped it away with his own napkin.

"I mean, it was cute, I could have left it. But I don't want to risk anyone asking why you have mustard on your face." Mike smiled. He'd been kissing her all morning but somehow the act of wiping her face seemed ten times more intimate and he could feel his blood rushing in his ears.

"Thank you." El blushed as well, the whole act reminding her of scenes she'd seen before on TV.

As she kept eating, she couldn't help but wonder if this was some sort of a first date for her and Mike, but she tried her best not to focus too much on that aspect. It wasn't like Mike could see her as more than just a friend.

It felt strange, though. She was used to being the bold one and taking pride in making Mike squirm or become uncomfortable with her sweet touches, but the situation was reversed now. She was the one fidgeting and coping with flushed cheeks now that they were out in the real world, away from the comfort of the church and her family.

Once they finished eating, El waited for Mike to pay then followed him outside. It took all the way to the forest for her to become her usual self again and feel authentic around Mike once more. She was so happy she mustered up the courage to link their fingers as they walked next to each other.

"Do you want to check out the cabin?" She asked after moments of peaceful silence.

"You think it's safe? It's probably locked anyway. How would we even get in?" Mike glanced at his watch. It was still ten minutes until noon. They still had a good three hours together. He liked how when he looked down to see the time what he noticed first was their hands linked together.

"We could at least check." El shrugged. Her feigned innocence didn't make Mike suspicious at all, which was exactly what she was hoping for.

When they reached the cabin, her head snapped left for a split second and she made sure to cough to cover the sounds of rattling chains and rusty locks coming undone. It seemed to work as she watched an oblivious Mike making his way closer to the wooden door that was partially rotten. She watched him carefully, her heart speeding up as he creaked the door open and turned back to look at her. She was safe for now.

Or so she thought, because as soon as Mike's eyes fell on her face, El could see the horror in his eyes.

"What happened to your nose?" He asked with alarm, his hands coming up to her cheeks in an instant.

"Huh?" She mumbled in confusion.

"Your nose, El...it's bleeding."

"Oh-" She gasped and pulled from Mike's embrace immediately. After using the back of her sleeve to wipe the blood away, she explained quickly. "Anemic. I'm anemic. It, um, happens sometimes. Don't worry."

That was what she had been taught to say in case her powers were accidentally triggered in public. She was glad she still remembered the excuse.

"Are you okay though? Does it happen a lot?" Mike had almost forgotten about the cool abandoned cabin they could explore, only being able to focus on the idea of El dripping blood from her nose, so close to her brain.

"Does it hurt?" He whispered.

"No, don't worry about it. Let's just go inside." She offered him a small smile and dragged him inside the dimly lit dusty space.

Mike looked around where they were standing. El had closed the door behind them after they entered but with the sunlight filtering through the boards on the windows and cracks in the walls they could see. They were in a small room, most likely the main living space of the cabin. There was a small kitchen area to one side and while the place was dusty it wasn't without its charm.

"Wanna look around?" Mike asked excitedly. El was already nodding in agreement.

Since the place was small it didn't take them long. There was one room that seemed like a bedroom and one small bathroom but of course the water wasn't turned on to the place. In a closet in the one bedroom there was something folded in a heavy duty garbage bag. Mike took it from the shelf to see what it was.

"Hey cool! It's a quilt! And check it out!" Mike held it to his own nose before offering it to El. "It's clean. Wanna just hang out here for the rest of the day?"

"Sure. We still have a lot to do," El hinted playfully before helping Mike put the quilt down on the floor. "Mike...you should go make sure no one is around. Then close the door."

Mike agreed without a question and once his back turned to El, she used her powers to dust off most of the room they were in. Her eyes squeezed shut as she focused on turning the air fresh and forcing the dust particles out through the window cracks.

It seemed to have worked and by the time she heard Mike coming back, she looked around the space only to see a still old and messy, but much cleaner, room. It could do the trick for today.

Before Mike approached her, she wiped the fresh blood away and resumed acting normal. He just smiled at her as he sat down on the blanket and she was quick to crawl towards him until she climbed in

his lap, her legs wrapping around his thin waist.

"Hi," she murmured close to his face, her index fingers tracing his lips. They were beautiful, just like the rest of him and El could feel the butterflies swooshing in her stomach.

"Hi," Mike replied as he wrapped his arms around her. "It feels nice when you sit like this. El, I know you want to do your, whatever your plan is, but I want today to be about both of us so I hope you know I'll do anything you want me to do. We don't have to stick to your five time plan. We can do," Mike started to gently kiss her neck, "whatever you'd like."

Mike secretly wished she'd say she wanted to just stay there, spend the night and the next day and forget that there was an entire world beyond the two of them but he was so happy to be safely secluded with her sitting in his lap that he really didn't want to press his luck.

"We are both...going to have fun." El squirmed under his kisses, the pleasure already traveling down to her core and making her pussy feel tingly. She didn't waste a second and started rubbing her womanhood over Mike's crotch. She figured the come on her white tights had dried by now and it wasn't going to stain Mike's trousers.

They kissed as she grinded on him, her arms tightly wrapped around his neck as she put all of her focus into dropping her hips down on his growing dick or rubbing circles over it.

"I think you'll hurt by the time we're done. Are you okay with that?" She half-joked, although she was sure Mike would probably be sore if she managed to make him come four more times that day.

"Is that a promise?" Mike asked, gripping her hips tighter as she grinded into him. "Tell me, El. How do you suppose you'll get me to come a second time?" The question was a farce because if Mike could tell how rock hard he was and he wasn't even touching himself then he *knew* she could feel everything as she rubbed and rocked her nylon tights over him. He pulled her close to barely whisper into her ear.

"Because I don't think it's gonna take long at all."

"I know," El breathed over his ear before sucking on the lobe. She took her time, her tongue languidly running across the soft skin while she continued to massage Mike's cock.

"I was wondering..." El trailed off, her hands dropping between their bodies until they sneaked around the hem of his gray sweatpants. She lifted herself up enough to make room for his pants and briefs to go down to his knees.

"Do you think you could come...just by me rubbing on you? Would you like that?" She grabbed his cock and forced it upward until it was trapped between her covered pussy and her hand. It was pulsing so hard El was scared it might burst at any given second.

"Oh, god, El. You're so warm and you're still covered up. I definitely want to tr-try..." Mike trailed off as El started moving her hips, creating a delicious prison for his cock with her hand and her pussy. Not that Mike wanted to escape. From this position he could feel her movements against his dick and she was so close to him. His hands were free to roam over her body or run through her hair or whatever really he wanted to do with them.

"Hey I don't think you have to use your hand," Mike said as he removed her hand from holding his dick against her center, setting it on his shoulder.

"Yeah, now your hands are free and you're still making me feel amazing. El, it's not gonna take long for me to come. You feel so good."

"Then you should come," she smiled down at him and moved her hands to his neck and cheek.

He was always so soft and warm under her touch and all she wanted was to feel every part of him as she continued to rub her nylon clad pussy over his dick.

"You're going to make a mess if you don't lift this up."

She motioned to his sweater and took the time to lift the fabric up to his chest. It gave her access to his abdomen and she watched in awe

the way it clenched and unclenched repeatedly and she couldn't stop herself from roaming her hands all over his torso.

"Now you can come." She resumed grinding on top of him, her fingers tracing his stomach and chest. "Or do you want me to swallow it? I guess I could...but I thought we could do that later."

Mike didn't know if it was her confidence or her looks or her general demeanor or a combination of everything but El could have told him he could burn down his school and he would have happily obliged. He was completely under her spell, though he knew it wasn't really a spell; it was just how she affected him. He didn't think there was anything he wouldn't do for her. And she was grinding on him so nicely and her fingers felt so good as she caressed his bare torso. Hearing her ask if he'd rather she swallow and then getting a mental picture of El wrapping her supple lips around his hard leaking tip was just too much.

"El, I...oh, god, El!" Mike felt the first spurt of his second climax. It was hard, much harder than he'd imagined since it had really only been a little while since he had previously come. He buried his face in her neck as his orgasm rocked him, spewing onto her tights again and getting a little on her skirt. Mike thought she smelled nice and would have been content to remain like that, El in his lap, his cock resting against her stockings, his face buried in her neck, for the foreseeable future.

"You weren't lying. That was pretty quick," she laughed with her nose buried in Mike's shoulder. It felt too good to feel his embrace around her waist and enjoy his warmth to let go right now, so she just stood there for a few more minutes. They breathed in unison, Mike's ragged breath accompanied by her soft one while he rubbed circles on her back.

El realized she was doomed – she would never be able to go back to her normal self after being subjected to Mike's loving attention. It was unbelievably warming to know that someone cared enough to want to be with her and always showed it through every fiber of their being.

She still wanted to believe that he was just a horny teenager, but the

way he spoke, touched, and kissed her made her doubt her own beliefs.

Sighing, she sat up and started taking her tights off. Mike watched her in confusion and she just chuckled back, her smooth legs slowly coming off the tight nylon until she molded the fabric into a ball.

"So I can clean you up. I can leave these here. They're dirty anyway," she explained before wiping the come off Mike's stomach.

Mike watched as El cleaned him up. She was so gentle and loving, not that he'd tell her that, and it touched his heart the way she fussed over making sure she got every drop. On her fourth pass Mike caught her wrist.

"Hey, I was thinking that you should get a turn. I don't want this to all be about me. Can I uh, I mean, could I try to make you come too? If I'm not good at it you can tell me. You just make me feel so good I want to do the same for you. And we don't have to be quiet today." Mike had been unconsciously pulling her even closer to him as he asked his questions and now their lips were almost brushing together as he spoke.

"Y-Yeah, you can..."

El nodded before their lips crashed together and she used all of her force to push Mike down on the quilt. She still couldn't believe how selfless he was and despite being informed that she wanted to pleasure him, he still wanted to return the favor and do the same for her. It made her feel fuzzy on the inside and even more eager to touch and kiss him.

It didn't take long until he managed to take her panties off, her bare dripping core now rubbing over his pelvis as they continued to kiss as if their life depended on it.

"M-Mike...I've seen...something...in that magazine," she mumbled between kisses and dropped her hand to Mike's dick. Much to her surprise, it was getting hard again so she knew it wouldn't be a problem for her to carry on with her plan.



Sitting up, she swiftly removed all of her clothes and stood naked in front of the boy that just stared in her in bewilderment. It made her cheeks flush and she almost covered her breasts, but managed to fight back the instinct to do so.

"You, too."

She motioned at Mike's clothes and he didn't hesitate at all, his clothes soon pooling on the floor next to hers.

"We can," she whispered, straddling his bare legs. "I could sit on you. But the other way around. And we could...I guess we could both pleasure each other. Do you want to try it?" She asked timidly, knowing how exposed that would leave her in front of Mike. She was turned on enough to not mind it that much, but she still wanted to make sure that Mike was also okay with it.

Mike felt like he was in a dream. He was now naked with El and she wanted to pleasure each other at the same time. Mike wasn't totally sure how to go about that but he figured he'd follow her lead and they could learn together.

"You want to? I'm not really sure how so you might have to help me some. Oh, and I should tell you...you are easily the most beautiful girl I'll ever see."

El was about to show Mike how that thing she had seen was supposed to work, when his words hit her ears. She froze in place.

"How do you know that? I'm sure you'll meet prettier girls."

Her smile was forced, just like the words that came out of her mouth. She focused on his dick, massaging it in her hand as she pushed the tears back. This wasn't the time to cry.

"I mean, when you go to college. You'll have a lot of experience by then and I'm sure the beautiful girls will like you back."

"I don't think you understood me." Mike's voice was calm and reassuring. Her hand felt so nice on his cock but he could tell she was purposefully giving it all of her attention probably in an effort to avoid crying. Nancy Wheeler's little brother was no stranger to how

girls tried to hide their truest feelings. He let his hand rest on hers, stopping her movements.

"El, I mean inside and out. There's no one else like you. I mean, sure there are pretty girls but none of them make me feel like *you* do. I don't want to talk to them when I wake up in the morning. The sun isn't going to frame their faces so effortlessly and I'm not going to get butterflies in my stomach watching them try to open a straw. When I say you're the most beautiful girl I'll ever see I mean *all* of you. And that's because of how you make me feel."

"Yeah?" El snorted, her head still lowered as she refused to meet Mike's gaze.

His words hurt so much she could barely breathe and it took her a moment to collect herself and speak again. Mike waited patiently in the meantime, and El hated it even more that he was so tolerant with her.

There had to be a way to lighten up the atmosphere.

"I guess giving a boy head will make him say stuff like this."

She put on a bright smile before lowering Mike on the quilt again. He lay down completely and she carefully maneuvered herself until she straddled his face. Her hips were hovering over his head, her legs parted and her pussy exposed in front of Mike while her head was positioned toward his crotch. She could already feel him trembling and gasping underneath her and she smirked, proud that she was in charge of the situation once again.

"Is this okay?" She asked, looking down between her legs as she watched Mike's lips so close to her pussy.

Mike didn't answer with words, opting to move his hands to her waist and hips, bringing her even closer to his mouth. He started to lick her, being even more tentative and cautious than he'd been at church that one time. And from how his hands held her, if she decided she needed more he would be in charge of how much more she could have.

Mike was teasing her as well as tongue fucking her by the time he felt his cock slide past her lips and into her warm mouth. It only spurred him on more. He increased the area he was licking, his tongue sweeping along her slit, into her hole, and then continuing along her ass crack. He noticed El stiffen as his tongue brushed over her tightest hole.

"Is that okay? I'm sorry. I won't do that if you don't like it."

"I'm not...sure," El whispered nervously.

She had never experienced something like it before and a part of her wanted to tell Mike to stop because it probably wasn't supposed to happen. His tongue was probably not meant to go there, but it felt good, even for a split second, to have his slick muscle lapping at the sensitive area.

"If you don't mind it, then I don't."

She tried to block the worries invading her thoughts from then on, instead focusing on sucking Mike's cock and swirling her tongue around the head every once in a while. She kept one hand on the quilt next to him, while the other one played with his sack and massaged it in rhythm with her mouth going up and down his shaft.

Mike heard what she'd said and he could feel her sucking on his cock but what made him the most happy was that despite how casual she was trying to be, when his tongue had started licking her tight asshole his entire chin had been drenched in new arousal from El. He could tell she liked it no matter what she said.

He moved his hands a bit so he could spread her pussy open and then pulled her onto his face. He gently sucked on her clit, feeling her tongue move faster on his cock as he did. He had a little wiggle room as far as his fingers went so he teased her asshole with his thumb, not sticking it inside, and with a finger from his other hand slowly started to penetrate her pussy as he sucked and licked.

El moaned around Mike's dick and involuntarily dropped her hips lower on his face. It felt too good to have both of her holes teased, sucked, and licked simultaneously so she fastened up the pace of her

mouth and forced herself to take Mike in as much as possible.

His groan reverberated around her pussy when her throat squeezed the swollen tip of his cock before she released it with a gasp. Saliva pooled all over his member and she made sure to spread it evenly all over the length and balls while also struggling to keep still and not rub herself on Mike's face.

"Don't stop..." she urged him even when his thumb slowly pushed past her tight rim. It was embarrassing and sensual at the same time and she didn't know how to react, but it only brought her closer to the edge.

Mike couldn't stop if he wanted to. The reactions she was having to every little thing he did all seemed to stroke his ego and made him feel like he could do anything. And he hadn't even meant to let his thumb start to slide into her butt, it just kind of happened since everything was so slippery and he was so excited to have her on his face. He loved everything about it.

"El, are you sure?" Mike asked, though his thumb didn't stop moving in slowly. "Your mouth feels so good. You've got me so hard again already."

"Mhmm."

El tried to nod around his cock but her body was what let Mike know it was okay not to stop. She slowly pulled her hips up and down above his face, making his finger penetrate her holes repeatedly as she did so. She didn't neglect his dick either, her tongue licking the undershaft and loving the appreciative noises that left Mike's mouth.

"I might come!" She announced in a shaky voice when his tongue started lapping at her pussy along with the movement of his fingers. "Ah, Miiike," she sobbed uncontrollably, her pussy and asshole clamping on his fingers as her orgasm hit.

Her mouth quickly wrapped around his shaft again and she tried to suck on it as waves of pleasure hit her body while her moans were muffled by his cock.

Mike held her up as her pelvis tried to envelop his face while her orgasm crashed through her. He still wasn't really close but he'd already come so much. He was in no hurry. Even as El was still writhing on him and moaning her approval Mike was still licking and sucking, hoping to make her come again quickly. She wouldn't be expecting it and he also liked having her in this position, having her mouth at his dick while a he had full control over her most sensitive areas.

"That's good. You came hard, El. Did it feel good? I hope so because I'm gonna make you do it again."

Mike didn't wait for a reply or a reaction, he simply started seriously tonguing her asshole.

"Wait! Mi-"

El gasped at the tongue encircling around her asshole. It felt so incredibly good and it sent shivers down her spine while also making her pussy throb harder. She couldn't hold back anymore.

She planted her pussy right on Mike's face and rubbed it over his velvety lips, cheeks and nose. She was all over, her juices smeared on Mike's face as she just moaned and groaned around his cock.

"I'm sorry...if it's too much...but I can't-" *help it*, she wanted to add, but Mike was raising his hips up and urging her to suck his cock so that was what she did, not bothering anymore to finish up her sentence.

Truth be told, Mike loved it that he could make her stop speaking mid-sentence. He loved the reactions he got from her. *Why am I thinking the word love so much?*

And even though she had just come hard all over his face and even though he was already getting her revved up to go again, her mouth continued to work his rigid pole. Mike could feel her tongue, noting how proficient she was getting after only having done it a few times.

He chuckled softly. "Like that, huh? You don't have to apologize. You're not doing anything wrong." His sentence, said into her

dripping pussy perched over his mouth, was syncopated by kisses and licks that caused more moans from her, which were muffled by her mouthful of his cock.

"This is so hot, El. You are so hot. I want to do this with you every day." Mike was surprised when he felt the tip of his dick touch the back of her throat as she took him in as deep as she could. It was almost reverent.

El mumbled in approval, the tip of Mike's cock down her throat leaving her incapable to do more than that. She agreed with Mike and wished more than anything that they could do this every day, but the rational part of her knew it was impossible.

Her mind started drifting off to a near future of her and Mike spending their lives together, when she felt the familiar thumb pushing past the ring of muscles and inside her tight asshole. It made her gasp and almost choke on his cock but she was quick to pull it out of her mouth and moan.

"That's so good, Mike. I didn't know...that'd feel so nice."

Her lips then moved to his balls, licking and sucking on them as her hand stroked his cock faster.

Mike couldn't believe how close to coming he was again already. Something about hearing her talk while they were fooling around intensified the entire process. Mike thought she could read aloud from the phone book and it might have the same effect on him. Now he was starting to feel his cock twitch. She was lapping at his balls while she pumped his shaft with her small hand. He decided he was going to hold out and come with her, challenging himself.

"You like that? Want to see if you like something similar but a little different? Just tell me if you don't. I want you to come with me, El. I want to come in your mouth while you come in mine."

Mike had asked but he hadn't really planned on waiting for her to answer. He eased his thumb out of her tight ass and replaced it with his tongue. For Mike, he thought maybe this was more intimate even than sex, but then he had to stop thinking about sex with El because

he was on a mission and couldn't risk compromising it by getting too turned on thinking about the future.

With his tongue at first darting in and out, then pushing deeper, Mike used his hand on her pussy, rubbing her clit and just using one finger inside her. She was pushing back against him, no longer really holding herself up above him, the two of them glued together and trying to get even closer.

"Mike-" El almost cried out, her hand subconsciously coming to his pale thigh and squeezing it hard. It took all of her might to keep her emotions bottled up as she felt Mike's tongue fucking her asshole. It felt similar to the thumb, but warmer and it tickled and turned her on more than anything else to the point it left her unable to breathe for a few seconds.

After realizing she was holding her breath and correcting that, she pushed her head back down to Mike's cock and started sucking it again. This time she created a perfectly tight vacuum seal with her lips, her delicate fingers scratching and squeezing Mike's legs while he ate her ass out.

"You're gonna...I'm going to...again-" she lamented after a few minutes, her hand pumping Mike's cock fast before she resumed sucking on the tip and letting Mike play with both of her holes.

Hearing her say she was going to come again was all Mike needed. He pushed his tongue into her ass as far as possible, wanting to feel her spasm all around his mouth. He could feel his own orgasm about to spew.

"Come for me, El," Mike said, though it was muffled and distorted since his tongue was occupied. She was sitting perfectly on his face, he didn't even need his hands, so he moved them down until he found her head and as he tongue fucked her asshole while she deep throated his cock he gently ran his fingers through her hair.

That was all it took.

His hands tightened lovingly a bit on her head and Mike felt himself coming...again.

El flinched as the first spurts of come hit her mouth, but much to her surprise, that was all that came out. It seemed like Mike orgasming two times earlier took a toll on him and that was all he could give to her. Even so, she swallowed it all eagerly, loving the hold he had on her head as she climaxed at the same time with him.

El's orgasm was definitely different from Mike's; hers felt more powerful than the first one and her hips wouldn't stop shaking, making her ass drop repeatedly on Mike's face and leaving El embarrassed as she couldn't control any of the movements.

When she eventually stopped, she tiredly moved her legs away from Mike's face until she straddled his hips instead and pushed her body down onto his.

They lay together, El on top of Mike and holding him close to her bare chest while they breathed heavily.

"I love yo-uh, it. I loved it," she corrected herself quickly and buried her face in the crook of Mike's neck, too embarrassed to look him in the eye after what she had almost admitted. Her heart beat madly against her ribcage and she just hoped that Mike would deflect the subject somehow.

Mike felt like taking a nap but he didn't want to miss out on any time with El. He didn't say anything but he had definitely noticed what she'd almost said. But then again, she was probably tired too and sometimes your brain and your mouth don't work together. Mike knew that. Better to not get his hopes up and just let things be whatever they were.

As she lay on top of him, Mike drew haphazard designs on her back, sunlight pilfering through the cracks in the windows and landing on them, warming them and definitely not doing anything to help Mike's drowsiness.

"Yeah, I uh, loved that too. Are you awesome at everything you do or is there something you suck at?" Mike tried to lighten the mood, since her face was still buried in his neck out of embarrassment.

"I guess I suck at staying away from pretty church boys like you," El



laughed against the soft skin of his neck, happy that Mike was either oblivious or nice enough to not ask for further information after she had almost admitted her feelings.

Mike laughed. "I think I'm glad you suck at that...unless you mean *all* church boys because I don't think I could take that. I'm a fragile little boy." He nuzzled her hair. According to his watch it was now just a little after 1:00. The day was definitely slipping away. Since she was on top of him, Mike took advantage and held her close, so close that he could feel her heart beating against his chest.

"El, I don't know if I can come two more times before we have to have you back at the orphanage." As soon as he'd said it he was sorry. Conjuring up the image of the horrible building where she had to live made him cringe and he held her tighter without even realizing it.

"I know. I figured the moment you came. There wasn't much left," El stated casually as she pushed the thoughts of her leaving to the back of her mind.

She didn't want to deal with the excruciating days spent away from the comfort and warmth of Mike's embrace. She lay on top of him quietly, her hand tracing his chest and neck while he caressed her back.

"And no, Mike. I meant just you. You are the reverend's son...I wasn't going to take anything but the best," she joked and kissed his cheek.

"Can I tell you something? Mike did wait for an answer this time. He thought what he was going to say might be heavy and he was a little scared but if she couldn't accept this then maybe it was best to get it out of the way now.

"Sure." She frowned, but waited patiently.

"I love my dad but I'm really not much like him. I do what he says and all but I don't even really know if I believe what he preaches. He'd lose his mind if I told him but the more I think about things the more nothing makes sense or seems even the least bit fair. So I don't know that I would describe me as anything but the *best* because I don't think I'm the best. Probably if people knew the real me they

wouldn't even want me there. But when I think about...like you for example. You're so amazing and sweet and funny and bold and what did life give you? Nothing. You don't have parents, you have to live at that place that makes me shiver to just think about it, you never had someone to tuck you in or read you a bedtime story, someone who *wanted* to do that because they loved you so much. So how is that fair? What God would allow that? And then there are all the complete assholes who have everything and keep getting more everything. It makes my stomach hurt." Mike could feel tears stinging his eyes, which was a little embarrassing, but he needed to finish. "And I know this isn't how you thought I was when you woke up this morning but I want to be honest with you. You...you just matter a lot and I want you to know everything. I hope I didn't ruin anything."

El remained silent the entire time and even moments after. She felt herself tearing up as soon as Mike admitted how estranged he felt from the world he lived in, but the moment he voiced out his thoughts about how miserable he thought *her* life was, she couldn't hold it in anymore. Warm tears fell down her cheeks uncontrollably, the salty liquid dripping down on Mike's neck.

She didn't bother to wipe them off, instead pulling herself closer to Mike's body as she started sobbing out of control. Her whole body hurt, but mostly her chest, and she didn't even know if the tears she was shedding were out of sheer pain or happiness for the boy she was lucky enough to hold in her arms.

"You didn't ruin anything," she mumbled through tears, her chest heaving until she started hiccupping. That was how badly she was crying.

She felt Mike trying to pull her head up and probably try to alleviate her pain, but she refused to budge. All she did was cry and hold Mike impossibly tighter to chest until the sobs slowly faded away and she was left with a runny nose and puffy eyes. It felt like hours, but it had probably been only minutes.

"I'm sorry you feel this way...but I'm sure it'll get better when you'll have your own family," she mumbled almost painfully.

She felt happy at the prospect of Mike being content with his new

family when he grew up, but a part of her wished she could be involved in that idea. Even so, she knew better than to think that Mike could ever want to spend his entire life next to her. She would never belong to anyone, whether it was someone as sweet as Mike or anyone else for the matter.

Feeling El sob against him broke the dam that was holding back Mike's own tears and they lay on the quilt they'd found on the floor of the cabin and cried into each other. It wasn't something that Mike would ever mention to his friends, or anyone for that matter, but El wasn't just anyone and he had never felt more comfortable. He could feel her pain like he could feel her body against his own. What she'd said last, about how when Mike had his own family he'd feel better, felt like a knife in his heart.

It was then that Mike Wheeler knew exactly how he felt about this girl.

"Hey, don't cry. Just being able to talk to you about it makes me feel better. I'm glad you're in my life, El. You...you make things better than they are. Could we just live in the moments and not worry about the future? I'd rather enjoy what I have than what might or might not ever be."

Even then, not saying it, Mike knew that any future he could possibly imagine would have El in it but she was so quick to naysay herself or think she wasn't good enough that he knew he'd never be using just words to get his point across.

"Yeah," El agreed without a doubt. The hold she had on Mike's shoulders loosened up as she calmed down.

Her arm went behind her back and she pulled the quilt on top of her naked body that was trapping Mike's underneath. They were now both covered by the cozy blanket and El sighed in content.

"I'm sleepy. I think I'm going to take a nap here," she started, her breath fanning over Mike's neck. "It's quiet and...nice. But you can leave if you want."

She was quite sure that someone like Mike couldn't even fathom the

idea of sleeping in a place so dirty, but to El it was better than the orphanage or any other place she'd used to hide herself whenever she tried to escape The Lab. As much as she wanted him to stay and hold her in his arms while she slept, she knew she couldn't blame him if she left.

Mike fiddled with his watch, setting his alarm, before snuggling into her.

"If you think I'd rather leave than sleep here with you then you've lost your entire mind. Am I too close? I just like being next to you." Mike squeezed her tightly against him. "Tell me if you're uncomfortable, okay?"

"I'm not. I like it when you hold me."

El smiled and raised herself up enough to place a gentle kiss on Mike's lips. He reciprocated it immediately, as if he had read her mind and knew what to expect and El wondered if she would ever stop being in awe at how perfectly they fit together, like two peas in a pod.

"Here," she said playfully and guided Mike's hand to her ass, making him keep it there while she snuggled closer to him, her leg draped over his waist as they held each other.

Mike couldn't remember when he'd last slept so peacefully. Having El tucked naked against him was better than a prescription sleeping pill. So when the alarm on his watch started to beep he was so jolted he didn't know where he was. He could smell El's shampoo and feel her warm skin.

"Ugh. El? We gotta go. It's 3:00." Mike actually felt sad. Sunday felt like a month away.

They got up and put their clothes back on, still bestowing playful touches on one another. They stowed the quilt where they'd found it, closed the cabin door, and walked hand in hand back toward the orphanage.

As they got closer to the looming building, Mike slowed down.

"I had a really great day with you today, El. I hope you did too." Mike was scuffing his feet, the two of them still behind the tree line. He hugged her once more, knowing she was going to have to go through her secret opening in the fence and that he couldn't follow. As they pulled apart slightly he kissed her. Mike didn't know why, but he felt like he needed to. Like he might go crazy if he didn't. El didn't seem to mind.

**Author's Note: Thanks again for reading and I hope it's being found enjoyable. It was certainly fun to write, right, M? I'll update soon. Heads up that chapter 5 is long and not unlike an emotional roller coaster.**

## 5. Chapter 5

Sigh...this chapter is so long (for me). Happy reading!

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Almost as soon as El had gotten back to her room, the taunting started. A couple of kids had seen her sneak out that morning and they immediately gave her hell about it. They even told the house mother and El was punished with extra chores, including heavy ones usually saved for the bigger boys.

And as awful as that was, El's spirits were high. She had Mike to fill her thoughts so she happily scrubbed pots and pans after dinner. She was scrubbing pots on Saturday evening when she overheard a couple of the adults discussing how El was going to be a bad influence on the younger children and that maybe they should look into getting her transferred. She was already 16 anyway. She'd be aging out of the system soon.

When El heard this she almost started crying immediately. She finished the last pot and quickly went up to her room. She was relieved to find it empty so she grabbed her sad old Hawkins High School gym bag that she had found a long time ago, stuffed her few meager belongings into it, and without saying goodbye to anyone crept down the back stairwell and out into the darkness. She was only *mostly* sure where she was going but she was definitely sure that she couldn't stay at the orphanage any longer.

Not having a final destination in mind didn't help when the cold autumn rain started. While shielding herself under an oak tree helped for a while, she was soaking wet and shivering. She needed a place to stay.

The cabin that she and Mike had found on Wednesday was the first thing that came to her mind. It was dark and she could barely see, therefore taking longer than the last time to arrive there. But once she did, she was rendered speechless.

The place seemed completely different and for a second she wondered if she hadn't accidentally entered some other structure. It

was familiar, though. The wooden walls were the same and the thin, cracked windows were identical to the ones she had stared at until she had fallen asleep in Mike's arms days before.

But this time, everything was a lot cleaner. She couldn't see much due to the lack of light entering the small space, but she was still able to spot a new blanket neatly tucked and placed on the beaten up sofa in the middle of the room. It made her curious and she wanted to inspect the rest of the cabin, afraid that someone might constantly come back to this place and rearrange it.

She didn't want to be caught, but she was also tired and freezing from the pouring rain that had soaked her clothes so her inquiries had to wait until the next morning.

It didn't take long until she stripped to her underwear - the only clothing that was still dry and intact- before crawling onto the couch and covering herself with the new quilt. For some odd reason, it smelled like Mike, like pine and fresh laundry, but there was still something sweet that the fabric was missing. Something that made Mike smell like him and something that made El miss him so much right then and wish he was there with her. The warm tears spilling down her cheeks didn't stop until she fell into a deep slumber.

Mike could barely sit still at the breakfast table.

After his rendezvous with El on Wednesday, he had been back to the cabin twice after school, by himself. He spent a few hours each time cleaning it as much as he could, even lugging cleaning supplies out to it. On Friday when he'd gone he had taken another blanket from home, a couple of pillows that he had put in the closet of the bedroom, and some nonperishable food items for the cupboard, like some canned peaches, peanut butter, and a tin of crackers.

He'd even left a jug of water and a deck of cards. And, being thoughtful and prepared like Mike always was, he had left a pair of his flannel pajamas and some socks in the drawer of the dresser in the bedroom.

He couldn't wait to show El. He was hoping she could hang out with him today after church. He didn't even care what they did; he just

wanted to be near her.

It seemed like an eternity but finally it was time to leave for church. Mike tried to be cool, not wanting to act weird and be the first one to the car or to actually *run* into the building when they got there. He focused on breathing.

He waited. He took his seat on the pew where he normally sat. El didn't come sit next to him. The singing started and there was no El. Mike's father started preaching and still no El. Mike looked around. The kids from the orphanage were definitely there.

*Could El be sick?* Mike wondered.

After the service was over Mike found Kali, the girl who had grown up with El, kind of like an older sister.

"Hey, Kali, is El sick today?" Mike asked, trying to sound breezy.

Kali's brow furrowed. "You didn't hear? El left, or ran away. El is *gone*. No one has seen her since after dinner last night. I kind of figured she was with you but I see now that you're just as clueless as we are."

Mike couldn't believe what Kali was telling him.

"But it rained, and it's cold. She can't be out there! What if she's hurt?" Mike was starting to get frantic. "Is anyone even looking for her?"

Kali shrugged. "Some kids told on her for sneaking out the other day. The adults were talking about transferring her, sending her away. Like El ever caused a problem in her whole life," Kali said sarcastically. "They don't care about her. Do me a favor, Mike. Find her. Find her and give her everything she never had." With a sad smile Kali left with the other orphans.

The sounds of chirping birds woke El up the next morning. Rays of sun cracked through the windows and made her squint and groan. She didn't want to wake up. It wasn't like there was anything to do, other than to look around the cabin. Someone had been there after she and Mike had been. That was when El jolted up from the sofa and



took a closer look around her.

Just like she had barely seen the last night, everything looked clean. Her bare feet stepped on the scrubbed wooden floor and she frowned. The idea of someone else entering hers and Mike's secret place frightened her, but she still wanted to see more.

Having never entered the bedroom before, she didn't know what to expect, but she definitely didn't anticipate it to look so tidy. She carefully walked across the room until she reached the dresser, only to find a pair of pajamas and some socks. Socks that looked familiar.

A flashback of Mike wearing the exact same pair on Wednesday flashed through her mind and she let out a small gasp. It suddenly hit her. *Mike* was the one who had been here. He was the one who had cleaned up this place and had left all of these things behind.

She walked around the cabin frantically from then on, only to find food and pillows and other things that a normal household would usually have.

The excitement overwhelmed her, and she shakily put the pajamas and socks on before wrapping her own arms around her petite form. They all smelled like him and although she was still unsure of why he had done all of this, or for whom exactly, she hoped he would come back here soon so she could find out.

As she sat on the sofa and slurped on the canned peaches, her mind drifted off to him again. He was probably in church, wondering why she hadn't attended it today. A part of her wondered if he even worried or cared about her disappearance, but she reasoned it out by thinking he would probably only miss the sexual parts of their interactions.

She knew for a fact she would, too, in case they never met again. But that was not the only aspect she was going to miss about him. There was so much more than just those moments of pure euphoria that they spent naked and pleasuring each other. Apart from them, there was also Mike's sweet demeanor, how quirky and smart he was, and how adorably nice he was towards her.

El knew for a fact that if he didn't come looking for her, she would try to find him.

Mike didn't hear anything his mother or father said on the car ride home from church. He was too busy worrying about El. As soon as they pulled into the driveway, he was out of the car and in the house. He quickly changed into regular clothes, today jeans and an Indiana Jones t-shirt with a sweatshirt over it. He yelled over his shoulder as he headed out the door.

"Going to Will's! We're going exploring. Be back before dinner probably!" He didn't wait for permission.

In his backpack Mike had a first aid kit, a turkey sandwich he had made while no one was in the kitchen, a light jacket, and his old supercomm. He was only going on a hunch but if he was right he wanted to have what he needed.

Mike set off toward the quarry side of town. Before he got there he left the road and entered the trees. He was happy that he had a good sense of direction because everything kind of looked the same.

Finally he rounded a bend and his chest swelled when he saw what he'd been searching for. The cabin, just as he'd left it a couple of days ago.

Mike stepped onto the porch and tentatively put his hand on the knob. He stopped.

*If she's in there I might scare her if I just walk in. If someone else is in there I might get shot. I'll knock.*

With a shaky hand, Mike gently knocked on the door. "Um, hello? Anyone there?" He didn't want to say El's name in case it wasn't her.

El almost jumped out of her skin upon hearing the uncertain knock. But much to her excitement, it was accompanied by the sweetest voice in the world and she didn't hesitate to run to the door and open it widely before jumping into Mike's arms.

He almost fell backwards but his lanky legs firmly stood in place as El hugged him unbearably tight, her arms enveloping his neck and

pulling him down to her face.

"You came!" She croaked out and led him inside the cabin as they still hugged.

It felt like a giant weight had lifted from Mike's shoulders when El opened the door to the cabin. He had never been so glad to see anyone. When she threw herself into his arms he thought he might never let go and he actually lifted her off the ground and carried her back into the cabin.

None of his friends would have believed that.

Once inside he kicked the door closed with his foot. He didn't want to let go of her but he set her down on the sofa and sat next to her, her hands still in his, her body so close to his that sitting in his lap would have probably been easier.

"El, I was so afraid you'd left, that you were gone and I'd never-" Mike stopped himself.

"How long have you been here? Are you hungry? Cold? El, what can I do to make it better?"

"Got here last night. But I'm okay." Now, she added to herself and forced out a smile. She didn't want to think about why she went missing in the first place. Not when Mike was around.

He was still the same kind, innocent soul that worried about her even when he didn't have to. She looked perfectly healthy and normal apart from the disheveled auburn locks. She blamed that on last night's rain.

"I ate and I'm not cold thanks to you," she stated in a grateful tone and draped a leg over Mike's in a casual manner. They had been close to each other long enough for her to act this unfiltered around him.

"I recognized the socks and I figured you did all of this, but I don't know why..." Her hand went up to his cheek and she caressed it gently as they looked at each other. "Do you mind that I'm wearing these?"

"Well um, I kinda thought it would be nice to have something here you could throw on in case your clothes ever got like, messy from stuff we do," Mike said sheepishly. "Weren't you scared out here all alone in the dark?"

"I don't mind getting messy if it's you who's doing it to me," she stated sincerely and hopped on Mike's lap. The sound he made when she placed her legs on either side of his thighs was endearing, his lips parting just slightly as he gasped but supported her weight anyway.

"And no, I wasn't scared."

She almost burst out laughing at the thought of ever being scared. She had gone through hell and was convinced that nothing could ever compare to the experiments she had to go through at The Lab, so sleeping in a cozy, cleaned shed was far from ever being a nightmare. Of course, Mike had no idea.

Mike pulled her closer to him and buried his face in her neck. El wrapped her arms around his neck and held him there.

"I was so worried. Kali said you were gone, that you left yesterday, and I was so afraid I'd never see you again. I wouldn't get to say goodbye. I wouldn't get to..." Mike stopped himself again. Sure, what they did was fun and intimate but he didn't think El actually felt the same way about him as he did for her and he didn't want to risk ruining what he had now.

"I'm so glad you're here, El. I'm so happy right now. I know there's a lot you'll have to figure out but for now can we just be here together and forget about the world out there?" Mike had moved his hands to her face, letting his thumbs brush gently against her cheeks, their eyes locked. "We can figure that out later. Can't we?" Without realizing it Mike was pulling her face closer to his and now their lips were almost touching.

"You don't have to figure anything out. I'm not a kid, Mike. I can do this on my own."

Her lips brushed over his ever so softly and she inhaled deeply. That was the scent his clothes had been missing earlier - Mike's scent. His

taste whenever their lips touched or her mouth pressed on any other part of his body.

"But thank you...for doing this," she added in a whisper over his mouth and soon pulled herself closer to him.

Their chests were now flush along with their faces, El's tongue darting out in a tentative manner until Mike accepted the kiss.

Mike let her kiss him for a minute before breaking it just briefly.

"I know you're not a kid. But you don't have to do anything on your own, El. I, uh, don't you know I'd do anything for you?" Not having pulled back far at all to speak, Mike needed only shift slightly and then his lips were once again connected to hers, his arms almost impossibly tight around her but he couldn't seem to get close enough.

El tried to ignore the warm fuzzy feeling flooding through her chest at Mike's words. As usual, she rationalized it by thinking the hormones were talking. Mike was a horny teenaged boy and El knew it was only natural for her to have him wrapped around her finger. That didn't mean he actually meant his words.

And yet, she couldn't stop herself from asking

"Anything?"

Her fingers went to the back of his head and she slightly tugged on the ends of his hair, forcing his head to go upward until her lips gained access to his jaw and neck.

"Even if I told you to take your clothes off? Right now?"

She licked his Adam's apple and smirked when she felt it bob because of Mike's gulp.

By *anything* El could tell Mike had meant more than just the sexual aspect of their interactions and he was probably more than willing to oblige and strip for her, but she couldn't think of anything else she'd rather have him to do at the moment.

"All of them," she added before he could react, her swift fingers

moving to the hem of his sweatshirt as she urged Mike to take it off.

Mike didn't argue, didn't make any excuses. He let her remove what she wanted and then he did the rest, laughing as he dumped her off his lap onto the sofa so he could get to his pants and underwear.

"Like this?" Mike asked, standing now since that had been the easiest way to remove his pants. "That was pretty easy. You should demand more when someone says they'd do *anything* for you. You should make them prove it." Mike grinned down at El, still lying sideways where he'd pushed her off his lap. Mike didn't think her eyes had left him, or that she'd ever looked so pretty.

"Looks like you want to prove it." El grinned and sat up on the couch. Her knees were bent and her feet were tucked under her bottom as she sat in front of Mike, her eyes finally daring to travel lower. Her gaze stopped on his erection and she didn't hesitate to extend her arm until she grabbed a handful of it.

Mike walked funnily towards her, letting himself be led by the grip El had on his dick until the swollen tip was in front of her lips. He gulped again and El had to stifle her chuckle at the sight of it. She could never get over the effect she had on Mike. It was adorable and gave her the confidence to keep going and pleasure him further, despite him hinting that he wanted to prove himself.

"Can I? Or do you want to convince me first that you'd do anything for me? Or *to* me? Which one is it, Mike?" She teased.

"I'm serious but if you want to make it a game we can do that. What would you want me to do? You have me here, my full attention is yours. I will be your slave, whatever you want."

"M-My what?" El stuttered, visibly taken aback by Mike's proposal.

Just the sheer thought of someone allowing her to take full control and let her do whatever she wanted made her heart beat faster. She was usually the one whose opinion mattered the least. She was an orphan. A freak. But somehow, Mike liked her enough to really want to do anything for her or let her be in charge. The thought of it made her pussy throb.

"I want you to take my clothes off and kiss me. Everywhere," she asked more firmly, proud that she managed not to stutter this time.

Mike heard her but he wasn't sure she really knew what she'd asked him to do. From his feet he pulled her to hers, turning her around so that she was facing away from him.

He slid his hands around her waist, his fingers easily dipping underneath the waistband of the pajama pants she was wearing which were too big and already hanging off her. As he started to push them down his lips found the back of her neck and softly ghosted over the baby hairs there. El instinctively backed closer to him.

"You want me to kiss you everywhere?" Mike kissed the back of her neck, dropping the pants to a pool on the floor. His mouth moved to behind her ear as his hands started fumbling with the buttons on the flannel shirt she was wearing.

"That doesn't seem like much of a chore since I want to do that." The shirt was unbuttoned. Mike pushed her down onto the sofa once more. El was still wearing the shirt but it was only hanging open on her body, leaving nothing to the imagination.

"But tell me if I don't do it right or if you want me to do something different." Mike was on his knees in front of her, already kissing his way up her inner thighs, alternating between legs. He wasn't going to be quick; he was going to take his time and kiss her everywhere like she'd asked, even though he knew she would be rethinking that request quite soon.

El wanted to laugh and tell Mike he could never do something wrong when he acted like this, but she was too busy focusing on his plush lips pressing repeatedly over her burning thighs.

She gave him better access by spreading herself wider, the scent emanated from between legs letting Mike how much she wanted this to happen.

He was as gentle as usual, teasing even, as he planted tiny kisses over her smooth skin and sometimes locking eyes with her. He looked so beautiful between her legs, his dark, lustful eyes boring holes into El's

as their gazes met and they told each other how much they both liked it without using words.

"You'll have to do it for as long as I want you to, though. You can't say no," she murmured in a playful manner.

Of course she would never force Mike into doing something he wasn't comfortable with, but the idea of her being in charge even more than usual was too tempting to be turned down. Besides, Mike didn't seem to mind it.

"Why would I ever say no to you? I can't think of any reason." Standing a bit higher on his knees, Mike moved to her abdomen, kissing along near her belly button, dipping down but not getting close to where he knew she wanted him but wasn't saying. So he continued, mindful of the little moans and sighs that would escape as his lips and tongue brushed over her flesh. He deliberately skipped her breasts, moving to drop the shirt from her frame, but when he heard the slight sound of disappointment he knew she had tried to hide he ran his hands over them as he kissed her arms.

"Be patient. I'm going to get every bit of you. Do you trust me?"

"I-I do..." El watched him in bewilderment, her mouth agape as their eyes locked.

She couldn't believe how good Mike was able to make her feel without even touching the parts that ached the most. All he did was press taunting kisses anywhere but where she wanted him to, and yet her pussy still throbbed and leaked with her juices.

"But please..." she lamented and grabbed a handful of Mike's hair. It wasn't rough, but firm enough to let him know how desperate she was and for a second she feared that the act of her being in charge would no longer be taken seriously by Mike.

"Please what? I'm doing what you asked. Do you want me to do something different? Just tell me what you want, El, and I'll do it. That's the only thing I want to do. I just want to make you feel good." Mike knew what she wanted, or maybe she *needed* it by now, but hearing her say it was too good. No matter how hard he was, hearing



El tell him what she wanted him to do to her always made him even harder. "It's okay, El. You can change your mind and I'll still do anything you want. I didn't mean just for a few minutes. I meant I'll do anything always."

"I'm not...changing my mind."

El took a sharp intake of air as Mike's icy fingertips started twisting her nipples ever so slightly. They were erect and aching to be kissed and nibbled on, but Mike was still too preoccupied teasing her by planting kisses on her shoulders this time.

"But it'd be nice if you hurried up." She pouted and reached between their bodies until her delicate hand wrapped around his erection and she gave it a few faint pumps.

"I can go faster but I was just trying to do what you asked me to. Do you want me to keep kissing you everywhere or are there some specific places where you really want me? I want to do a good job. I want to make you happy." Mike kissed her shoulder again before moving to her neck. He liked how she'd lift her head to give him better access and even though she'd spent the night in his pajamas on old worn furniture his nostrils were still sweetly invaded by the scent of French vanilla he had come to associate with El.

Not knowing if he was just trying to tease her or if he was in fact oblivious to how desperate she was, El huffed and gave up trying to ease Mike into what she wanted him to do the most.

"Just kiss my pussy, Mike," she murmured, but despite the words barely coming out as a whisper, she sounded determined. Her legs spread widely and she moved her fingers from Mike's cock to his neck, firmly urging him to lower his head.

Mike scanned El's eyes and saw nothing but raw desire and desperation. Soon she was pulling his head down, closer to her pussy.

"Okay, I'll give you what you want. You only have to tell me you want it." Mike stood up. The floor of the cabin was wooden and his knees were getting uncomfortable. He didn't fail to notice the confused look on El's face but she quickly understood what was

happening and helped him by turning sideways on the sofa. Mike climbed onto the couch, the blanket from his house still under them. He gently lifted El's leg and let it rest on the back of the couch, giving him the space he required to fit between her legs.

On his knees, Mike started by massaging her inner thighs with his long fingers, not making an ordeal of it but wanting to take as much care as he could. When his fingers arrived at her center he leaned forward and joined them with his mouth. She was so wet, Mike's chin was covered almost instantly. He went about licking her pussy, teasing her and then fucking her with his tongue. Occasionally with his tongue deep inside her he would reach up and squeeze her breasts, his fingers leaving a trail of her juices everywhere he touched and eliciting soft moans from El.

"You taste so good. Is this what you wanted me to do?"

"Yes..."

El jerked under Mike's touches, her eyes popping wide open when his tongue laved in her juices or thrust inside her hole. She still felt the need for more and a part of her wanted more than just his fingers later on, but she was scared. Mike was *big*, she had had him in her mouth enough times to know her pussy would be in agony for the first time, so for now she just tried to enjoy his tongue fucking her repeatedly.

"Do you want to fuck me, Mike?" She blurted out without even realizing what she was saying. It was too late now, though, and she was way too turned on to hold herself back.

"I wonder how your fat...cock...would feel inside me."

He sped up the pace of his lips and tongue, his kisses and licks becoming firmer at El's words and she had to stop and take in deep breaths before she could continue.

"Do you ever think about that?"

Mike wasn't believing what he was hearing. *Did she just ask if I wanted to fuck her?* He knew she had; he'd heard her quite clearly. What he

found hard to believe was that he was in this situation at all.

"Do you wonder that? I wonder all the time, El." Mike continued to lick her, his tongue and lower lip manipulating her clit and making her squirm. "Your mouth feels so good and your hand feels so good, I can't even imagine how it would feel to push my cock into you. I can tell you're tight even with my tongue. Tell me what you think about. Tell me while I try to make you come."

"I think about you...hovering over me...and plunging your big cock in and out of my pussy," she started out of breath, visibly shaken by Mike's tongue working over her pussy.

"And you, oh...that's nice...and you kiss me...a lot. And then I'm on top...trying to take your fat cock and bouncing on it while you touch me...everywhere..."

She stopped right after and grabbed a handful of Mike's dark locks to steady him. Her hips moved on their own accord from then on, her pussy rubbing all over the lower half of his face as she couldn't hold herself back anymore.

Mike could no longer speak as El basically used his face to rub herself off. He didn't mind. He loved having his face in such an intimate place on El and he loved making her come even more.

Mike was sure of it. He *loved* El. But he had to keep that secret.

While El used his nose and other natural features on his face to stimulate her clit, Mike moved his hands to her ass and held her by her ass cheeks. He liked how his hands almost covered them. He could tell from her moans and gyrations that she was close.

Mike moved his forefinger to her asshole, toying with it softly, and as he heard her cry out her impending orgasm he eased his finger in. El started to tremble violently around that finger in her asshole as well as around his tongue, which was shoved as deep into her pussy as he could go. To Mike's surprise, as El came he felt her fumble for his free hand and she locked her fingers with his.

She kept his fingers in a tight grip as her body thrashed, her walls

convulsing around his tongue and her asshole clenching so tightly around his finger Mike found it impossible to pull it out.

He was still, waiting for El to recover from her orgasm before he finally retreated and that was when El pulled him on top of her, her weak legs wrapping around his thighs as they hugged.

"Thank you. That was awesome..." she mumbled over his cheek before kissing it.

Mike's cock was trapped between their bodies and throbbing over her stomach and El didn't hide the grin that formed on her lips as she pulled back to look Mike in the eye. It was his turn now.

"You could just put it in, right?"

Her hand found his cock and she carefully guided it lower along with Mike's body until it reached her pussy. Holding the base of his throbbing shaft, she rubbed the leaking tip over her slick outer lips and toyed with her opening.

"Just like this..." she mumbled, her gaze lowering until she glanced between their bodies where his cock could easily enter her.

"You want to fuck me, right? I know *I* want you to..."

She took pride into teasing Mike and watching him hiss and gasp at every little touch and word.

"It's your turn now to tell me. Tell me what you think about when you think of us doing it," she urged him along with her fingers tightly wrapped around his cock and stroking it, making the head rub all over her slit.

"El, oh god, what are you doing? You want to-" but Mike's words were stopped by the intense feeling of euphoria as El moved his cock head back and forth over her slit. He didn't know if she was serious or just playing with him but the feeling was something he'd list in his all-time top ten favorite feelings ever.

But maybe this was a game. Mike didn't want to wear his heart on his sleeve so he got more into it, following El's lead.

"I could slide it right in. You're already so wet. Would you like that? I'd have to stuff it inside you and you'd be all full of my cock. Do you think it would feel good?" El was gripping his dick tighter and pumping faster as he spoke so Mike knew she was imagining it too.

"I think about being on top of you like this, because I really like kissing you," Mike lowered his head until his lips caught hers. "And I think about you being on your knees with me behind you because I think I'd like to feel you pushing back on me and, well, you have a really nice ass so I like to look at it. Oh, that feels so good. Does it feel good for you when you rub my cock on your pussy? You're making me so hard. I want to fuck you so bad, El, but it needs to be right. I won't ever force you because I lo-"

*Come on, man, don't spill it!* "I'll lose respect for myself if I ever hurt you." *Nice save, mouthbreather.*

"You won't hurt me," El cooed in his ear, her hand tugging at his cock at the same time as she jerked it faster.

She tried to ignore the pang in her heart at Mike's words and focus on the moment instead; how his swollen tip rubbed all over her clit and wet folds and how he heaved on top of her.

"And I know you like my ass."

She smirked and pushed her legs further apart until Mike's cock slipped right between her cheeks and the head rested on her asshole. She continued to stroke his shaft right over her rim, his pre-cum mixed with her own juices slathering her hole.

"I've seen it in that magazine. Girls getting their asses fucked. Maybe we could try that, too. Would you be into that? I would be...I want you to stuff every hole I have."

Mike was getting more turned on by the millisecond, and he'd thought he was as hard as he could possibly get. He loved it when she whispered stuff like this while they were naked and glued together. To look at her you'd never know how truly infinitely sexy she was.

"El, you can have my cock whenever and wherever you want it. There isn't anything I don't want to do with you." Mike sighed as El moved her hand faster. She was still holding him against her wet pussy and with every flick of his cock head against her lips Mike felt himself twitch, all the time getting closer to soaking her pussy in his own come.

"I want to know what everything feels like. I bet your ass is super tight. Do you think it would hurt? I wouldn't want to hurt you. Maybe we should do more research. Maybe we should...oh, just like that, El...get a couple more magazines and see what they do. Would you want to look at that stuff with me? Seeing other people fucking, us trying to figure out what exactly they're doing so we can...El, I'm 'bout to come on you...try to imitate them?" Thinking about looking at porn with El, how they'd probably get naked and try to recreate what they saw, sent Mike over the edge. He looked into El's eyes.

"God yes, I want to fuck you with my fat cock...all your holes. El! Oh, shit!" Heavy streams of warm semen shot from Mike's dick as he came, spraying over El's wet pussy which his cock head had been bouncing against for the last five minutes.

"Keep pumping. Please don't stop." Mike was looking down, watching as semen spurted over her lips, her inner lips as well, and shrouded her clit in milky white cream.

El did as she was told, her swift fingers milking Mike's cock dry until he stopped shaking. She took a look at him right after and she couldn't help but smile. He looked so beautiful, his pale skin flushed, the sweat sticking his damp hair to his forehead as he watched her and kept his mouth parted.

"You came a lot..."

She let out a small laugh as she glanced down at their bodies. Her fingers dipped into some of the sticky semen before she brought it to her lips and licked it right in front of Mike. The look on his face was incomparable.

"Yeah I did...oh geez, El. I came all over you! What if you get pregnant? Damn, I'm so irresponsible. I shouldn't have gotten so

carried away." Mike suddenly felt sick as he realized that he'd come all over El's exposed naked pussy, his mind racing with every possible future that could create.

"We need to wash you off." Mike started to get up but his hand was caught by El's. She was smiling at him. "El, this is serious."

"It's fine, don't freak out. Nothing's going to happen."

El had to use both hands to force Mike back down on the sofa, but once she did so, she placed a gentle kiss on his forehead.

"You're cute when you're worrying."

She wasn't sure she was ready to disclose something so personal with Mike and not because he didn't deserve an explanation or because they were still not comfortable enough with each other, but because El knew Mike would want to know the details and that would only bring out the hurtful truth that she wasn't ready to share with him or anyone else for that matter. Nobody would accept her the way she truly was, El was sure of that. Not even someone as kind as Mike.

"How are you being so cool? I'm freaking out right now?" Mike needed some answers.

"I can't get pregnant." She grimaced, her eyes refusing to meet Mike's.

Mike's face fell. "What do you mean? How do you know?" Upon hearing her declaration he had unwittingly moved closer to her, their knees touching, Mike holding both of her hands in his. "El, you can tell me. I'll never tell."

"I know. It's just...it's not a big deal," she whispered under her breath and squeezed Mike's hands back.

"I found out some years ago. I guess I was born that way?" Her brows quirked up as she tried to downplay everything. Despite that, her heart pounded furiously inside her chest.

Mike didn't know what to think. He really didn't know much about her but realizing that made him want to know *everything* about her.

"El, I'm so sorry. Does it upset you? Do you think it's a genetic thing? Do you know anything at all about your family? I've lived here my whole life and I know the orphanage just opened a little while ago. Where were you before then?"

"No, I got used to it. It's not like I'm going to have a family one day, so it's fine."

She shrugged as if it was the most normal thing in the world, but Mike didn't miss the sad smile plastered on her face.

"And I was here in Hawkins the whole time. Before it became an orphanage...it was a lab. I was there the whole time, so I don't know anything about my parents or if it's a genetic thing or not. Not that it matters anyway."

El knew, though. Or at least she thought she had an idea about what it was. It had nothing to do with the genes she was born with. All of the kids at the orphanage had been rendered infertile because of the experiments and the harsh treatments they had been exposed to, but Mike couldn't know that.

"Wait a minute. You were there your whole life? Why? What did they need you for in a lab? El, I'm not understanding. You were just a little kid. Why would they need a little kid? What did they do to you?" Mike was now feeling sick just thinking about a tiny version of El all alone in a cold lab, no one to hug her if she was scared. He couldn't fathom why a small child would be raised in such a place.

"I don't know," she lied, ignoring the stinging tears threatening to spill down her cheeks.

Her pulse was racing as dark thoughts and flashbacks swirled through her mind and she found it difficult to hold it all in. She had to, though. Mike wasn't supposed to know. She wasn't supposed to lose the only person who allowed her to be herself and didn't consider her a freak.

"But I'm fine, aren't I?"

The laugh she tried to feign came out as a scoff instead and she was



quick to turn her head away as the first warm tear ran down her cheek. She wiped it rapidly before looking back at Mike. The look on his face didn't help her, though. It only made her want to bawl her eyes out as Mike held her tightly to his chest.

"I'm really fine," she lied again in an attempt to reassure the boy that stared at her in disbelief that bordered on horror.

"I'm healthy...apart from the fertility thing. And I'm happy-" *Now that I have you*, she thought to herself. "I mean, I'm a little weird. I rock myself back and forth to try to fall asleep. I have for as long as I can remember. It soothes me. So you know, if you don't mind a *weirdo*..."

Mike wrapped the blanket from his house around them both, pulling El even closer to him. It was in no way sexual; he just needed to be as close to her as he could get and seeing her cry made his chest ache. There wasn't really anything he could do about her past, that was over; but as they sat cuddled together on the sofa Mike thought about what Kali had said to him at church and vowed to himself that El's future would make up for anything she'd had to endure before. He would make it his life's quest.

And everything seemed so heavy now. Mike definitely didn't want El to be sad so he tried to think of ways to make her laugh.

"I know what it was. You're some super top secret weapon that the government wanted to mold. Or you're a superhero! Your name is El after all. Are you from Krypton? Like Superman? You know, Superman's name is really Kal-El and his dad's name is Jor-El. Maybe you're his little sister...Mad-El. El for short. Am I even close?" Mike was smiling, El's head tucked under his chin as he speculated about her patronage. "What is El short for anyway?"

El's heart felt full at the references used by Mike. She couldn't even comprehend some of the comparisons he was making, but the way he was voicing them out made her think it was a positive thing. Maybe it wouldn't hurt to let some of the weight off her chest, after all.

"Do you promise not to tell anyone?"

Mike nodded and she sighed before pulling her arm out of the

blanket. She wore a wristband on her left wrist, one that Mike had noticed before and she hadn't hesitated back then to inform him that it was the only thing she owned from her mother. What Mike didn't know, though, was that the wristband was also covering something.

With shaky fingers, she slowly removed the blue fabric until her wrist was exposed, revealing three inked digits right in front of Mike's widened eyes.

"El from Eleven. 011," she mumbled almost inaudibly.

Mike felt all of the air leave his lungs. He hesitantly traced over the marks with his finger. It wasn't a sticker. It was real. He was still gawking at the tattoo on her arm when her words finally made their way to his brain.

*El from Eleven. 011.*

"Y-your...they named you Eleven?" Mike was trying to keep it together but hearing that her name was a number, not only a number but that she was catalogued, was causing his heart rate to increase. She was so incredible and this was the life she'd been given? Mike could feel the tears starting to roll down his cheeks. He kissed her left wrist, right on the tattoo.

"Why would they do that, El?" Mike dropped her wrist so he could envelop her in his arms, as though he could ever possibly shield her from the evils of the world.

"Mike-

El tried to stop him from pulling her into his arms, but it was already too late. He was holding on to her as if his life depended on it and she could feel only warmth and love flooding her body. Mike made it unbearably difficult for her not to cry, but she was determined to be the resilient one. She didn't want his tears, nor his pity. Besides, he already knew too much.

"That was in the past. I'm okay now."

Gently, she pulled away from his embrace until their eyes met and she noticed the tears encompassing his freckles. It broke her heart

and she hated it. Mike wasn't supposed to cry for her and he wasn't supposed to care. Not like this.

"The Lab is a good place now. And I met you? So I'm happy."

El forced out a smile and leaned in until her trembling lips pressed onto Mike's salty tears. She kissed them away, her warm hands caressing his rosy cheeks at the same time.

Mike knew there was more to the story but he also knew her well enough at least to know when she was finished discussing a subject. That was okay, he could keep trying. Mike knew he would never give up.

Feeling her kiss away his tears was odd but he welcomed it. If that made her feel like she was in control, like she was in charge of everything that happened in her life, then that made Mike happy. She had spent enough time doing who knows what for people who didn't care for her. It was her turn to call the shots.

"Yeah. Meeting you was the best. I really mean that." Mike let her kiss him some more, not wanting to be separated just yet. When she finally finished and let her head rest again on his shoulder, Mike remembered something.

"Oh hey! I forgot to tell you. When I was here cleaning the other day I found a water pump out back. It's like those old timey Little House on the Prairie ones and the water is cold but it works so this cabin has water. And I checked and the chimney flue is clean so we can heat some up. Would you want me to stay here with you tonight? Tomorrow is a school holiday and I could go home and get a few things, tell my mom Will and I are working on something, which is true but we're not working on it today or tomorrow but she doesn't have to know that, and then I could come back. I could bring you some dinner." Mike hoped she'd say yes because now that he'd had the idea he really wanted to spend the night next to El.

"You'd do that?!" El squealed before her lips pressed into a thin line. She didn't mean to sound so excited. "I mean...dinner sounds nice," she added swiftly and climbed back onto Mike's lap. "And thank you. I need a shower, actually. You could um...go home and do what you

have to do while I wash myself, but I need you to show me how to heat the water first. But not right now, okay?"

Her words were a mere whisper over his lips before she kissed him again. It felt different this time and in nothing but a good way. El had never thought opening up to someone would feel so liberating, but now that she had experienced it, she couldn't get enough of Mike's lips pressed over hers as he roamed his hands all over her lower back.

"Sure. Anything you want." Mike's words trailed off as he let himself get lost in her touches and the feeling of her lips on his. So she had been raised in a government lab? She was still quite possibly the most important person Mike had ever met and she was in his lap and she was kissing him and she wanted him to stay there with her that night. There was nowhere in the world Mike would rather be. He'd rather be with El in a run-down old cabin where he had to heat water with fire than be alone on the most pristine of beaches with five star service.

"El, I'm...I'm happy you came here. And I'm happy you want me to be here with you. I...I like how I feel when I'm with you." Mike's hands were on her bare hips, his thumbs so close to her center.

"Better than singing in church?" She teased, her lips now pressed over his neck as she sucked marks onto it. She'd done this to Mike before and while he had freaked out about his parents noticing, they had gotten away with it. Besides, El loved to mark him as hers. Nobody but her had to know she was the perpetrator, but it was enough to excite her.

Mike laughed. "Well I don't know about that. Singing is quite the turn-on. I don't know if you can get me going like a good hymn..." Mike started tickling her and before he knew it he he'd pinned her underneath him on the couch, both of them laughing. They were mid-laugh when their eyes met and something far more serious passed between them, their eyes darkening and their heads moving closer. Maybe it was the gravity of hearing about El growing up in the cold lab, maybe it was unspoken things that were dying to be voiced, but when Mike kissed her then it was more powerful than any previous kiss and Mike thought he could actually feel her thoughts a little bit.

And boy, did Mike like what he felt.

El broke the kiss after a while. As much as she enjoyed the feeling of Mike's plush lips pressed over hers, she knew he'd better leave if he wanted to let his mother know about his plans. Or better said, *lie* about them.

"You should go. But show me how to make the fire first."

Her fingers traced his delicate features and he nodded solemnly before helping El off him. She wrapped the quilt around her naked form while he fumbled around for his clothes and when he was fully dressed once again, she planted a small peck on his cheek before following his lead to the fireplace.

El looked so small standing there with Mike's mother's quilt wrapped around her. He couldn't wait to leave and get back.

"I brought a box of matches when I came here Friday. They're in the drawer by the sink. You wanna get them while I bring in some firewood? I stacked it on the porch but I want to bring some inside so you don't have to go out. I'm gonna get you water too before I go."

Mike stepped out onto the porch and brought in several logs, setting three of them in the fireplace and stacking the rest beside it. El handed him the matches and he struck one. A small flame caught.

"Okay, you wanna take these smaller sticks here and keep feeding the fire until the big logs catch. It shouldn't take too long. The wood is dry since it was on the porch. I'll be back as soon as I can. I'll bring you a surprise." It never failed to make Mike's heart skip when she smiled at him like she was doing as she took in his instructions. "You can do this." He kissed her cheek as she concentrated on making her fire bigger. "Oh yeah! The water. There's a bucket I'm gonna fill so I'll bring that in and hang it here for you, and there's another bucket I'll fill and leave in the kitchen for drinking."

El waited for Mike to bring the water, her eyes never leaving him.

"Thank you."

Her delicate fingers clutched the blanket tighter around her form

before she pulled Mike in with her free arm for one last kiss. He obliged happily, their lips pressing together before El led him to the front door.

Once he was out of the cabin, she did what Mike had instructed her to. He hadn't failed to mention the soap and shampoo he had brought the first time around, nor the fluffy towel smelling just like him that was neatly folded inside the bedroom closet.

El had used all of those to clean her body up and also wash her hair and by the time she had finished, she decided to wait patiently for Mike in front of the fireplace, her wet, auburn locks slightly soaking the pajama shirt she had put back on.

Mike got home as quickly as he could, dashing upstairs to throw a few things in his duffle bag. He grabbed his small radio, his favorite Ghostbusters t-shirt that he figured she could sleep in, a few X-Men comics, and some batteries before heading back downstairs.

"Hey, Mom? Will and I are working on a project so since there's no school tomorrow I'm gonna sleep over tonight. I'll be home tomorrow evening."

Mike's mom was on the phone, nodding her permission and agreement. Mike wasn't even sure she was really paying attention but he got the answer he wanted so he didn't press the matter. He rummaged through the fridge and found some Eggo waffles. He tossed them in his bag and was out the door.

As quickly as he could Mike made his way to Benny's Burgers and bought what he knew El would like to eat. He was back on the porch of the cabin in no time.

"El? It's me." Mike knocked softly on the door. He wasn't sure how she was so fast but he could have sworn she unlocked it, opened it, and had returned to her seat by the fire before he even knew what happened.

"Hey, I brought you a burger. I hope you're hungry," Mike said as he stepped inside.

El's eyes lit up within seconds and for the umpteenth time, she didn't know if she should crawl into a corner and cry because of Mike's incommensurable and never-ending care he seemed to have for her or suffocate him in a tight hug. She chose the latter.

"You didn't have to," she grinned mischievously as she helped him with the two bags he was carrying.

After carefully placing the belongings on the sofa, she led Mike and the bag of the food down on the quilt that was scattered on the floor and in front of the fireplace.

"What did you parents say?" She asked through a mouthful of food, savoring the burger just like the first time she had. This time, though, she wasn't so self-conscious about what Mike would think. He never seemed to judge her.

Mike chuckled. "Well I didn't lie, I just kind of didn't give all the details. Mom was on the phone anyway and I don't really think she was totally listening but she nodded and looked at me so I took that as a yes." Mike kicked off his shoes, noting that El was wearing his pajama shirt but apparently nothing else. He pushed the information to the back of his mind.

"I brought a radio so we could find some music and I brought you another shirt to sleep in. Oh! I also found these in the freezer...I thought they'd stay pretty cold if we leave them in that box on the porch. I know you can't toast them but I think they're still good cold. And I brought you some comics you could read if you get bored. I mean, they're X-Men comics and I don't know how interested you are in kids our age with superpowers but it's better than nothing." Mike took another bite of his burger before offering El the fries. "We can share these." He was quiet for a minute. "I...I can't believe I get to spend the night with you tonight. That's...that's just pretty cool."

"It's nice." El smiled before she pulled the comics closer to her form. Her swift fingers turned a few pages to see what they were about and she couldn't help but fear that Mike was suspicious about her identity. The last thing she wanted was to scare him away, but the worries swirling through her head were quickly pushed to the back of her mind when their fingers accidentally met while they both tried to

reach for the fries. El chuckled and let Mike go first.

"We could sleep in the bedroom. But it's colder."

Mike nodded and she smiled, admiring the way his dark locks and onyx eyes shined in the fire light. The temptation of bringing herself closer to him was too much to bear and she carefully crawled closer to his body, their knees now touching as she planted her hands on his thighs.

"Are you going to hold me tonight?"

"Do you want me to?" Mike knew the answer but he liked to hear her say it. His brain was firing with a million thoughts, foremost of which was that he was going to share a bed with her. He wasn't exactly sure what would happen. They had done a lot of stuff but there were still thresholds they hadn't crossed. He was determined to let El set the pace no matter how hard he had to fight himself. Their dinner was over, the two of them sitting on the quilt spread out in front of the crackling fire. El's hands were already on his knees so he covered them with his own.

"Of course I will. You know I'd love that, right?"

"Yeah, I know." El leaned in until their lips brushed together and as soon as Mike reciprocated the kiss, she carefully brought herself onto his lap until she was on top of him.

"What do you want to do before we go to bed?" She whispered as they pulled up for air and, for a second, El contemplated whether she wanted to fall asleep at all or not. The idea of spending so much time with Mike without being interrupted seemed too beautiful to be ruined by sleep, but she also wanted to wake up with him by her side.

"Do you want to play cards?" She pecked his lips before her mouth traveled lower down his chin. "Or read your comics? Or do something else?" Her teeth dug into his neck gently as she teased.

"We could play cards," Mike whispered, feeling El's mouth over the skin of his neck. "Or if you want to read we could do that," his hands



moved to her shirt, making quick work of the buttons and leaving her exposed. "But I don't think either of us really wants to do that. What do *you* think?" Mike's hands gripped her torso, noting how warm she was. He pulled her closer, which was some feat since she was already in his lap. He started sucking on her neck, trailing kisses occasionally lower to her chest and then back up to her jaw line. "El, we can do whatever you want."

"I want to do a lot of things with you, Mike."

El heaved as Mike continued to press his lips all over her neck and chest. Her hand found the back of his head and she tugged on a few strands of hair impatiently, her mouth ajar while he kneaded her hips as she gyrated them over his. Their teeth clashed as they hastily tried to kiss.

When they broke apart, she moved her mouth to his ear and sucked on the shell, her tongue occasionally probing and licking the soft skin.

"So I'll let you pick...this time."

El's lips on his earlobe were causing what seemed like all of Mike's blood to rush south. His dick was rock hard. There was no way she couldn't feel it. She was naked after all, his pajama shirt hanging on her open like a big jacket.

"I don't want to do anything you don't want to or aren't ready for. I mean, god, I really want you, El, but I'll be happy with whatever I get. We can just make out here in front of the fire and that would be okay with me. I just want to make you feel as good as you make me feel."

Mike kissed her again, feeling her legs wrap around his waist. "Am I wearing too many clothes? Do you want me to match you?"

El didn't give him an answer. Instead, her fingers grabbed the hem of Mike's sweatshirt and she pulled it over his head. Much to her dismay, there was one more piece of clothing but she managed to help Mike take the t-shirt off between haste kisses, her hands then roaming all over his bare chest.

"I'm happy with whatever you want."

Her hips lifted up enough for his pants to go past his knees before she helped him kick them off completely. Now he was laying in nothing but his gray briefs and El could see the spot damping his underwear right where the tip of his cock was before she sat back down on his shaft.

"So tell me...what do you want, Mike?" She continued to tease him, her bare front rubbing over his crotch while she planted butterfly kisses all over his neck and shoulders.

Mike knew what he wanted but he was afraid to say it. There was no going back once they'd done that and he didn't want to think about El possibly having regrets in the future.

Still...she was naked in his lap and she clearly wanted him too. And she was kissing him and making his mind hazy.

"El, it's pretty obvious what I want," Mike breathed as he bucked his hips into her slightly, emphasizing his words by rubbing his cock on her. "But there's really nothing I don't want to do with you. Help me take these off," Mike gestured to his briefs. "I want to feel myself as close to you as possible."

El smiled wholeheartedly as she lowered herself onto Mike's body. It was soothing to know they were on the same page.

Once she took the briefs off she sat a little lower down Mike's knees, admiring his erection glistening and twitching, almost as if it was fighting to stand up instead of resting over his stomach.

She moved a little closer to his shaft and encircled her small hand around the base until it was pointed upward and she could easily wrap her lips around the tip. She sucked on it as if it was a lollipop, making wet noises, then sometimes lowering her mouth until half of his dick was enveloped by her warmth.

She didn't want Mike to come like that, though, and so she stopped and glanced up at him. He seemed in awe, his mouth agape as he watched her through half-lidded eyes. She smirked at him, her pussy

now back onto his bare cock and they moaned in unison at the feeling of their bare private parts rubbing together.

"Is that what you wanted? Because I don't really get it. Maybe you should be more specific."

When she asked him questions like that Mike was helpless. There was a confidence about it that made him weak in the knees.

"That's definitely good." Mike held her as she started moving more, her warm wet slit sliding up and down over his rigid dick. If just doing that felt good Mike could hardly imagine what it would feel like to really be inside her.

But he couldn't stop thinking about it.

"Hey, El?" Mike continued to kiss her. El's hands were in his hair pulling herself closer but for Mike it still wasn't close enough. "Do you wanna go to the bedroom? I just...I mean if you want...I really want to be closer. Like *inside* close."

"No, I don't wanna go to the bedroom."

Mike's whole body froze upon El's reply and, as he stopped completely and pulled back, El could see that he had taken it the wrong way. It broke her heart to see him so alarmed and affected, but she chuckled at how sweet he also seemed.

"Come here," she whispered before standing up and leading Mike to the couch, their hands intertwined.

After pushing him down onto the cushions, she straddled his hips and resumed their initial foreplay. His dick was trapped between his pelvis and El's pussy as she rubbed herself over it and the moans coming out of Mike's mouth only made her want to muffle them with her own lips.

After a while, she stopped the movement of her hips, only to grab the base of Mike's cock and position it over her entry. She maneuvered the shaft over her slit a few times, getting the swollen tip wet with her juices before she took in a deep breath and let herself sink down on it.

"Be gentle, okay?" She asked in a shaky voice, her free hand gripping Mike's shoulder tightly.

*This is happening. It's really happening.* Mike felt like he was dreaming. He was in an abandoned cabin in the woods with who he thought to be the most beautiful girl ever and they were both naked. More than that, she was about to take his dick into her...she *wanted* to.

"Are you sure?" Mike felt the need to ask even as he felt the tip of his cock slip inside. He was just barely inside and he could already tell how tight she was. At least from this position she'd have the majority of control so she could go as slowly or as quickly as she wanted.

"Oh god. El, this feels so amazing. I won't hurt you. You take it how you want. You can just use m-me." She was taking more inside, her pussy like a vise around his raging hard shaft. Mike hoped it would never end. His hands moved to her ass and once he was gripping her cheeks El sighed and slipped even further down on him. Mike groaned.

El's jaw clenched and her teeth gritted at the pain. It hurt, but not enough to keep her from sinking herself lower onto Mike's hard cock as she squeezed his shoulders.

It took a full minute until her pussy lips rested around the base of his dick and that was when she stopped and tried to get used to the intruder.

"Give me a second," she murmured almost inaudibly as their eyes locked.

Mike looked so lost in pleasure, his pupils fully blown and his brows furrowed as he heaved and tried to stay still. But even when he was visibly affected by the warmth and tightness encompassing his member, he still looked at El with nothing but love and it made her feel fuzzy on the inside.

"Does it feel good?" She asked over his lips, their mouths now gently brushing against each other and uniting in sweet kisses while she continued to stay still.

Mike had been way off in his assumptions of what it would feel like slide his cock into El's pussy. He wasn't sure there were words for that.

"Feels better than anything ever. You...it's like...like I'm supposed to be inside you." Mike wasn't sure if she was even hearing him, and he understood. The feelings were overwhelming and El's eyes were currently closed, though her face didn't look pained. She was rocking her hips now, causing Mike's cock to be stuffed inside more with each tilt of her pelvis. After a few minutes Mike could feel his balls on her ass. El apparently felt it too because her eyes shot open and locked with his. She reached back to Mike's hands, still cradling her ass, and pulled her cheeks apart further. Mike could feel everything...could feel her tight asshole gently rubbing on the base of his dick and the top of his balls as she started to ride him.

It occurred to him then that El was riding his cock.

"Oh fuck. You feel so good. El, do you like riding my cock?" Mike didn't swear a lot, his father hated it, but he was so caught up in the moment that it felt natural. He loved it when El talked kind of dirty to him. Maybe she'd like that too.

"Because you're doing it like you were born to do it...to ride my cock. It's yours. Do whatever you...oh god...want."

El watched Mike almost in shock. She had never heard him talk so explicitly, but it only turned her on even more and made her hips drop faster onto his as she took his cock in repeatedly.

"I love...it," she mewled and glanced down between their bodies. She could see her pussy sinking onto Mike's shaft but, even more than that, she could clearly hear every slap of her ass over his balls. It made her moan, the amalgam of senses making her bounce harder and faster onto Mike's dick.

Her arms wrapped around his neck as she whispered close to his ear. "It feels really...good. You're...ah...you're splitting me open."

It was then when she realized that they were actually doing it. She and Mike were actually having sex for the first time, just like they

had promised each other they would when they had first met. A part of her felt upset as she remembered the details of their compromise, how she and Mike had planned on using each other so they wouldn't enter college without any sort of experience.

But the anger she was feeling slowly subsided when Mike started pushing his hips upward and sending his cock right into her until there was no more place to be filled. It made El yelp and hold on to him tightly, but it didn't take long until she met his thrusts halfway.

"You're sinning...right now...Mike..." She whispered between thrusts, her hot and shaky breath fanning over his ear as she teased him. "Fucking a girl's...pussy...and using...that kind of language..."

"Then I should make it count. If I'm gonna do something wrong then I should do it right." El was driving him crazy. Mike was glad she'd made him come earlier in the day because otherwise hearing her words would have made him shoot his load deep inside her.

"I love...this too. Oh god, El, can you hear it? That's what we sound like when we're fucking." Mike was quiet, letting the sounds of bodies slapping together fill the small room. "That's what it sounds like when your pussy swallows my dick." The site was almost as exquisite as the feeling; El's head slightly higher than his as she milked his cock with her tight pussy walls, her hair stuck to her forehead just barely, skin flushed from exertion.

"I love how you look right now," Mike started. "I love how your legs grip me, how your fingers tug my hair. I love how you feel wrapped around my cock, El. I love how your ass fits in my hands. I love..." *Shut up, you wastoid!*

It was on the tip of Mike's tongue. He wanted so badly to say it. He was still unsure though so he let his body speak for him. His arms went around her, causing her to press against him. She was still bouncing on his cock and Mike was meeting her every time. He knew he probably didn't have long before her sheer sexiness and the way she was fucking him made him come, probably harder than ever. She was already seeking his mouth with hers and when they connected it was as though both of them were trying to see how far inside the other they could get.

"Will you kiss me when I come? You know you're gonna make me come, right? I'm gonna wait for you though so take your time. I don't ever want this to be over."

"Mhmmm," El hummed in approval, too overwhelmed to use actual words.

She didn't want this to end, either, and she made sure to slow down the pace and move her hips in circles instead of bouncing on top of Mike. His cock was up to the hilt inside her and the motions she was making stimulated her clit, making it rub repeatedly over Mike's burning skin and bringing her closer to the edge.

"You're so big...it's filling me..." she expressed her gratification with words mumbled into the crook of Mike's neck, but she was cut mid-sentence when he forced his hips upward again and tried to pound her into oblivion.

El responded immediately and resumed her initial actions, her pussy now going up and down on Mike's shaft as her breasts bounced in front of his scrunched up face. There was no more pain by now, having been replaced by sweet pleasure.

"I'm gonna come...I'm gonna...with your dick inside...oh, Mike...that's...don't stop."

She wasn't making any sense; not that she could with Mike's cock plunging into her at the same time she dropped her ass on top of him, and it was only a matter of seconds until she came harder than ever. Her thighs struggled to close but they were kept open by Mike's legs and she soon felt the need to muffle the desperate noises that came out of her mouth by pressing her lips over Mike's and sobbing with pleasure into them as she quivered.

As she started to tremble around him, Mike had two thoughts. The first was *El is coming on my dick and this is all I ever want to feel*; the second was *I love her more than myself*.

"Yeah, come for me, El," Mike whispered as their lips crashed and sucked each other. "Come on my cock." And she was; Mike could feel each intense pulse of her walls, pulling him in deeper and massaging

his shaft in the process. That was when he felt his balls tighten.

"I'm gonna come too. Keep coming, El. We'll do it together. Keep coming...I'm gonna empty so deep in you. Oh god! Please k-kiss me." He didn't really have to ask because she was right there and already kissing him as much as she could while violently coming all over him but Mike liked asking her. As her lips molded to his Mike's cock twitched and his hips thrust upward and he felt himself come.

"Coming in you. El...coming while you come. Oh god, don't stop coming ever."

Despite Mike asking her to never stop, El knew she had to. Of course, it wasn't before Mike emptied inside of her, warm spurts of come painting her walls white and spilling out of her pussy when she slowly raised herself up then lowered her walls back down onto his cock. She didn't want him to ever pull out and she was going to keep him in as much as it was physically possible.

Their ragged breaths melted together as they heaved and looked at each other with silly grins plastered on their faces. El could swear she had never seen anything more beautiful or pure in her entire life. Mike was glowing and despite the rational part of El's brain telling her that it was probably because of how sweaty he was, she couldn't help but compare him to angel. If there were any on Earth, El knew for a fact that Mike was one of them.

"Don't pull out," she almost begged him, her voice sweet and gentle as she stroked his hair after pushing the damp strands aside from his forehead.

"Okay I won't. Not just yet." Mike knew what she meant. He wasn't ready to be disengaged from her either. He wished they could stay like that forever. He felt himself relax and he sank back into the sofa cushion, El resting comfortably against him from her position on his lap. Mike glanced to the left and spotted the quilt. *We must have brought it with us when they moved to the couch.* He flung it over them using one hand, still holding El with his other. Once they were covered El snuggled into him more and Mike started drawing circles on her back with his fingers. He felt like he could easily fall asleep right there. He felt happier than he could ever remember.



El lay her head on Mike's shoulder as their breathing evened completely. They sat in total silence, listening to each other's soft breathing and feeling their hearts beating against each other.

Yet for some reason, it almost hurt. Mike had cleaned this place for her, he had brought her food and clothes and he had even been worried when she had disappeared. El couldn't believe that someone could be so caring and selfless without wanting anything in return. Or maybe he *did* want something. Something he had just had.

Without even realizing, El's mind drifted off once again to a conversation they'd had and an arrangement they had made months ago about how they should try everything together so they wouldn't be inexperienced in college. She couldn't help but wonder if Mike had been so kind to her only to get sex and a few moments of pleasure in return. It wasn't like she was anything special and she knew that. Mike was probably just using her.

It made her sick to her stomach to have these thoughts and she soon got off Mike and pulled the quilt on top of her naked form. She didn't even care that Mike was naked and probably freezing right next to her.

"So are you happy now?" She had no idea how to approach the subject or if she should even do it, so she decided to start it out slow.

Mike was surprised by El's sudden change in demeanor.

"Of course I'm happy. I'm here with you and you just made me feel like, the most awesome ever." Mike smiled at her, thinking maybe she hadn't realized she'd taken all of the blanket. His current opinion of her was that she could do nothing wrong.

El had to fight back the urge of scrunching up her face in disgust. She tried to stay calm, her arm now planted on the sofa as she rested her head in her palm and glanced at Mike. She wished she could just hate him.

"Yeah? I bet you feel that way. I just took your virginity. Now you don't have to worry about college anymore, right?" She inquired furthermore, but still held herself back.

Mike was instantly worried. El wasn't sounding like her normal cheery self. Her voice had taken on a coldness and Mike didn't know why.

"El, what's the matter? Did I do something wrong? What are you even talking about?" Mike reached for her hand but felt a dreadful pang in his chest when she pulled it away, cocooning herself in the quilt, only her head visible.

"I'm talking about what we're doing. You got to see what sex feels like and so did I."

Her eyes narrowed as she saw the bewilderment on Mike's face. He looked hurt, but she wasn't going to let herself be fooled.

"Or let me guess. You like me for who I am and it was never about that?" Her scoff made Mike flinch and she hated herself, but she found it impossible to cease. "Yeah, I guess you could say that if you wanted to keep on fucking me."

Mike felt naked all of a sudden. Gone were the feelings of warmth and intimacy he had experienced just moments earlier.

"I guess you don't know me at all. It's my fault actually for thinking you did. I'm so stupid." Mike stood up, looking for his clothes and finding them on the floor near the fireplace. He started to get dressed.

"This isn't some game, not for me anyway. Again, my fault for thinking it was more. I'm not even going to justify what you just asked with an answer." His pants were on and he was pulling his sweatshirt over his head. "I'm sorry for thinking you thought differently of me, sorry for thinking you thought I wasn't like other guys." Mike was crossing to the door. "I'm going outside. I'm still staying here tonight because that was my plan and can't deal with questions from my parents right now but you don't have to worry. I'll leave you alone. You clearly have the wrong idea about me and I don't think there's much I can do to change that." Mike hung his head, his hand on the doorknob. "I was always myself. I never lied to you," he whispered before opening the door. The cold wind hit him as he stood in the threshold.

"No."

El frowned as she focused on the front door for a split second. The locks had come undone when Mike had come back from his parents, but El was quick to put them back in place with the help of her powers.

Mike didn't get the chance to realize that she had been the perpetrator of the locked door and probably because of how angry he was, El thought as she stood up and followed Mike to the door. Her small form dragged the quilt along before she stopped in front of Mike and glared at him as she tried to ignore the stinging tears forming inside the corners of her eyes.

"Why don't you justify what I've just asked? Go ahead, Mike. Say how cool you think I am and how a church boy like you could never be all about sex. Go ahead and lie."

She looked even smaller standing there with the quilt wrapped around her. Mike felt like his heart was breaking.

"Okay. I'll tell you what you think are *lies*. I'll tell you how yeah, you are hands down the coolest person, not even girl but *person* I've ever met. I'll tell you how I wait all week to see you just for a little while on Sunday mornings. I'll tell you how I was absolutely hating going to church until you showed up and how that made me feel a little bit like maybe there was a God after all. Do you want to hear about how I think about you while I'm at school? You want those lies? I can tell you how I wonder if you slept okay or if you had dreams that upset you. Tell you how at lunch I think about what you're eating and if it's something you even like. I can tell you the lie that is how I wonder if you're thinking about me too."

Tears were starting to drip down Mike's face but he didn't care.

"If they're all lies then I might as well tell you the one where you're the last thing I think about before I fall asleep and the first thing I think about when I wake up. But that's enough. You don't believe me anyway so if you want those all to be lies, then whatever. If you want to hurt me, mission accomplished." Mike wiped his face with the back of his hand. He could have told her everything but he didn't want to

feel even worse. He felt tired from the huge swing in emotions and he wanted to really cry but he wasn't going to break down sobbing. He couldn't.

El swallowed thickly at Mike's words. Her heart was pounding faster with every *lie* that came out of his mouth and she wished she had to strength to make him shut up. She didn't, though, but that didn't mean she was going to be nice to him.

"Are you crying?" She asked sarcastically despite the pang in her heart that screamed at her to just apologize and hug him.

Instead, she moved past Mike and unlocked the door without the help of her mind this time. If he wanted to leave, he was free to do so.

"I guess you're just mad that I'm not dumb enough to believe you."

She scoffed and refused to turn around and look him in the eye, afraid that he would acknowledge her own uncontrollable tears streaming down her face.

"What does it matter?" Mike felt defeated. He let the tears come. "You know, I always thought love was supposed to feel good, like make you feel happy. I guess I was wrong." He couldn't even censor himself anymore, he felt so upset by how El was suddenly treating him. "Guess you think that's a lie too. I don't even care if you know." Mike turned, about to go out onto the porch, but wanting to look at El when he said it. *Might as well put the nail in the coffin.*

"I've been in love with you for a while now and that sucks because I didn't know it could hurt so much. I guess at least I'll have the memories. I tried to make you feel it. I guess I'm not good at anything I try to do. I'll be back later. You can have whatever room you want." Mike took a step out onto the porch.

"I'm sorry I'm not more believable. I don't regret anything though. I...yeah. I tried to show-"

El's heart shattered into million pieces at Mike's admission and despite how convinced she had previously been of him using her, she couldn't help but wonder if he was telling the truth. He had been

nothing but gentle and kind to her, after all.

She didn't want to apologize, though. At least not yet. And so she stood quietly in front of the door, wiping the tears away from her face as he continued to speak before she finally snapped.

"Just shut up!" She yelled, her voice breaking as she did so while she refused to look at Mike. She couldn't stand to see him so hurt and crying.

Mike stopped talking. He had been planning on going for a walk to try to clear his head, wanting to distance himself from El's newfound anger at him. Even when she was angry he still wanted to pull her close to him.

But it was so dark out now. Mike sighed.

"It's warmer by the fire. You can sleep in this room. I'll take the bedroom. Be sure to lock the door." With his head lowered Mike walked silently into the bedroom, closing the door behind him. It was cold in there but Mike didn't care. He lay across the bed and pulled his knees up close. He rocked himself back and forth for a while, crying silent tears. He didn't know how everything had been so perfect and then had gone so wrong. Mike fell asleep on the bed, his shoes still on, not even a blanket covering him.

El was left speechless, the salty tears running down her cheeks as she watched Mike go inside the bedroom and close the door behind him. She couldn't believe that even when he seemed hurt, he was still thinking about her first.

It only made the aftermath worse and she dragged her feet to the fireplace to put the pajama shirt back on before plopping down on the couch absentmindedly. She was spent and heartbroken, a swirl of different emotions having drained all of the energy out of her body, but she still found it easy to cry. And that was what she did until she fell asleep - crying and hating herself for doubting Mike. The fear of him being interested in only her body was still slightly present, but it was slowly fading away with every recollected memory of them together and how kindly he had always treated her.

She hated herself now more than ever and that was the thought she fell asleep with.

Unfortunately or not, El didn't get to spend the entire night sleeping. She woke up a few hours later with dry tears on her puffy cheeks and she looked around the room in confusion. The fire had died down and it left her shivering uncontrollably even with the quilt that was tightly wrapped around her form.

That made her think of Mike, and how he was probably freezing in the cold bedroom. Her heart broke even more so when she realized he had nothing to cover himself with and she quickly stood up and tip-toed toward the bedroom. When the door creaked open, she saw Mike sleeping without a blanket, his shoes still on along with all of his other clothes as he was curled up into a fetal position.

El made no sound as she carefully climbed in bed next to Mike and covered him with the blanket she had brought with her. He shifted in his sleep and turned on his side, whimpering like a wounded puppy and even though she didn't want to wake him up, she still inched in and pressed her lips over his cold ones while her arm encircled his waist.

Mike could smell vanilla. Even before the thought fully registered he realized that someone was pressed against him and he didn't feel as cold.

*El*

She was in the bed, or *on* the bed, with him and his mother's quilt was covering them both. Mike opened his eyes.

"El? You don't have to. I know you don't want to be in here." Mike tried to stiffen but she fit so perfectly against him and she felt so warm that his body wouldn't allow his brain to make the decisions.

"I want to, though," she whispered so close to his lips she could feel his eyelashes brushing over her cheek.

Her hand moved to his face and she caressed it gently, feeling how cold he actually was and wanting to kick herself for being okay with

the idea of Mike sleeping in here.

"Please forgive me. I-" *love you*. Her brain screamed at her to just voice it out, but she couldn't. There was a knot in her throat as she struggled to free the words, but they refused to come out. "I'm really sorry," she added in defeat.

She tried to make up for her inability to be honest with Mike by pressing her lips over his once again and sighing into his mouth when she felt him responding to the kiss.

Mike was trying not to cry. Luckily for him he'd cried a lot already and was so cold he felt like any leftover tears he might have were frozen. His arms moved, wrapping around El. He could feel her sink into him, like she was giving in to some unseen force that had been holding her back.

"It's okay," he murmured in reply to her apologies, not caring anymore that they had argued or that he'd been so hurt, only focusing on the present and how she felt and how hard she was holding on to him. He could tell by her breathing that she was crying, even in the dark.

"El, don't cry. I promise it's okay." Mike tried to kiss away her tears, resulting in more tears from her, but he didn't let go and after a few minutes her hiccups were fewer and she was kissing him with more control. Soon enough they were both holding on to each other, Mike now wide awake.

"You've always been so good to me." El's voice was full of regret as she looked at Mike, her small hand still cradling his head as they hugged each other tightly and kept their legs intertwined.

"I'm sorry I doubted you. I was scared...and I still am...but you won't hurt me, right?"

She kissed his neck as she spoke, pressing her lips and breathing warm air over every exposed surface of his icy skin. That was the least she could do for him after being so inconsiderate.

"El, I could never hurt you. Not on purpose. I think it would kill me if

I even did it on accident. The way I see it, you've had enough sadness and tragedy already. The only thing I should ever try to do is make you feel the opposite of that. I might not be that great at it but I don't want to stop trying. I...I just really like how I feel when I'm with you and I want you to feel the same way I do. I mean, I want you to get to feel the same happy feelings you make me have. I don't mean I'm some kind of happiness fairy. I just want you to feel the same feelings...because they really feel good. I um, want you to feel good."

Her lips and face were so warm against his skin. As he'd been talking Mike felt El snuggle into him. He knew it was real but he still couldn't help feeling like he was dreaming. He'd been so sure he wouldn't get to be in this position again, to have her so close to him, feeling her wanting to be even closer. Mike hugged her tightly, hearing her sigh and thinking it was possibly one of his most favorite sounds.

"You always make me feel good," El admitted, her words muffled into Mike's chest.

She wanted to add how this was mainly the only problem she had; Mike never ceased to make her happy and it scared her. She had no idea someone could have so much to offer without wanting anything in return. She knew for a fact that she hadn't always been the kindest to Mike, yet he was always ready to please her and give anything up just to see her content. El wanted to return the favor and make up for what she'd just done.

Slowly, her hand moved from his waist to his pants and she easily sneaked it inside his briefs until she grabbed Mike's limp member. He gasped at the sudden intruder and El looked up at him, trying to see if he was okay with it. He didn't seem to mind it so she grabbed his free hand and led it to her core, her smooth thighs keeping his hand trapped over her pussy as the warmth radiated over his cold skin.

"Is this okay?" She asked tentatively, afraid that Mike might reject her. Even if he had, El was aware that she deserved it.

Her fingers started stroking his soft cock as she waited for an answer and she could feel it coming to life already.



Mike didn't want her to think that sex was all he wanted from her. He couldn't deny how good her hand felt though.

"We don't have to. Are you sure? I'm happy to just be here with you. You know that, right? I'll still feel the same even if you never do anything sexual with me again." Mike stroked her tentatively. She was wet and that was promising but he couldn't let her think that was all she was to him. "I meant everything I said." He left it at that, afraid to repeat himself, feeling a little embarrassed that he'd admitted his feelings in such a defeated fashion. That said, he didn't miss the way her kiss deepened and her hand clutched him tighter as he mentioned his previous admission.

El was certain the high level of hormones was what made her talk so freely, but she couldn't stop the words from coming out of her mouth.

"I don't care if you just use me, after all. You can do that. I lo-like you way too much to care."

She kissed Mike right after, refusing to give him an opportunity to answer because she was scared he would inquire more about what she had just almost admitted. And so she worked on taking his mind off anything but her body, her hand now stroking his balls as their tongues mingled together.

Mike reacted accordingly, his long fingers running all over her slit and spreading the leftover semen and her juices all over El's core. Everything was slippery and it made it easier for him to stimulate her clit, making her sigh into his mouth before she broke apart.

In a matter of seconds, she took Mike's pants off along with his boxers before she straddled his hips. The buttons of her pajama shirt came undone with Mike's help and all she wanted was to press her breasts over his bare chest, but she was scared he was already too cold so she just slipped her hands under the fabric and caressed his smooth chest.

"I want to feel you put it in. Will you?" She asked in a velvety voice, the desperation written all over her features.

Mike could feel how warm El was as she sat perched on him. Even

her hands were warm as they traced across his chest under his sweatshirt.

"Take it off," he whispered, moving his hands to the hem of his shirt. El looked concerned but she helped him. Once he was free of the shirt he pulled her down. He could feel her slick pussy lips glide over his shaft with the movement.

Her chest felt so soft and warm, hot even, on his cold skin. Mike caught her lips in a kiss, an easy enough task since her face was so near his own. He could hear her slight sighs and moans as she felt herself sliding over his cock. He knew she was already rubbing her clit on it and he wasn't even inside yet.

With one quick movement, Mike flipped them so that El was underneath him. He didn't plan to stay in the position but he wanted, no, he *needed* to feel himself inch into her while he was so close to her. They could move later.

"Do you want this?" He asked, bumping the head of his dick against her opening.

"I do." The despair in El's voice was accompanied by a meek nod and her arms wrapped around Mike's neck tightly.

She kept her legs bent and widely open as she circled her hips and tried to take Mike's dick in, but he wasn't letting her do so. Sighing defeatedly, she just waited for Mike to slowly penetrate her and she moaned with every inch making its way forward inside her tight pussy.

"Mike..." She mumbled in awe, her eyes never leaving his as their bodies joined.

He looked so beautiful and angelic and El held on to him tighter than ever, almost as if she was afraid that he might disappear if she didn't keep a firm grip around his neck while he slowly started moving his hips back and forth.

Mike went slowly at first, wanting to feel every nuance of her body as his cock slid home. It was different than earlier on the sofa; this felt

somewhat more intimate, less like a fun romp and more like a heartfelt apology. Mike heard El's breath hitch as the head of his cock met her cervix and he could go no further. He rocked his hips, pulling back and then pushing in, getting a little more forceful with each thrust, encouraged by the sounds El was making. His arms were hooked under her shoulders, pulling her into him every time he rammed into her.

"Is this what you wanted?" He murmured in her ear, sliding his lips over her earlobe.

"Can you go faster?" She asked over his ear, her lips barely tracing his earlobe as she tried to keep up with Mike's thrusts.

The impact of his motions made her body continuously jerk as Mike pushed her into the mattress, but he was still gentle. El wanted so much more and despite trying to meet his thrusts, it was hard to do so from the position she was in.

"I can take it, I promise," she reassured him as her legs wrapped around his lower body and she braced herself for the rough pounding. El knew how sweet and alarmed Mike usually was, but she just tried to show she was ready for more by using the heels of her feet to guide his movements and push him deeper inside her pussy.

When he felt El's heels digging into his back coupled with her nails scraping across his shoulders, Mike somehow knew what she wanted. She had always been more adventurous than he was, always taking the lead in their sexual activities, and Mike thought now would be a good time to show her he'd been paying attention.

Mike pulled out suddenly, secretly loving the disappointed look he saw on El's face when he vacated her.

"Get on your knees," he said, trying to sound a little more gruff than normal. As he was commanding her he was also turning her over, showing her where he wanted her. He thought he'd make this memorable; the entire day would be something neither of them would ever forget.

"Yeah, like that. You don't know how hot you look with your head

down and your ass up like that." Mike rubbed his cock over her ass, running the head along her crack, moving down until he could feel heat radiating from her now dripping pussy. She was already trying to push back on him which he took as a good sign but he was going to make her wait just a bit more.

"I know it's what you want but you have to be punished for hurting me earlier, I think at least a little. Do you think that's fair?" Mike ran his hands over her ass, letting his dick bob where he'd left it, knowing she could feel him every time either of them moved just a little.

"Yes, please." El begged, her ass seeking Mike's dick and trying to push it inside her pussy. It was impossible.

"I've been really mean to you, Mike. I deserve it. You can do whatever you want to me but please just put it in."

As she was talking she dropped her hand under her body and searched for Mike's cock in between her legs. Once she found it, she took hold of it and positioned it at her dripping hole, but right when she was about to succeed and swallow the tip in, Mike pulled back. It made El whimper.

"Mike, just do it. Do you want me to beg you?" She asked with her cheek resting on the pillow, her ass still wriggling in front of Mike. El would have never thought that being submissive would be something she would enjoy, but she trusted Mike enough to let him take over control while she was vulnerable in front of him. "Because I can do that. I'm begging you, Mike. Fuck me."

Mike felt his dick get harder as she begged him. He held out for as long as he could though. His right hand came down on her ass with a firm smack. El cried out but Mike could tell she wasn't distressed. So he did it again.

"Maybe I should punish you like this. But I don't know...seeing you like this is making me want other things. And I think I should get what I want. Don't you agree? You made me cry. I think I should get to do anything at all."

He had been massaging her ass with both hands but then he dropped down, unable to resist licking her. He spread her cheeks apart while his tongue and lips traveled along, licking her pussy, getting her juices all over his chin, and then transferring them to everywhere else he touched, teasing her asshole with his tongue. El was moaning. Mike wasn't sure if he'd seen her so turned on.

"You taste so good. I just...had to." The moonlight spilling into the room caused her skin to glisten. Mike had smeared her own arousal all over her.

El had no idea what was happening. Her mind was hazy, all different kinds of emotions taking over her after she had just felt Mike's large palm slapping her bottom then licking her asshole. She was growing impatient, though, her pussy constantly rubbing on Mike's hand as she tried to reach his dick instead.

"You can always punish me like that," she admitted unabashedly, her ass still stinging from the slaps and wishing he would do it again after her blunt admission.

El knew she had to step it up if she wanted him to lose control.

"But I need you, Mike...please. I like it when you fill me up with your *fat* cock."

Mike sat back on his knees, admiring the view in front of him. His chin was dripping with El's essence and his cock twitched as he watched her moving in space; seeking his cock, her legs parting more. He could see her thigh muscles clenching in anticipation.

And then she begged him. That was all it took for Mike.

With one swift motion he was back in place behind her, taking only a second to line his dick up, and then Mike pounded into her. He went even deeper than previously, the new angle being far more liberal. He could feel her perfect ass squishing against his body as they moved together.

"Fuuuck, that's...am I filling you up, El? You've got me so hard but is it *fat* enough for you?" Mike pushed forward, causing her to lose her

balance and fall onto the bed. He thought it felt even better. He fucked her deeply and sensually until she cried for more.

"Yes! Yes it is," El cried out, her plump ass pushing back onto Mike as she tried to take him in balls deep.

He obliged without hesitation, his sack slapping against her pussy as he started fucking her with deeper and harder thrusts.

"Mike...you can use me however you want. You always can," she added desperately, her mind barely registering the words that came out of her mouth. She was so turned on and ready to be pounded into the mattress that she couldn't think straight.

"I don't care if it hurts, oh, Mike...please...go faster."

Mike was thrusting into her so hard that El was pressed flat on the mattress. Even so, she was still trying to angle her pelvis to take more.

"I love that you like to take my cock. You take it so well." Mike rammed deep. "Maybe you won't be able to walk normally tomorrow. Would you like that? If I fuck you so hard and deep that tomorrow you can still feel it?" Mike held her down the way she was but moved himself, never pulling out, and straddled her. He was able to control better how hard and fast he fucked her.

"Yeah you stay there. I'm gonna fuck you hard for a while." Using long, deep strokes, Mike built up his speed. He didn't want to stay there for too long, already missing the feeling of her whole body against his, but what he was doing felt good and he could tell that El was enjoying it too.

"Oh that's, ah, that's...really good," El sobbed, her ass constantly pushing back onto Mike so she could take him as deep as possible.

She could barely breathe from then on because Mike was fucking her so hard her head stayed pressed into the pillow as he smashed his hips against her bottom repeatedly. It was exhilarating to feel him so deep and rough, and mainly because El knew that she deserved it. She had been so bad to him and the least she could do was let him

use her however he wanted. Besides, she couldn't complain - she had never felt so much pleasure in her entire life.

In a moment of impulsiveness, her hands moved behind her back until she reached her ass and she spread her cheeks widely apart. This gave Mike access to her asshole and she could already feel his pace becoming more erratic.

"You can touch me there, Mike. Put it...oh god...put your fingers in. I know you want...to," she mumbled out of breath, determined to give Mike everything she had.

Mike was enjoying talking dirty to her. It seemed to make everything hotter.

"You want me to touch your tight little asshole while my cock splits you open? You want *more* of me inside you?" His fingers were already there, teasing her tightest hole. As he tickled and pressed, it opened ever so slightly and Mike felt a tiny spurt of come shoot out of his dick.

"Did it feel good when I licked you here?" He asked, not pushing his finger in but tracing the tiny ridges. "And now you want me to put my finger in? El, you're gonna have so much of me inside you. Is that how you want it? Want me to stuff your cunt full of cock and stretch your asshole with my fingers?" He let one finger be sucked in. He could feel her pussy get tighter with just adding one finger into her ass. He pushed it deeper, past his knuckle. El moaned in approval.

"If you're not careful you're gonna make me think you want me to fuck you here...in your perfect little asshole. Can you imagine? I don't know how anything could ever feel better than your pussy though." Mike trailed off, the mental picture he'd painted making him want to focus on feeling himself balls deep. He continued to play with her ass, responding to her whimpers and sighs.

"You c-can," El croaked out as she enjoyed the feeling of Mike filling up her holes.

"If that's...what it takes for you...to forgive me...please do it. Ah, fuck...oh, Mike..." El babbled out of control as she slightly lifted

herself up on her elbows, the abrupt movement sending Mike's finger all the way inside her asshole.

"You can fuck every hole I have. Not just...now," she clarified, letting Mike know that she was always up for being filled up by his cock, whether it was her way of asking for forgiveness or simply wanting to feel Mike inside.

Mike loved how willing she was. "Mmm, good to know," he said as he worked his finger a bit, fucking her ass with it. Before too long he removed his digit, letting himself cover her like a blanket. He wanted to be closer.

"Maybe later I will. Your pussy feels too good right now. I don't want to leave it. Is that okay?" With his lips on her neck he could feel her rapid pulse. He snaked his hand underneath her so he could toy with her clit. He liked trying to give her different kinds of pleasure all at once. And he liked the noises she made when he did.

"I want to feel you come on my cock again. I want you to show me you're sorry. I want to feel how sorry you are." Mike surprised himself with his request. He didn't want to be mean about it but it was just so hot when he was. She reacted to him differently, like she was under a spell and didn't want to be snapped out of it.

"I'm really...sorry," El mumbled under Mike, her sobs and moans getting muffled by the pillow Mike was forcing her head into.

She let herself get carried away from then on, her eyes squeezing shut as she wriggled around Mike's fingers that stimulated her engorged clit. He was pounding her at the same time, making her cry out as he split her pussy open with deep and fast thrusts.

"Mike...I- oh, Mi-" she sobbed uncontrollably, her body starting trembling underneath him as she orgasmed trapped between Mike and the bed. She could barely breathe as she was hyperventilating and shaking from head to toe because of the powerful orgasm she was having.

That was what Mike had wanted. For the second time he got to feel her come all over his cock and he thought maybe this time had been



even better. Her whole body was shaking underneath him.

"That's what I was after," his words were calm. "El, you're making me come. You're sucking me in, your pussy is just begging for it. I...oh, shit, El! I didn't think...oh, so hard...I still feel you...fuck, you're sucking it out!" Mike was happy that he could still feel her quaking as he filled her again with sticky come. He'd assumed he'd be running low but as he felt his orgasm he thought it might never stop. He hadn't even moved his hand, his fingers were still pressed against her clit and he could still feel her shaking. Mike's toes curled as he sunk himself deep, his cock twitching and pulsing as his load shot into her.

Mike was still breathing heavily and feeling the afterglow when he realized that El might need to breathe. He didn't pull out but rolled to the side, pulling her against him like a spoon. She shifted and his dick came out of her but he wanted her to be comfortable so he didn't mind.

"You're so good at that," he whispered, his hand wiping her hair from her face. His arms squeezed tighter.

El smiled, her heart growing tenfold upon hearing Mike's words. He always knew the right things to say, whether they were involved in something sexual or he was just expressing his gratitude

Shifting in his arms, she finally faced him and she was certain she that she was in love. He looked so pure and beautiful, the emotions written on his features seeming raw and genuine and she just couldn't stop herself from caressing his warm cheek and pecking his plush lips. He sighed against her mouth as she did so.

"Do you forgive me now?"

Mike wanted to stay where he was forever. "I never needed to. I just said that to make the sex even hotter. To quote one of my mom's favorite movies, *love means never having to say you're sorry*. I always thought that was cheesy. I get it now. Everything you say or do is part of you, and I love *all* of you, so even if you're sometimes hurtful I still love that part of you too." He didn't mind that she didn't say it back, maybe she didn't even feel the same anyway, but he had told his secret so he was going to own it. What good was love if he had to

keep it secret? "I'm really happy you came in here though. I was so cold. I feel a lot better now."

El couldn't hold it back anymore. It wasn't fair. Not to either of them.

"I...Mike, I love you too." She started to cry softly. "It's overwhelming at times and I'm so insecure that I think I sabotage myself so that's probably why I was mean to you. I can never believe anything good about myself, or that anything good will happen to me, and it scared me how strong my feelings were. I figured there was no way you'd ever love me back." She nuzzled her face into his chin and whispered. "But you showed me. Mike, you *did* show me. You *do*. Thank you for loving me. I really do love you so much."

Mike felt his chest swell. It was like hearing that he'd won the lottery.

They were both so tired that sleep overtook them quickly. As Mike drifted off he felt at peace. She loved him. El *loved* him and there was nothing that could stand in the way of their happiness.

**Author's Note: Oh, if only Mike was right and nothing could get in the way of their happiness... Again, I appreciate the positivity! Another update in a few days.**

## 6. Chapter 6

El liked staying at the cabin. It didn't have *every* comfort she could want but it felt homey and no one told her what to do and Mike visited her after school every day that week and she got to do things with him. *Fun* things.

But Mike had thought a lot about it and he knew she couldn't stay there forever. Mike thought about the *future* and he wanted the best one for El.

On Thursday the week after El had run away, Mike brought up the subject.

"El, um, I love getting to come see you here every day and I *definitely* love what we do here, but I was thinking and I really think it would be better for you to go back to the orphanage. I mean, I'm thinking about college and there are still things you need to learn, exams to take. I want you to get to go to school and do all the things you need an education to do."

El sighed. "I know. I know I can't stay here. I thought about it too. I just liked this being our own little world." She felt Mike drape his arm around her shoulder.

"I did too. But it's not like I'll never see you again. We'll still meet up whenever we can. I just want the best for you, El."

His words comforted her and she smiled.

"I *would* like to travel someday, to see the world. I always thought about that growing up." El was feeling more positive about going back, looking ahead to bigger things.

After one last romp in the bedroom Mike helped El pack up her things, including his supercomm. He wanted her to keep his Ghostbusters shirt to sleep in but El knew that the boys at the orphanage would be jealous of her having it and feared it being stolen or ruined, so she had Mike take it back home with him, to keep it safe for her. They then walked together back to the

orphanage.

"Want me to come with you to explain?" Mike asked as they stood looking up at the building.

"No. It's okay. I can do it. I don't want you to get in trouble too." El looked into his concerned eyes. "I'll be okay, Mike." She stood on her tiptoes and kissed him. "I'll see you Sunday." With a bright smile El ducked under the fence and Mike watched her reenter the orphanage from which she had run away just days before.

Of course El *did* get in trouble for running away. She explained how she'd thought about it, thought about her *future*, and how she wouldn't run away again and the director and houseparents seemed to accept her apologies but not without grounding her for the next week. She wouldn't be able to leave the building, not even to go outside. She wouldn't be able to attend church the upcoming Sunday either, which troubled El since she wouldn't be able to see Mike, but she took her punishment without any backtalk and went up to her room.

Kali was rummaging through her dresser when El walked in. The older girl cocked an eyebrow at her.

"Where have you been?" Kali asked.

"It's a long story. The short version is I ran away and Mike found me but he talked me into coming back so I could do my schooling and go to college when I'm old enough. And I *do* want to see the world someday, hopefully with *him*, so I came back. I'm grounded." El started putting away her few belongings.

"I'm not surprised. That's good thinking though. El, you have money for college already since we all got the government reparations for being lab rats. You just need the grades. So Mike is right. I like him more now."

"He's the best, Kali. He's everything *good* about the world."

Mike and El hadn't seen each other in more than a week since she'd been grounded so Mike volunteered to run the popcorn machine

when the orphanage came to watch a movie at the church the Saturday after he'd missed seeing her at church. It happened that the reverend was good friends with the director of the orphanage, which was why they attended his church, and he was screening a movie for them while The Lab was having its quarterly fumigation. Mike couldn't wait to see El walk through the doors. He hoped he could keep himself under control.

When the orphans arrived he already had his popcorn made and handed each of them a bag as they made their way single file through his popcorn line. When it was El's turn Mike discovered that he was *nervous*. Their eyes never left each other and their fingers brushed together as he handed her the bag of popcorn.

"Save me a seat?" Mike whispered to her. Their fingers were still touching. El smiled and nodded subtly.

*An American Tail* was the chosen feature film and while Mike wasn't exactly thrilled to watch a cartoon about an immigrant mouse, he wouldn't care *what* he watched as long as El was beside him.

The lights lowered in the fellowship hall they had transformed into a makeshift theater for the day and everyone watched the screen, ready for the movie to start.

Mike let his hand drop to his side. No one was paying any attention to him. He and El were sitting on the back row anyway. He inched it closer to El until he could feel their pinky fingers touching.

Butterflies swooned in her stomach. She hadn't seen Mike in well over a week and even though this used to be the norm nearly a month ago, now it was significantly different. Spending every afternoon with Mike at the cabin had definitely taken a toll on El and all she could do now as their pinkies intertwined was bite her bottom lip and breathe through her nose, all the while trying to pay attention to the movie.

It definitely didn't work because she had missed him more than she wanted to admit and it felt both frustrating and exhilarating to have him so close, yet so far away from what she craved the most and she found herself grabbing the rest of Mike's fingers, massaging them

with her own as she focused on their hands. All she could picture was how mesmerizing his would look some other place on her body and, with a brave heart, she inched in just a little closer.

"Mike...can we go somewhere else? Please..." She begged in a whisper as she used her syrupy voice, the one that she knew would have an impact on Mike.

Mike knew the only people at the church were the kids watching the movie, with Kali being in charge of them, and his father. And his father was in his office working on the next day's sermon. Still, he thought it might be too risky to try to get to their normal spot in the storage area behind the pulpit so he had to improvise.

"Follow me," he whispered as he got up quietly.

El scanned the room and caught Kali's eye. They seemed to have a brief but knowing conversation using only facial expressions and then Kali nodded. El followed Mike down the corridor that led away from the fellowship hall.

Skirting around the office area so that his father wouldn't see them, Mike led El into the choir room. The robes hanging would dampen any sounds, Mike thought.

Once in the room, he still felt nervous.

"What's wrong?" El inquired, her palm pressing over Mike's cheek soothingly.

He was so out of it he had barely managed to turn his head for El, but once he did, she could already tell what was eating him alive.

"Nobody will come here. They're all watching the movie. And we don't have to do anything if you don't want to. I just...I missed you."

Her long eyelashes batted in front of Mike's enticed eyes and they both shared a smile. It was genuine and full of unspoken words, words that they mostly showed through actions or meaningful touches, but for now they just looked at each other.

Their static moment didn't last long because El was too impatient to

stay still and not claim Mike as her own by kissing and touching everything she could get her mouth or hands on. She was currently nibbling at his bottom lip and waved a hand through the back of his dark locks to maneuver his head the best she could while he made appreciative noises over her lips.

As they parted for air after a full-on minute, she sighed.

"I tried to come last Sunday but I was grounded. Kali told me you've asked about me." Her teeth showed and her heart warmed as she remembered that Mike had been worried for her. "Did you miss me too, Mike?"

"God yes. I dreamed about you every night. I wanted to just stay asleep because then I could see you." Still kissing her, Mike guided her to an alcove in the room. There was carpet on the floor and it seemed private enough. The choir robes hung not too far away near the door but from where he stood Mike could only see a few of them hanging on the rack. He and El were hidden.

Mostly.

"I...can I have you here? Now? El, I think I really need it. I need to feel you." He ran his hands along her crimson dress. It was like a long sweater that stopped just above her knees. He noticed for the first time that day that her black pantyhose actually had little stars all over them. His hands moved to the front of her dress and he stroked the fabric over her nipples. They were rock hard and Mike noticed something else.

"No bra?" It made him happy that she had thought ahead, clearly wanting him too.

"Well, I was hoping we'd get to this."

Her chest convexed as she invited Mike to feel more of her, and his swift fingertips didn't fail to tease her nipples through the thick fabric. He pinched and caressed them until they almost ached and that was when El decided she needed to show him the rest of her preparation ahead of their meeting.

"You should check what else I have for you. Or *don't* have."

Her mischievous tone was accompanied by her velvety hand guiding Mike's right one down to the hem of her sweater dress until they lifted the fabric together over her head before Mike dropped the dress to the floor. El took a step backward. She wanted him to touch and see her all bare and freshly shaved just for him.

Mike's mouth hung open as he stared at her. She wasn't wearing *panty hose*, she was wearing thigh high stockings *and nothing else*. Mike's jeans felt way too tight.

"See what you do to me?" Mike stepped closer to her, already shedding his sweatshirt. His cock was straining and causing a very noticeable bulge in his jeans. "I missed you so much I'd think you were sexy wearing a garbage bag but, damn, El, you're like, on fire. Could you turn around? Let me see all sides." Mike unfastened his pants while he watched her turn, the stockings highlighting her ass. The vision of her standing there completely naked except for those wicked hot stockings and her dress shoes would be burned onto his brain forever.

He couldn't wait any longer so while she still had her back to him he dropped his jeans and underwear to the floor and then hugged her from behind. He could feel her warm skin on his hard cock as it hid between their bodies. El sighed at the contact. Mike kissed her neck.

"You're so big...I can see the tip from here," El murmured voraciously.

From their position, with Mike slumped down and glued to her back, his cock burrowed between her thighs. She could admire the swollen head peeking from between her legs. She teased it with warm fingers, spreading Mike's pre-come all over the furiously pink flesh she could reach before she swirled her tongue inside her mouth until it gathered saliva. Once it felt like enough, she let a string of spit drop down to Mike's tip and she watched the sheer liquid glistening over his rod before ever so slowly pooling to the ground. A familiar frenzy took over El at the sight and she suddenly felt empty. *Way too empty.*

"Put it in for a moment. I want to feel you like this."



She helped Mike with the process, her legs parting at the same time he took half a step back and bent his knees. With an eager hand, El guided Mike right to her sodden entry and pushed her hips back until she swallowed him whole in one go.

"That's it. That's...better. So much better."

Mike moaned as he felt himself enter her. She was so tight. Not that he'd forgotten in the past week and a half or so but it still surprised him every time he felt her.

"Yeah. That's definitely better." Mike pumped into her slowly. "Did you miss me being inside you?" He asked, his lips over her neck. "Because *I* did. I missed feeling all of you."

He knew they didn't have scores of time before the movie would be over and as much as he would have liked to really take his time with her, Mike thought it best to be rather quick. He didn't want to risk El getting in trouble again.

"Y-Yeah. I touched myself...thinking of you," El admitted unabashedly as she met Mike's thrusts. They worked together, Mike sensually fucking into her at the same time El pushed her ass back on him. "But it's not the same. This feels the best."

Mike wanted to see her so he spun her around. El whimpered when his dick came out of her and Mike smiled.

"Wanna get in the floor with me and ride this dick? I like to watch you." Their lips connected as their knees bent and they both went to the carpet. Mike was on his back and El immediately mounted him. Her stockings on either side of his body felt erotically naughty, or maybe it was the fact that she was wearing them, or *only* them, in church and he was about to fuck her brains out.

"Ride it, El. Show me how you like to do it."

"I like it when you fuck me back. When you push into me so hard you have to hold my ass or my arms so I won't fall. But we'll get to that later."

Her wicked smile that followed right after left Mike breathless, but it

was the moment in which she grabbed the base of his penis and sunk onto it that made him almost choke as a result of the lack of oxygen. El watched his strained face in amusement, loving the way he struggled to keep quiet when she started dropping her hips on him repeatedly with tantalizingly slow moves.

There was an urgency for her to fuck him harder, to ride him fast and reckless, and the yearning to do so was topped by the fact that El knew they should hurry up. And yet she couldn't stop herself from taunting Mike with the lascivious moves and the unhurried speed of her lower body.

With every steady drop, her cunt engulfed his cock until her ass stimulated his balls and she moaned, her own hands coming up to her breasts as she squeezed and played with them. Her eyes never left Mike's while she did so and she made sure to clamp her walls over his shaft.

"Can you feel it, Mike? Can you feel my pussy sucking you in and not wanting to let go? It never wants to let go of you, Mike...you feel too good."

Mike was proud of himself for not jizzing into El as soon as the head of his cock touched her pussy and now that she was riding him he still felt in control. He thought maybe he could try something he'd been wondering about. He grabbed her hips.

"You like it when I fuck you back? You like it when I hold on to you so you won't fall because my dick is slamming into you so hard you lose your balance? I can do that. I can give you what you like."

He pounded into her from below, his thick girth rubbing her clit while his shaft plunged into her cunt at a punishing speed. El was into it though and met him with the same fervor. It didn't take long before Mike could feel her starting to come. She was coming so hard that she slid off of his dick, not able to take it anymore.

"No. Get back on. You're gonna come again." His big hands put her back on his cock and he kept fucking her.

"M-Mike...oh, god," El was still experiencing her orgasm when he put

her back on his hard cock and her walls jerked and clenched him. He didn't stop.

Ted Wheeler heard something strange coming from somewhere. Suspecting some of the kids had left the movie and were engaging in horseplay, he investigated. As he neared the choir room he could hear more. It sounded like people having sex. The good reverend was not without his secrets. He wanted to watch. He crept into the room and hid behind the choir robes. He couldn't see who the man was but he recognized the girl as one of the orphans. He couldn't look away from her stocking covered legs and he watched her get fucked. Reverend Ted Wheeler felt his dick get hard as he heard her come all over this man whose face he could not see due to the angle. The man was speaking but the exertion of his activity made his voice husky and Ted didn't recognize it. He was more intrigued by watching the girl climax. His hand stole into his pants and he began to rub his pulsing cock as he watched, remaining hidden and unseen

"Come again, El. I know you want to." Mike felt her try to get off of him again. Her whole body was still trembling.

"You can do it. Get back on. Don't get off, El." He set her back in place on his hard and glistening member. El was moaning.

He fucked her more and it was only a short while before he got what he wanted.

"Oh fuck," was all El could whisper as Mike brought her to her second orgasm. Once again it was so intense her body involuntarily tried to disengage from Mike's cock.

"No, stay on it. Stay on my dick, El. Be a good girl."

Mike knew it wouldn't be long until he was coming too. He wanted to see if he could do it for El once more.

"I loved fucking you at the cabin," he murmured as her eyes rolled, her orgasm subsiding. He wanted to keep her aroused though. "I loved touching your asshole. You look so hot in these stockings. I love how your ass looks in them. And I love how your pussy is all bare and smooth." He touched it for good measure as his dick kept

plowing into her. He left his thumb on her sensitive clit.

"Did you do that for me? Did you hope I would fuck you today? Did you hope I'd make you come? Give me one more, El. Three is a magic number."

He pulled her down so he could kiss her. They were both damp with sweat and sticking together. Mike loved it. He planted his feet on the floor and raised his pelvis as he fucked her even harder. El's mouth was open and her eyes were wide as almost instantly she was rocked by another climax. Mike didn't let her get off of him this time, firmly holding her down on him and feeling the intensity that was her third orgasm.

"Oh my-" El cried out uncontrollably.

She was shaken to the core, her whole body on fire, and she had no idea how she still found the strength to kiss Mike back as he continued to pound her cunt in full force. Except it was anything but a kiss - her tongue was just sticking out and welcomed Mike's while she orgasmed so hard she couldn't stop thrashing in his arms.

His pace had become gradually slower, his hips only pushing upward whenever El made another meek whimper that was caused by her mind-blowing climaxes. Her wails were always abruptly followed by louder grunts right after Mike sent his dick so deep inside her cunt she almost jumped out of his lap, but his strong hands forced her to stay in place.

When the euphoria wore down and everything fell back into place, El realized Mike was kissing her damp forehead with kisses that were almost apologetic and rubbing her ass in a soothing manner. It was as if he was doubting El's ability to take a rough pounding, or thinking that she hadn't actually meant her previous words. She *had*, though, and there was only one way to prove it to the concerned boy.

Getting off Mike and moving next to his body on weak knees, El tugged at his hand until he got the hint and stood up. She looked up at him with a bright smile and there were no signs of exhaustion because El wasn't going to end this without returning the favor. Mike deserved to come now more than any other time and so she started

taking steps in order to achieve that end goal.

Her delicate hands wrapped around him - one around his throbbing cock and one around his come-filled balls. She massaged the sack at the same time she gave Mike a few pumps before using kitten licks over the tip. The taste of her own juices was prominent on Mike's shaft, but she could still taste his salty pre-come that was mixed with her own fluids and it only urged her to keep going until she had a mouthful of come running down her throat.

"Give it to me, Mike. I want to suck you so hard you see white. I won't stop until I empty your balls," she warned him before working her mouth down his length and bobbing her head around the shaft every once in a while.

Mike looked down at the sight of El sucking his cock in the choir room of his father's church. He was already pretty close to coming and when he saw and felt her tongue just barely licking his tip, when he saw how tantalizingly sexy it looked, he had to bite his lip to keep from shooting his load into her mouth right then.

"I love you," Mike whispered. "You're sucking my dick so well. You're gonna make me come. You are the holiest thing about church." Mike caressed her cheek. She was looking up at him and there was a little drool running down her chin and he could hear the noises her mouth made as she licked and sucked and teased him. Mike didn't know if there was a suitable word to describe how ridiculously sexy she really was.

"El, I'm gonna come now," Mike kept his voice low so as not to be heard. "Can I come in your mouth? Will you keep sucking my dick until you get it all? Please? Please let me feel myself come with your lips around my dick while I can look down at you. I never want to forget what you look like sucking me off wearing only those stockings."

Mike pushed her hair back. El had his cock down her throat and he started twitching.

"Here it comes. I'm coming. El, you suck me so good. Oh, in your mouth...fuck...please take it." Mike tried to keep his eyes open to

watch as he pumped semen into her mouth and down her throat but the sensation was so overwhelming that he could only watch for a few seconds. As he came in her mouth he could feel her tongue still working and he could tell that she was trying to swallow. There was a copious amount and by the time Mike was finally finished some of it was dripping from the corner of her mouth.

From his place behind the choir robes, Ted's hand had stopped stroking his cock as soon as he realized who the man fucking this girl was. When he saw Mike he was outraged but he couldn't step in and punish them with a hard dick and come leaks on his pants. He'd have to be creative. From what he could gather from their breathless and hurried conversation, it sounded like this thing between them had been going on for a while and Ted Wheeler was going to stop it. He had connections in the small town after all, and a few friends in choice high places. He'd make sure this would never happen again. He was extra angry because he'd gotten so turned on watching them, *in his own church*, thinking about *himself* being the one underneath the girl in the stockings, and he hadn't gotten his release and now they were going to have to pay for making him feel like a fool as well as for giving him blue balls. He backed out of his hiding place and retreated to his office while they finished up their fornication.

"Mmph," El struggled to breathe as her mouth was filled by cock and semen and Mike understood immediately as he pulled back.

Helping El back on her feet, he watched her wiping the leftover come off her cheek and chin before licking it greedily. They smiled at each other right after, not even bothering to put their clothes back on as they shared one more kiss.

Mike's lips worked fervidly against El's, but she was trying to take her time with sugar-coated kisses that were anything but rushed and it didn't take long until Mike matched her pace.

When they pulled apart, El was looking up at him and allowing herself to be washed in Mike's yearning touches as his long fingers worked over her bare ass and kneaded the goosebumps-covered flesh. They were no longer talking, just taking in each other's features and breathing in unison when El became aware that she hadn't said something back.

In this case, it was harder being said than done and she had to muster up all of her courage before mumbling in a jittery voice, "I- I love you, too, Mike..."

Mike would have liked to remain there like that, but he knew they needed to get back to the fellowship hall before the end of the movie. He hugged her again, the trepidation in her voice as she'd said *I love you too* causing him to want to protect her.

"We should probably get back. I don't want you to get in trouble again for sneaking out of the movie." He kissed her forehead and then picked her sweater dress up off the floor. "Arms up," he smiled as he carefully stretched the collar to slip it over her head, trying as much as possible to avoid getting too much static in her hair. He sighed as the dress fell into place on her body.

"I love you in those stockings and nothing else. That's like, wet dream hot. I'm sorry I can't look as hot as you can." Mike started to redress himself.

"You can. I mean, you *do*."

Closing the gap between their bodies once they were both fully dressed, El held Mike's hands in her own and refused to let go of him until one thing was set straight.

"You're beautiful, Mike. Or handsome, I guess? But I prefer beautiful. It suits you better. And not...in a mean way. And I think you should see that. If anything...I'm...the less...pretty one and I'm shoc- I mean, I'm *glad* that you like me. But I like you, too. You're perfect."

After pausing for what felt like ages due to Mike's lack of reaction, El tried to loosen things up.

"And hot."

"You're just saying that because you came so much you probably had a mini stroke," Mike laughed, pulling her into him. He murmured into her ear as he held her against him.

"But I'm happy you think that."

They reluctantly crept back to their seats where the movie was taking place. It was near the end but they made it back just in time. The lights were still down and they went unnoticed as they returned to their places in the back row.

El was unaware of a special impromptu meeting between the Revered Ted Wheeler and the Director of Hawkins Orphanage that evening, a meeting with a shady deal and an even shadier reverend. She was unaware that in just a few hours she would be leaving, sent away to another place. El was unaware that she would no longer be seeing Mike on Sundays...or on *any* days.

The next morning instead of getting ready for church like everyone else, El was told to pack her things. She was driven four hours away to another orphanage and told that while she would still have her money from the government for college, she could no longer stay in Hawkins. They made it seem like they had rethought their punishment for her having run away and had decided on something harsher. El was heartbroken but hopeful that Mike would contact her still. Weeks passed and she hadn't heard from him. Months, and still no word from Mike. Her sadness began to turn to resentment as her mind continuously battled against itself, one side telling her Mike loved her and would find her, the other side telling her Mike had only used her, that he was no different from anyone else who had just taken what they wanted from her.

It was easy to believe the worst during the daytime and her anger kept her going. But at night, when she tried to fall asleep, all she could think of were all the sweet memories she had with him. She would imagine possible futures with him, traveling the world, being together, laughing. El thought about having a family with Mike. While it angered and hurt her to think of him during the daytime, every night was El and Mike in her imagination. Her resentment faded at night and she would see him in her dreams.

But while her thoughts of Mike were loving and sweet at night, so were they the opposite during the day. She smiled less and less. Being torn away from Mike affected her more than any experiment she'd ever had to endure and El finally just wanted to forget him and get ready for college. She was ready for a change and to make *new* memories.



**Author's Note: I hate Ted. How are they going to find their way back to each other? Can they? It's Mileven so we all know the answer to that. Also I will update in a couple of days. If you're reading this, thank you!**

## 7. Chapter 7

### And now for the second half of the story...

After Mike's dad covertly had El sent away for corrupting his son in his formative years, Mike had gotten progressively more angry and bitter. His friends noticed it, his sisters noticed it, but his father refused to reveal his secret and acted as though Mike was fine and just going through normal teenage drama.

And Mike had tried. He'd *tried* to find out where she was. He'd talked to Kali, who had no idea of El's whereabouts, having been told along with the other inhabitants of the orphanage that El had simply decided to leave to travel the world. He assumed she would have left at least some forwarding information but there was nothing, no address, no note for him, no goodbye. If he could have at least written her, or gotten a letter *from* her he thought he'd have been in a much better head space.

He tried also to forget, but that wasn't happening. El would be, Mike feared, forever in his mind; forever that beautiful girl who was such a mixture of confidence and vulnerability.

As time for college neared, Mike pushed the thoughts of El to the back of his mind. He became laser focused on school and getting ready for the next chapter in his life. He'd worked hard the two years since he'd lost her, focusing all of his energy into school with the hopes of silencing his aching heart. He would attend the University of Notre Dame. His grades were excellent and his father was smugly proud. Ted Wheeler hoped that the Catholic school would get Mike back on the *right path*, as he put it, having no patience for any emotional upheaval Mike might have had in the past.

So his surprise was overwhelming when he turned to see who his biology lab partner would be for the semester and was met with the eyes that still haunted his dreams.

"El?" Mike was a maelstrom of emotions but hurt and anger seemed to be at the forefront. She had never tried to contact him. Mike knew she had never really cared at all.

*Mike*, El's brain screamed at her. Her whole body tensed upon hearing the familiar voice she had missed so much and she carefully dropped her pen and notepad on the lab table before tilting her head.

She was scared of what she was going to be facing. Her brain didn't have time to register the panic surging through her body because all she could now focus on was the face she had dreamed of for almost two years.

What El noticed first were Mike's onyx eyes. Second was his pale, ivory face with freckles scattered across the bridge of his nose. And then his shoulders - which seemed much broader than the last time she had seen or even touched them.

When their eyes locked again, though, El registered something she hadn't encountered before. His gaze was just as alluring and mesmerizing as she had remembered, but beyond the aspect that left El almost breathless, she could see the anger in Mike's eyes. She let her eyes travel down to his flared nostrils and his parted mouth, and all she could think of was *how dare he*.

She had spent countless nights crying herself to sleep and wishing Mike would give her a sign, *anything*. The only time she had dared to visit him in the void, another power she had that usually made her hate herself for being different but could prove useful at times, was when he was in church, talking to the other kids from the orphanage as if nothing had ever happened. She had given up from then on, her melancholy turning to resentment. El became more bitter and angry herself and had walls up that she thought no one could penetrate. She had thought she'd never see Mike again, a thought that made her both sad and terrifically mad, only to see him right next to her now and staring at her as if she was the most disgusting thing in the world. She could feel her blood boiling.

*Of course we chose the same school. The Universe hates me.*

"Do I know you?" Her brows quirked up as she spoke, her gaze fiery as she refused to break eye contact.

El was determined to make Mike regret every single day in which he had dared to make her think that what they had was love.

*She has some nerve*, Mike thought as El took her seat. He wasn't sure if he could put up with months of dealing with her. He had his own resentment about how she'd left him.

"No, I'm pretty sure you don't know me so if you'd like to find another seat you are free to do just that." To Mike's dismay though it seemed to be a full lab and there were no other available seats either of them could occupy. He was going to have to just deal with it. At least bio lab was only twice a week, though a three hour class each time. Mike sighed internally.

"Just don't abandon this lab partnership like you abandon other things. I want a good grade. I hate having to depend on other people. They only let you down."

Their eyes locked and for a second it was as if nothing had changed, as if Mike was the same sweet, innocent boy who claimed to love her with all his might. El tried to ignore his mean remarks, yet the anger was bubbling up in her chest as she was thinking that Mike had the audacity to talk about letting other people down when he did the exact same to her.

He had left her with no choice and before El could calm herself down, the mocking words were already flying out of her mouth.

"You want a good grade? I guess your life still depends on what your dad thinks," she let out a bitter scoff and averted her attention to the notebook in front of her, yet still had the nerve to whisper. "Sad."

Mike's eyes narrowed. He had changed a bit since having last seen her, his sweet nature taking on a more sardonic edge as he'd mourned losing her. So when he again spoke he decided to own his words, even though as they spilled from his mouth he almost cringed at how cold they sounded.

"At least I *have* a dad to care about my grades. I'm not riding some pitiful orphan scholarship because no one wanted to love me."

*Fuck. I did not just say that.*

El's heart froze for a split second. She could hear her pulse ringing in

her ears and could feel the bitter smile forming on her lips.

Before she could think of the risks she was subjecting herself to, her index finger subtly swiped to the right and that was when one of Mike's chair legs snapped, causing a cracking sound along with a loud thud to echo throughout the lab room.

Mike was on the floor right after, his lanky legs sprawled as he winced in pain. El had expected to be more satisfied with her little mind trick. Instead, it just hurt as his painful words still played in the back of her mind like a broken record.

Thankfully enough, they weren't something she hadn't repeated herself over the years. Yet it was still agonizing to hear the boy she had loved so much voicing them out.

"I guess there is a God after all," she forced out a smile in his direction, but it came as a disgusted grimace more than anything.

Mike somehow made it through the rest of the week. The lab on Thursday was again strained and uncomfortable but at least his chair had remained intact. He was still nursing a bruised ankle from that crummy chair he'd had on Tuesday.

Word around school was that there was a freshmen welcoming party that weekend and Mike thought he might as well go. He knew there would be alcohol snuck in and the idea of unwinding sounded good to him.

The party turned out to be just okay. In fact, the only reason he even stayed was that there *was* alcohol and since he had none at his place he decided to take advantage.

He'd already had a couple of beers and a cocktail some guy he recognized from his literature class assured him was *the shit*. Mike didn't know if that was necessarily true but he was feeling a pretty good buzz. Then he realized he really needed to pee.

As he approached the bathroom he was met by someone coming from the opposite direction. They reached the bathroom door at the same time.

*Just my luck. I should have fucking known. She's going to ruin my life.*

"I was here first!" Mike said to El, who looked just as unhappy to see him as he felt about her.

*Great.* The last person El had wanted to see right now. Or so she kept lying to herself.

"Nuh uh. I was," El mumbled through gritted teeth and held herself back from pushing Mike aside.

Luckily for her, she was small enough to slide right past his body and open the bathroom door before he could get inside. She was only seconds away from finally relieving herself as she pressed her palm flat against the wooden door, only to spot Mike's shoe forcing the door cracked open.

She groaned in frustration and pushed her whole body against the frame, fighting with all her might to prevent Mike from coming in, but he was stronger than her.

And here he was now, all gruff and glancing at her as if she was some lunatic for even daring to think that she could stop him from entering the bathroom.

"I'm trying to pee. Get out," El stated calmly, but her arms were already flailing around as she tried to unzip her romper.

Mike tried desperately to ignore what was happening, to ignore the fact that El was unzipping this thing she was wearing.

"Look, I'll be fast. Come on! I really need to go too." Mike was whining. He was finding it hard to control his emotions.

"Don't even think," she warned with just as much annoyance.

The alcohol she'd already had was making it difficult to coordinate her body movements the way she wanted and she had to choose between asking Mike for help with the back zipper of her black romper and using her powers. She chose the latter, confident enough to know that the blood would not show up. She had managed to control it over the years and Mike was probably too tipsy to put two

and two together and think that El's arms weren't supposed to reach so far behind her back.

She rushed to pull her arms out of the short sleeves, but even with her mind hazy, she realized she wasn't wearing a bra so she kept the top of the romper over her chest as she looked at Mike. He didn't seem to budge and El's eyes rolled.

"Just use the sink. It's not like there's anything you haven't seen."

Shifting, she finally pulled the romper down to her knees along with her panties before sitting on the toilet. The fact that she was intoxicated helped with the inhibitions and she didn't even think twice before starting to pee right next to Mike, despite still using her arms to cover her bare breasts.

Mike could hear the trickle of urine as El relieved herself and just for a second his mind flashed back to that night they'd spent at the cabin. He shook away the thoughts. He *really* needed to go now. Hearing her only made it worse.

He unbuckled his belt and unfastened his jeans. He had switched to boxer briefs some time before college and he was afraid if he didn't hurry the gray fabric would be soaked when he couldn't hold it anymore.

Mike freed his member and tried to start.

"Don't look at me or I can't go," he warned coldly. The fact was that Mike's own eyes kept darting right, seeing El out of his periphery. He tried not to think about how pretty she still was or how he could see what he thought he'd never again see.

Mike finished first but El wasn't far behind. They both wound up trying to wash their hands at the same time.

Standing at the sink, neither of them were speaking. Their hands were both soapy and they were lathering them in the basin when suddenly Mike's nostrils were flooded by a smell that made him feel instantly 16 again. The scent of French vanilla was overwhelming and Mike's breath hitched. Without meaning to his hands brushed

against hers.

El was startled, but she did nothing to pull her hand back. She figured it would be a submissive gesture, so she kept her hands under the faucet until Mike was the one who moved first.

And she would have lied if she had said she hadn't taken a glance at his limp member as he relieved himself. She had tried not to be obvious and it had probably worked, because as they finished washing their hands Mike didn't mention it whatsoever.

Once they were done, they both reached for the same towel and El groaned in frustration. A part of her wanted to believe that it was as if their minds worked together, but she knew it was inevitable to do the same things and bump into each other in a space so cramped.

Her back zipper was still undone and despite knowing she could very well use her powers to zip it up, she wanted Mike to do it. She didn't even know if he would accept, but she couldn't help but wonder what it would feel like to have his hands on her again. Mustering an ounce of courage, she glanced at him and prepared her mocking voice.

"Can you fake being nice one last time in your life and help me with the zipper?"

Mike rolled his eyes. The room was indeed a cramped space with the countertop for the sink taking up the majority of the footprint. He faced El, the two on them only inches apart. Looking down at her, Mike was met with the stare she reserved for when she was really pissed, he remembered, but there was also something in her eyes he couldn't quite put his finger on.

"You did this on purpose," Mike accused, thinking to himself how good she smelled and how hot she looked in this little black thing. He was beyond annoyed.

"Don't flatter yourself. I had no idea I'd even see you, let alone have to interact with you. Believe me, this is the last place I want to be right now." El didn't move, talking up to him as he looked down at her. She wasn't sure but she had the horrible thought that both of them had moved even closer. Still, even with Mike so close she could



smell his cologne, she stood her ground.

"Why do you have to be so annoying?" Mike asked, though his volume had dropped and his words came out as a whisper. His hands moved to her shoulders to start to try to find her zipper so he could get out of there but as soon as he touched her Mike couldn't help squeezing, instinct taking over, and didn't miss the small sigh that escaped from her mouth. He *couldn't* miss it; their faces were almost touching.

"I'm annoying?" El murmured, her nose brushing against his as his hands roamed over her bare back. She knew she should make him stop but she was powerless. She had to *try* to stop this. "You're such a bitch, Mike," but it was too late. Her lip had grazed over his and El couldn't stifle the sound she made.

During the course of their encounter Mike had gotten hard. He was chagrined that she still affected him in such a way. But now they were kissing, hesitant at first, but then with fervor, malice even. Mike forgot about her zipper and pushed the romper to the floor, never stopping the almost violent kiss. He picked her up and sat her on the counter.

"I'm a bitch?" He was taking his dick out, noticing that El wasn't trying to stop him. His hand went to her bare pussy, tears almost stinging his eyes. "Well you're fucking wet. Who's the bitch now?" He moved to her neck, sucking hard, wanting to make sure she remembered this.

El scoffed, apparently unimpressed despite the coiling blood running through her veins.

"Shut the fuck up," she almost growled as her hand found purchase in Mike's hair and she yanked his head upward.

He only seemed to smirk in response and El hadn't expected this positive reaction from him. He was enjoying it, she could see it in his eyes; his pupils fully blown as he inserted one finger inside her pussy. El gasped, her glossy pink lips parting as she let out a blissful moan, but she wasn't ready to let Mike have the upper hand.

She moved her own fingers to his dick and encompassed them around his girth, grinning when she saw the look on Mike's face. His member was burning hot, smooth skin pulsing in El's hand, and she could feel her juices gushing out as he continued to tease his finger in and out of her hole.

It was too much. Mike's fiery touches were making her lose her mind and she refused to give him the satisfaction of being aware of it. She had to come up with something.

"You're just as small as I remembered," she spat as her thumb rubbed over the swollen tip just like Mike had taught her in church years ago.

"Your memory is fucked, El. Just like you're about to be. If I'm so small why are you rubbing me like that? Why are your legs around my waist? Maybe you need to be reminded." Mike pulled her even closer, her ass only supported by the very edge of the counter but her legs were wrapped around him and she was holding herself in place. Mike let his cock brush against her slick lips. She felt every bit as amazing as he remembered.

"It looks big enough to me. Looks like I could split you open. I grew if you couldn't tell. Maybe your memory is hazy." He was pressing his leaky head against her clit.

"Do you want a reminder, El?" Even being annoyed and pissed, Mike couldn't shrug old habits and he still asked.

"Impress me."

El tried to sound bitter, but she had only managed to whimper as her hips pushed forward. Her body was moving of its own accord as she sought the thing she had missed so much and had fantasized about for years.

But Mike had been right. Her memory really was fucked, because she couldn't remember it feeling so exquisite when Mike pushed his cock into her.

She gasped and one of her hands found his shoulder immediately

before she gripped it tightly. Either not having sex for almost two years had taken a toll on her or Mike had indeed grown because she could feel every inch of his cock splitting her open as he made his way forward until he was balls deep.

She heaved and tried to catch her breath, her eyes bulging as she gritted her teeth at the almost unfamiliar feeling of being filled up.

"Show me what you've got, Mike. Or do I still have to teach you like I used to?"

Mike wasn't fooled by her bravado. He could still read her tone and her facial expressions and he knew she was bluffing. She was trying with everything she had to not cry out in ecstasy. Mike took it as a challenge.

"Maybe *I* should teach *you*." He started thrusting, taking her off the counter and holding her fully. El was impaled on his rock hard dick as he bounced her deeply on it, gripping her ass firmly and moving her how he wanted. Her face was buried in the crook of his neck as her body conformed to his.

"Lesson one: how to take a cock. You're doing pretty good so far. Is it deep enough? Is my *small* cock going deep enough for you? Is it still *fat* enough? It feels like it is. You're so fucking tight. You can say what you want but your cunt is sucking my big dick like your life depends on it." Mike pounded her harder. She wasn't doing a great job of holding back her moans and it only encouraged him.

"That's because...I haven't done it...in a while," she struggled to mumble through vicious thrusts and refused to acknowledge that she hadn't in fact had sex since she had been forced to leave Hawkins, and not just *in a while*.

Mike continued to pound and rock her onto his hard cock, sending his length all the way in until it hit her cervix and made her cry out. Her arms were encircled around his broad shoulders and she kept her head buried in the crook of his neck, unable to move or prevent the brutal fucking. Not that she wanted to.

"What's...lesson two? How to ask God for forgiveness...after you

*attempt to fuck?"*

She carried on with the mean remarks as she tried to find every small opportunity to attack Mike's ego and not let the fact that they were having sex go to this head. She was adamant to show him how she was no longer putty in his big strong hands, but her body refused to comply with her plan.

Mike spun, pressing her against the wall. The leverage was helpful for him and he could control his movements better.

"You're all talk. You'll be thanking God when I'm finished. You know you wanna come on my dick. I can tell."

Mike felt El pull his hair. It hurt so he pounded into her even harder. Their faces shifted and as their lips passed each other they connected. Mike wasn't even sure if it had been El or himself who initiated it.

For the next thirty seconds everything changed. With El pressed against the bathroom wall, her legs around Mike's waist, the kiss deepened and Mike felt the painful grip she had in his locks relax. Her fingers scraped over his scalp gently and she sighed. Mike went from vehemently pounding her to going more slowly, making sure she felt it every time he pushed in but not trying to hurt her. He took on a sudden sensuality that heightened everything and it was like it had been; for just a brief period their bodies loved each other again.

Mike heard El sigh and then hiccup and, fearing that she'd cry or, even worse, *he'd* cry, resumed the unforgiving banging.

"Lesson two: a good fuck includes coming. You've got to make them come. Do you think you can make me come, El? I'm different now, but so are you. I know I can still get you off though. Question is, can you do it for me?"

"Did you forget, Mike?"

El scoffed, her legs soon disentangling from around his waist as she pushed him away. Her delicate palm pressed over his chest until his calves hit the toilet seat and that was when she forced Mike to sit down, his cock pointed upward as her pussy swallowed it whole in

one movement.

She sighed as her ass rested on his sack and she took a moment to enjoy the feeling of having Mike's cock up to the hilt before their eyes locked. Mike seemed just as affected and it gave El the impulse to show him who was in charge.

"Did you forget the way you used to cry my name out as I made you come...over and over again?"

Her hips were dropping over his repeatedly and she soon found a pace, her cunt engulfing Mike's cock with every thrust, each one deeper and faster than the last. Her mouth moved to his ear and she bit his earlobe hard until he winced, before she stopped and whispered in his ear.

"If it weren't for me...you'd still be too scared to even jack off."

She smirked and moved her hand behind her back until she took hold of Mike's balls, stroking them while her pussy continued to bounce on his cock.

"Yeah and then you left. Fuck you. Oh, right. That's what I'm doing." Mike held on to her ass as she bobbed up and down on his cock. He just wanted to get off; he didn't want to think about the past. It only brought with it painful memories.

"I remember you crying my name too. You always did like to straddle me. I guess some things don't change." Mike felt triumphant when he saw the look of embarrassed despair flash across her face. He moved his hand, his thumb playfully tickling her clit as she fucked him. "I remember stuff too. Do you think I don't? Do you think I don't remember *exactly* how you like to be touched?"

"Of course you do." El tried to keep her voice under control, but it was to no avail when Mike found her clit and teased it. "I'm the only person in this world...who'd let you fuck them."

She let go of his sack only to rest her hands behind her back and onto Mike's thighs, her torso slightly bending backward as she swallowed Mike's cock with her pussy repeatedly.

They moaned in unison, and El caught Mike staring at her breasts as they bounced in front of him while they fucked.

"Like them? Touch-" she mumbled, already finding it hard to use too many words to express herself. Mike's thumb on her clit was gradually bringing her closer to the edge.

She found Mike's free hand and urged him to squeeze her breasts, moaning in pleasure as he did so.

"You won't get to, oh, fuck-" she sobbed when Mike quickened the pace of his circling thumb. "To touch...a girl's breasts...ever. They'd be stupid...to let someone like *you*."

"Are you saying you're stupid then, El? Because you're just short of begging me to touch them." Mike ran his thumb over her erect nipple before dipping his head to take her breast in his mouth. He felt her cradle his head but he didn't say anything, too caught up in how it felt to have her once again riding his cock. He didn't want to let her know how much he'd missed having her hold him in *any* way. And the sounds she was making were increasing. Mike knew she was just as close to coming as he was.

With his free hand Mike pushed her down as far as he could on his cock. El was grinding against him, occasionally cursing him but also moaning in pleasure. Mike didn't let up his assault on her clit and he could feel her start to tremble slightly around his dick, her orgasm still building. He released her breast from his mouth, not before biting her nipple a bit, and his lips found hers.

"Fucking take my come," was all he could get out before he was releasing deep into her. He felt her pushing, trying to suction herself to him, all the time trembling more. He hated that he still liked kissing her when he came but it felt so good he let himself do it.

"Oh, fuck...fuck, ah, Mi-"

El didn't want this to be the last thing she said before orgasming, so she stopped before it was too late. All of her words were muffled by Mike's mouth anyway as their tongues almost battled against each other, both of them nipping and biting each other's lips as they came.

That was another thing that El had forgotten over the years - how *hard* Mike could make her come. Her legs were forced open by his as she thrashed on top of him.

Her pussy milked him dry and yet she still found the strength to stroke his cock with her inner walls a few more times, spreading the creamy liquid all over his length before she shakily stood up after recovering from her orgasm.

A wave of sadness and anger took over her as soon as their bodies disconnected, because all El could feel now was an indescribable emptiness accompanied by a rage. This time, though, it was directed at herself for being so dumb that she allowed herself to get a taste of Mike once again. She shouldn't have and the realization dawned on her only now, in the aftermath.

Almost ashamed, she gathered her clothes from the ground and put them back on, this time refusing to ask Mike for help with the zipper.

*I don't need his disgusting hands all over me again*, she thought as her eyes refused to meet his.

Still in a bit of a stupor, Mike returned his dick, now sticky with a mixture of both his and El's come, back to his boxers and rearranged his clothes. He felt sad and he didn't know why.

"Don't worry. That won't happen again," Mike offered to El as they stood awkwardly in the tiny bathroom. "Don't think I'm gonna go home and think about this, or about *you*. This was just a random party hookup. You could have been *anyone*."

Mike didn't know why he was still saying such hurtful things.

*Just get up and leave, mouthbreather. Leave her alone. Don't be a fucking asshole.*

"So um, yeah. See you around." Mike didn't even make eye contact as he exited the bathroom. He knew if he did his eyes would linger, and if his eyes lingered then *he'd* linger and he needed to get out of there before too many memories came flooding back.

**Author's Note:** Well, at least they're reunited(?). Confusing times

ahead. They're both very stubborn and this could have been all explained with a modicum of communication but then what fun would the story be? Thanks for sticking with me. I'll update on Saturday most likely.



## 8. Chapter 8

**And now for another chapter in the lives of some version of our favorite couple...**

As the weeks progressed, both Mike and El continued their snide remarks and comments to each other. Sometimes though one of them would accidentally mumble a kind word or their fingers would touch and then they'd spend the rest of their lab time together in a state of quiet embarrassed confusion, both wanting to say something but too scared to be the first to start the conversation. Mike had discovered that what he'd said to El in the bathroom, about how he wasn't going to go home and think about her the night of the orientation party, had been the *opposite* of what happened. He thought about her *a lot*. She still annoyed him but he couldn't get her out of his head, which was even *more* annoying.

The midterm exam was quickly approaching and their unit topic was human anatomy. They had to identify and spell correctly fifty different muscles. El was having a hard time with it. Mike had asked why she didn't just get a tutor and felt awful when she almost started crying. She had covered her face with her hands and he'd heard her sniffle through her fingers about not being able to afford one.

So that was how Mike found himself in a study carrel with El in the library one dark, stormy Friday night.

"Okay, I still can't memorize the head, but at least I got the neck and the torso," she mumbled mostly to herself.

Despite Mike offering to tutor her, El didn't let it go to her head. He had still been an asshole for everything he had done to her, including the night they had both been tipsy and had made the mistake of having sex. Even in those moments, Mike had still been mean to her.

So she chose to interact with him as little as possible, even now when he was helping her. El knew he did it just to get a good grade, anyway.

"That's still good. We still have time to-" Mike was encouraging her,

his elbows resting on the table they shared, when the power went off.

El groaned in annoyance as her eyes fought to adjust to the lack of light. In her process of grabbing the books, she ended up tugging on Mike's fingers before she awkwardly retreated her hand and murmured *sorry*.

Mike said nothing in return and El had to deflect the embarrassing moment. "I guess that's it. It probably won't come back on because it's raining way too hard and it's late already."

Mike knew El didn't really have the information down yet. Suddenly thunder crashed so loud even Mike was startled.

*Oh fuck, I forgot. El is afraid of storms.*

Mike sighed.

"Hey, El?" He didn't point out that she had scooted closer to him when the thunder rumbled. "Do you want to just come to my room to finish studying? I know my dorm has an auxiliary generator so the power will be on. And it's close. With the test next week, I just think you should be confident that you know it. My roommate went home for the weekend so he won't distract us."

He knew it was raining like crazy but continuing to study was El's only hope to pass the lab.

El sat in silence for a few moments as she tried to debate her options. She could always say no and go back to her dorm, but that would mean failing the exam most probably, and also having to spend the night awake and under the covers because of the loud thuds of thunder and lightning. She figured she could at least make the most of her time if she wasn't going to sleep.

"Okay, fine..."

Sighing, she fumbled through the dark until she managed to put the books back inside her backpack. She could feel Mike's presence right next to her and as soon as another thunder hit, she yelped and reached for Mike's arm on instinct.

"Shit, sorry!"

She apologized once again as her eyes found Mike's through the dark. He didn't seem mad, his big black eyes seemingly soft and understanding as they stood in silence. It made El want to bring him close to her body and hold him until the storm was over, but she knew that was far from possible.

"I say we should run once we get outside." Mike nodded and El couldn't take it anymore. She *had* to be mean. "I hope your stick legs won't slow us down because I don't know where you live and I hate being in the rain."

"I don't *have* to help you, you know. There's no reason to be so abrasive." Since the time in the bathroom Mike had noticed that El occasionally made appearances in his dreams and although he was still annoyed by her, he no longer felt any sort of hatred. He kind of just wanted her to be just another student attending his university. Her constant jabs didn't help his healing process. Still, he decided to take the high road because he knew the storm scared her. Or maybe *he* scared her.

They stepped outside, standing under the big marble awning of the library. Rain was falling in sheets, the wind making it fly sideways.

"You're gonna have to hold my hand," Mike shouted over the din of the storm, grabbing El's hand tightly. "I think otherwise you'll get lost. Ready? We're going to sprint."

They took off. Mike's dorm was about forty yards away from the library so by the time they got to his building they were both saturated by rain. Mike could hear El's teeth chattering as soon as they entered his room.

"Damn. Okay." Mike was already rummaging in his dresser drawer. "Here. You need to get dry or you're gonna get sick. I won't look." He tossed her the first t-shirt he found, knowing any of his shirts would fall to her knees. He noticed how El was looking at the shirt...like she might cry.

"What's wrong?" He asked, beginning to change into dry clothes

himself.

El was still holding the shirt like it was her long lost favorite toy.

*Does he even know what shirt he just handed me? Is this a joke?*

El searched Mike's face for any sign of spite but saw only concerned confusion, which only made her chest ache more. She sighed.

"Could you please turn around?" El asked even as Mike was already spinning so as not to watch her. He always could anticipate things.

So El peeled off her wet clothing and slipped on the same Ghostbusters t-shirt she had slept in when she was younger; the same one Mike had brought to the cabin for her to wear as a nightgown. It even *smelled* the same.

"I'm done," El mumbled in a voice so soft she didn't know if Mike had even heard her so she leaned in and tapped his shoulder.

He turned around and faced her in a startled manner, his eyes falling on her body as he drank in her form and El wished he hadn't done it. It was the same look he used to give her years ago when he seemed enticed by her presence, whether she was naked and about to please him or simply sitting in church and listening to the choir he was a part of.

Even so, she didn't take the lingering gaze personally. They were both young and El doubted that Mike had ever engaged in sexual acts with anyone besides her. Not that he wasn't worthy of it, but she knew how soft and mannered he used to be. Maybe he did turn out to not be the same to her, but El knew that Mike was a generally kind person. Kind and *horny*, that was.

El had considered the option of only overthinking the look he was giving her, but something about the way his eyes lingered over her bare legs made her think she was right. She couldn't miss this opportunity.

"Hey, there's, um...something...here..."

She feigned concern as her arm reached for his face, her thumb

gently grazing the corner of his lips before she whispered.

"You're drooling." The smirk she gave Mike right after didn't seem to amuse him at all.

"Um, that's just rain." Mike tore his eyes away. He hadn't realized what shirt he'd given her until just now and his mind was a mess of memories and emotions. He needed to get himself under control.

"Ready to get back to studying?" Mike's bed seemed to be the best place so he beckoned for her to join him there, keeping a healthy distance. El sat down too. She pulled a blanket over her bare legs.

"You probably won't want to do this but I know a way that would help you remember better. But you might not like it."

El's eyes rolled. She was already dreading this, but Mike was her only shot at passing the exam.

"Shoot," she stated casually.

"I can point to the muscles on you. It's easier to memorize them this way and then you can point them back on me when I ask you stuff so we can be sure that you've got it. Is that alright?"

El's whole body stiffened. She wanted to touch or to be touched by Mike as little as possible, but she couldn't deny the fact that his idea was good.

"Yeah...I guess..."

Mike didn't hesitate, drawing his knees closer to El and studying her face.

"You have issues with the head muscles, so let's start with those."

El nodded and Mike proceeded to extend his arm and point his index finger in front of her face. Gently, he started tracing her forehead.

"Frontalis..." His finger traveled forward to the side of her head. "Temporalis," he announced to her before moving to her right eyelid. El closed her eyes and he whispered carefully. "Orbicularis oculi..."

She nodded in response so he moved lower, this time tracing her smooth cheekbone. "Zygomaticus."

"Zygomaticus...got it," El mumbled, her warm breath fanning over Mike's face which was mere inches from hers. She tried to stay calm, despite the pounding heart that felt like it would explode inside her ribcage.

"Right," Mike praised her, the tip of his finger now moving right above her upper lip. "Orbicularis oris...masseter..." His finger was now pressed above her jaw.

Their eyes met again and Mike realized that El had probably been staring at him most of the time. It made him blush, his ivory skin turning to a deep shade of pink. El could have sworn she hadn't seen anything so beautiful in her entire life. For the umpteenth time, it was becoming too much and El found herself forced to shatter the fairytale-like atmosphere and make the fuzzy feeling inside her chest go away, so she pulled back from Mike's warm touch.

"I hope you don't expect to get paid for this kind of tutoring," she half-joked, knowing very well that Mike had already mentioned not needing any money from her.

"There's no need to pay me," Mike said quietly. "Just do well. I, um, we still have to do the major chest, arm, and leg muscles. If you don't want me to touch you I understand. The arm shouldn't be a big deal though. So your shoulder here, this is the deltoid." Mike touched her shoulder, gently squeezing. His arm started traveling down her arm. "And then we get to the triceps on the back of your arm here and the biceps on the front." Mike's large hand encompassed her upper arm, his thumb brushing over the muscles he was mentioning. "The trapezius is this muscle here at the back of your neck." With both hands Mike indicated El's trapezius, his fingers locking at the back of her neck. They were facing each other and Mike suddenly forgot what he was talking about. "Uhhh, sorry. What was I saying?" He heard himself ask in a tone that made him cringe because it was a tone he'd only ever used with her in their most intimate moments.

"Trapezius. Big muscle at the back of the neck. I got it."

El had thought she was the only one having difficulties keeping up with Mike's method, but he seemed just as affected by the amount of touching that was involved.

"Go on," El urged him and Mike obliged immediately.

"Pectoralis major."

His hand was now pressed on the upper half of her chest and Mike locked eyes with El to make sure he wasn't pushing any boundaries. Her breath hitched at the contact, but she just nodded and Mike decided to carry on.

"Serratus anterior and external oblique," he informed as his fingers traced the side of her torso, right under her breasts.

El gulped when he felt Mike squeezing the t-shirt along with her flesh just slightly. It made her pussy throb and she awkwardly repositioned herself until it was easier to contract her legs and relieve some of the pent up tension.

"Abdominals," Mike pressed on her stomach before glancing down at the quilt enveloping half of El's body. "Can you uh... move the blanket aside? We have lower limbs now."

El nodded shakily and peeled the blanket off her. Before she knew it, though, Mike's large hand cupped her thigh.

"Quadriceps..." He sighed and carefully sneaked his hand under her leg until his fingers grasped the back of her thigh. "And hamstrings."

El nodded, her breath hitching in her throat the whole time. Mike was slightly bent over her and as she let her gaze travel lower down his form, she had to stifle a gasp.

Mike was hard. She could easily see his erection poking through the sweatpants he had changed into and despite being adamant about mentioning it, she didn't want to miss any opportunity of making Mike feel embarrassed

"Mike...I have a question."

"Yeah?" He was oblivious to her lingering gaze focused on his sweatpants. Their eyes locked again.

"What's this muscle called?" She smirked, her delicate fingers lightly cupping his bulge. It would've probably been inappropriate in any other circumstances, El figured, but this was Mike's teaching method and she was simply following the rules.

"Sorry, it's just...I mean...look, you annoy the shit out of me but you're fucking hot, okay? I'm 18 years old. There'd be something wrong with me if I *wasn't* hard right now. Just let me finish showing you these muscles."

Mike had hoped she wouldn't notice but there was absolutely no way he could touch her like this and not be affected. He was trying to be clinical but it wasn't working. He needed her to stop looking at him and she *definitely* needed to stop fondling his cock.

"Lay down, I'll teach you the leg muscles and back muscles." Mike was surprised that she didn't have a snarky comment, only doing as he'd told her and lying face down on the bed.

Sitting beside her, Mike traced her back muscles with his finger. Her skin was still so soft.

"This is the latissimus dorsi, and here are the teres major and teres minor," he tried not to tickle her as his hand ghosted over her side. "Above those is the infraspinatus muscle. Oh, up here is the rhomboid," Mike pointed out the small muscle near her shoulder.

"Uh, did you want me to do your legs?" He couldn't help it; Mike's hand rested on her bare thigh just under her ass.

"Go ahead," El drew in a shaky breath, her legs parting on instinct as she waited for Mike to continue his ministrations.

The fact that he had acknowledged that she was at fault for his erection only turned her on even more, and she fought back the urge to grind against the mattress.

"Just make sure you don't jizz in your pants." She couldn't help it and the next whispered remark only made it worse. "It wouldn't be the



first time, though."

With a shaky hand Mike was starting to trace over the muscles of the back of her legs when he heard her comment.

"I'm trying to help you. Do you always have to be such a bitch to me?"

Even though he was chastising her his touch was gentle. He moved to her lower legs. He was sitting at her feet.

"This is the gastrocnemius muscle, and here is the soleus." Mike massaged the muscles to let her know since she couldn't really see. As he moved up her legs, he had to straddle them to reach everything. Well, he didn't *have* to, he *chose* to.

"This is the triceps femoris. Femoris like *femur*, in your leg. Remember that. And as I move up we get to the biceps femoris and the adductor magnus." Mike was straddling her thighs now, his legs on either side of hers squeezing her limbs together. He continued his massage, noticing that El hadn't said anything else to mock him.

"I know this will be on the test," Mike's fingers carefully kneaded her ass. He heard her sharp intake of breath. "The gluteus muscles, maximus, medius, and minimus." He was whispering again, his fingers working over her panties. He was beyond horny even though he was trying to think of everything he could to turn himself off.

He scooted forward. He could feel his cock straining as it rubbed her ass through his cotton sweatpants.

"Um, El? Would you want me to rub your back? I mean, I'm here and all."

"Th-That'd be nice," El stuttered.

She didn't know what to make of Mike's proposal. It warmed her heart as it made her reminisce about the sweet moments they had spent together, when he was willing to do anything for her. *Or maybe he's just horny*, El reasoned out, but she couldn't complain about that option either.

She was just as horny, if not even *more*, as her juices were already dampening her pink cotton panties. It didn't help that Mike's hands were so gentle and sensual, his thin fingers pressing over the group of muscles she had just tried to memorize.

Out of instinct, her ass pushed upward against Mike's erection and she let out a strangled sigh when she felt the warm bulge rubbing over her flesh. She needed *more*.

"Can you move lower?" Her voice was a mere whisper, her ego not allowing her to fully voice out where she needed Mike's hands the most.

"Yeah," Mike whispered in a husky voice. His hands were soon rubbing her inner thighs, getting closer to where he could see a much darker pink tone of color in her light pink panties. He pressed his luck, letting his fingers slip underneath the elastic of the leg opening. El gave no protest. Mike's fingers bumped against her pussy lips as he continued to massage, moving his legs out so she could spread hers more.

"Like that?" He asked, still unsure if she was going to allow it or turn around and punch him.

"Take them off," she almost begged, her ass lifting up until Mike sneaked his hands around her body and helped push the fabric of her underwear down. The panties remained wrapped on one of her ankles, but El was too turned to even care. Her mind was hazy, the warm, familiar feeling flooding her core as she craved more.

Mike was back on her thighs, his expert fingers rubbing where she ached the most, sometimes kneading her ass, and El had to close her eyes and enjoy the experience.

"I think I need a massage...*inside* too."

El cringed at her own words. A small part of her was scared that Mike might refuse her. He hated her, after all, and for reasons she couldn't fathom. The way El saw it, she was the only one entitled to be mean to him because he'd used her and then never tried to contact her when she was sent away, but she still couldn't help but want just a

little bit more.

Mike was working over her slit as she'd whispered the words and her ass cheeks slightly bucked at the ticklish feeling.

"Can you do that?"

"I can, but I don't know if I can reach as far as you might want with my hands. I might need to, um, use something longer. Would you want me to?" He remembered what she liked and he was currently doing it; teasing her lips and then stretching her gently with his finger, waiting to add a second, going deeper every time.

"Well, is it *really* longer?" El teased, unable to control herself even in moments like this. Mike deserved it after all but she made sure to let him know that she was open to the idea as she rocked herself on his finger.

"You've never once complained," Mike said with confidence, shutting her up. He quickly kicked his sweatpants off and with his fingers still inside her started rubbing the full length of his shaft along her ass.

"You talk such a big game but you're just a little slut when it comes to my dick. You always have been. I was being nice and you're still making fun of me. Will you still be making fun of me when I make you come all over my cock? How about when I do it again right after that?" Mike was pushing his cock between her ass cheeks. She was so wet that lubrication was no problem. He glided effortlessly almost. His hand was covered in her arousal. Mike leaned forward, whispering in her ear.

"Will you make fun of me when I make you come with my cock in your ass? It'll be your hardest ever. Will you still make fun of me then? When your legs are jelly and all you can think about is how hard and deep you want to feel my dick inside you? I know you want that, El." Mike's tone was conversational.

"Don't get so cocky, Michael."

El raised herself on her elbows, forcing Mike's chest to press against her back as she tilted her head and their eyes locked. She could read

the lust in his eyes.

"Just because I taught you everything you know now doesn't mean you're the sex expert. And you're still *my* slut. You've always been."

El regretted the last sentence as soon as it came out, but it was already too late and if it somehow affected Mike, she just hoped it would make him fuck her harder.

"We'll see about that." Mike held eye contact as he replaced the fingers that were inside her with his hard cock, stuffing it inside roughly. He watched her face contort as he did, surprise from the sudden intrusion melting quickly away to desire. Their eyes didn't budge.

"You like it from behind. I can go deeper that way. You like to feel me deep, don't you?" Mike couldn't resist anymore. She was still looking at him, the angle obviously probably uncomfortable. If she was bothering to maintain eye contact for so long then maybe he was free to do what he wanted. His mouth covered hers, sloppy kisses between them as he fucked her harder. Both of them were moaning when Mike pulled back, wanting to watch as his dick slid in and out of her.

"Your ass looks so good from here." His fingers delicately played with it as his cock rammed into her.

"Get on your knees, El. Do it." Mike wouldn't pull out, making her maneuver herself awkwardly as she complied.

"Yeah, now I can see your little asshole. I remember you liking to have it touched. Should I touch it now? While my cock is in your cunt? Should I play with your ass while I'm fucking you?"

"I think you're remembering it wrong."

El struggled to keep her voice steady as Mike was rocking his cock in and out of her cunt. His thumb was already tickling the tight rim and El's tiny hole puckered in anticipation.

"You loved to lick and fuck my asshole with your tongue..." She stopped and let out a mumbled swear when Mike pushed particularly

hard inside of her. "So I think it's *you* who's crazy about it."

Mike heard her curse in pain as he used a little more force than he'd planned, penetrating her ass with his thumb with more gusto than he'd imagined. Having her on her knees was almost too much...the sense memories a little overwhelming.

"Shit, I'm sorry, El. I don't want to hurt you." Mike removed his thumb and, with his cock still buried in her pussy, began to move lovingly than he'd intended caress her ass, making sure to soothe away the sting.

"I forgot how beautiful you are like this," he whispered. *Fuck, I said that out loud. Maybe she didn't hear me.*

In an effort to break from the sea of memories he was currently drowning in, Mike focused on what she'd said last.

"I wouldn't say I was crazy about that, it's just kind of awesome to know I can make you react like you do. That was all it was."

"Yeah, right. You weren't."

El had no idea how she still found the strength to respond after what she had just heard him say. Being overwhelmed would have been an understatement and the only way she was able to balance his heartwarming admission was by pushing him off her until they landed on the other side of the bed.

Mike was on his back and El didn't waste any time before climbing in his lap, her tanned legs contrasting his pale ones as she straddled his hips and grabbed a handful of his cock.

"And don't worry. I don't get hurt so easily."

El's feigned smile hid the pain Mike had actually inflicted on her when she had left and he had never tried to contact her, but as soon as she sank onto his shaft all the bitterness had disappeared. Her hands flew to her small breasts as she cupped and squeezed while riding Mike's hard rod, the moans never ceasing to escape her mouth.

El had moved them both so quickly Mike almost hadn't had time to

register what was happening. But seeing her like that, riding him like that, was more than Mike could take. She had left him, *hurt* him, and was a huge bitch to him every chance she got. He couldn't be in this position. Not with her, maybe not ever again.

"No you don't," Mike pushed her off his cock, his rigid pole bouncing in the open air of his dorm room. "I'm not gonna watch your face while I make you come. You have to be far nicer to me to get that."

El, Mike could plainly see, was both confused and pissed. Mike laughed.

"Calm down," he said as he got up from the bed, pulling her with him. He bent her over his desk, leaning down close to her. "I didn't say I wasn't gonna make you come."

With one stroke Mike slammed into her.

*Fuck. She still feels so awesome.*

After a few strokes he lifted her right leg, making her rest her knee on the desk she was leaning over. The new angle elicited heavy moans from both of them.

"God yes. Like that? *I* fucking do."

"No, you still suck...at this. Always have."

El's lips were parted as Mike pounded her from behind and she wished she had more control over her body. Despite her words, she seemed in pure bliss as her hips pushed into Mike's, her ass slapping against his skin until it left marks on both of them.

Her words must have annoyed Mike because the first thing she received in return was a thrust so vicious she had to brace his desk with so much force her fingertips turned white.

"Ah, shit...Mi-" El stopped herself once again, refusing to let his name fly out of her mouth. He didn't deserve it. "Is that...it? That's...bad..." She continued to taunt him between brutal thrusts that were driving her insane, contrary to the words she spat out.

"Is...that...so?" Mike was fucking her so hard his sentences came out syncopated. He reamed in deep and then pulled out altogether.

"Might as well stop then if I'm so bad. I was just trying to massage you like you asked." Mike stood stroking his cock lazily, hoping she would call his bluff. She was still leaned over the desk with her leg up and it took all of his willpower to not just dive in. He didn't care if he used his mouth or his cock but he wanted *more*. He just wanted her to want it too.

"What?"

El looked over her shoulder in alarm. The emptiness that Mike had left behind was too much to bear and she found that she *needed* his cock to be plunging into her or his slim fingers to be holding her hips right now.

"Don't you dare-" she threatened once her arm tried to reach for him and he took a deliberate step back. He had a shit-eating grin plastered on his face as he stroked his cock slowly and El had to hold herself back from using her powers on him.

Turning around, El sat on his desk with her legs widely spread. She watched Mike through half-lidded eyes, her gaze shyly alternating between his hard cock and his beautiful features. She needed him and there was no denying it.

"Please...come back."

*She just said please.* Mike thought he should hold out. He thought he should have some snide comment ready to fire. What happened was that in one long stride he was back in front of her, lifting her off the desk and onto his dick. She wanted it too because her legs wrapped tightly around his waist and she started trying to move and bounce on his cock, her face in his neck and both hands in his hair.

El was trying but it wasn't enough. Mike wanted to be deep and he wanted to go hard so he helped her, lifting her and letting her slam back down repeatedly, using gravity to his advantage.

The image of her face when she'd asked him to *please come back* was

burned onto his brain and even though El's face was in his neck Mike could still clearly see her in his mind.

El held on to him with all her might, her left arm holding on to his shoulder while her right hand was buried in his dark locks. She let Mike fuck her onto his cock, sending himself as deep as possible with every thrust.

The position they were in was more intimate than anything they had tried before and El wished she'd had a few drinks before this so she could blame her feelings on the alcohol, but apart from Mike's intoxicating smell and gestures, she was sober and fully aware of everything that was happening. She could feel every inch of his dick penetrating her cunt and hear every soft moan muffled into her shoulder and El knew it wouldn't be long until she came.

"Mike-" she finally allowed herself to voice out the name she'd always loved, her mouth hot over his neck. "I'm, oh, that's...oh god, Mike, I'm close..."

Mike could never deny that he literally loved hearing her announce that she was about to come, even if they hated each other. Mike knew deep down that he *didn't* hate her, that he'd just been really hurt, but he was pretty sure her animosity toward him was real so the idea that he could still make her come was both alluring and empowering.

"Yeah, me too. Come on my cock, El. You know it'll feel so good when you tremble all over my hard dick." Her moans and sighs told him everything he needed to know.

"Wanna feel me come too? Want me to come in you?" He was licking her earlobe. El was writhing on him as they continued to smash together. Mike breathed into her ear.

"When I feel you come on my dick it makes me come even harder. You can be a bitch but fuck, El. You still know exactly how to make me blow harder than anything."

Hearing Mike saying all the lewd things that praised her was enough for El to come hard on his dick, her legs tightly seizing his middle as



she thrashed in his arms.

"Shit, Mike! Oh, Mike...Mike..."

The volume of her voice was probably way too high for Mike's liking and for a second El feared seriously hurting his hearing, but she was still riding her orgasm as she cried out his name over and over again, until her voice subsided into a mere whisper and she just sobbed into his neck. He was still pounding her by the time she finished, but El wanted to try something else.

Her legs unwrapped from his torso as she forced Mike to drop her down and she had to stifle a chuckle at the way he looked at her. Mike seemed confused and disappointed until El knelt in front of him and grabbed hold of his cock before she could reconsider her decision. She wanted to taste him more than anything, but the fear of Mike degrading her was still in the back of her mind as she jerked his cock right in front of her parted mouth.

"Go ahead."

She had cried his name. More than once. It still held power over him even after everything.

As her lips touched his swollen cock head Mike pushed into her mouth, feeling her tongue lap at his shaft as he glided to the back of her throat.

"Suck it then. Suck me off and then clean me up." He was looking down at her and couldn't look away. Her eyes were locked with his and she was sucking him in so deep. Mike's hands went to her face without him thinking about it. He only had to thrust twice. She was really doing all the work, and quite expertly.

"Fuck you're still so good..." Mike felt his abdomen tighten, his balls clenching and his dick twitching. "Oh, coming, El. Fucking making me come. Shit!" Mike spurted into her mouth, feeling her tongue swirling, still sucking him deep. She didn't stop until he was empty, panting, still licking him even after he'd stopped twitching. She finally let him go, his cock making a popping sound as it slipped out from the tight seal her lips had formed around it. Mike fell onto his

bed.

"Holy fuck. Um, thanks for that. That was...yeah."

"Yeah," was all El could say. She didn't want to think too much about what they had just done so she left it at that.

Her naked form made its way to Mike's bedroom window and she braced herself. It was still raining heavily and there was no way she could go back to her dorm without getting all soaked or, worse, scared to death because of the loud thunder.

Sighing, she mustered up the courage to mumble her question.

"Could I...sleep here? I could...I could take your roommate's bed, if that's okay." Her back was still turned to Mike, her bare body dimly lit only when another bolt of lightning hit the sky.

Mike had followed El to the window, wanting to see for himself how the weather was. He had gotten up quietly but hadn't realized that El didn't know he was standing right behind her looking out too.

So when the lightning crashed and she jumped, Mike's first instinct was to comfort her. His arms went around her from behind and he pulled her close, her naked form fitting comfortably against his. For just a second he felt her melt into him and his heart actually felt like it grew but then she stiffened and he let go.

"Sorry, um, the uh, lightning. Startled me."

*I miss that so much.*

Mike remembered what she had just asked. The storm was definitely not slowing down.

"And yeah, sure. You can stay here. I gotta warn you that my roommate is a little gross though. His sheets...I don't think I'd want to sleep on them. No telling what he's leaked out on there. You...I mean it's up to you...but um, you can just sleep with me. I know it's not ideal. Just a solution."

"Gross."

El grimaced, but the look on Mike's face made her realize she should have been more specific.

"Your roommate. Not...sleeping with you..."

She avoided looking at Mike as she spoke, her eyes scanning anything but his face. He stood silently in front of her, his gaze burning holes into her face and she suddenly found it hard to breathe. She had to move.

And so she did, her hips swaying as she grabbed Mike's t-shirt, the one that meant so much to her, and put it back on. Her underwear was scattered on Mike's bed, but she had no intentions of putting it back on. It was soaked by now and she didn't want to deal with the damp material holding her back from having a peaceful sleep. It was going to be tough already to fall asleep right next to Mike, she figured.

"I'm not going to wear my underwear. It's too wet," she announced to Mike as she plopped onto his bed and wrapped the sheets around her shivering form. She didn't realize how chilly it actually was until her burning skin was no longer pressed against Mike's. "And I promise I won't take up too much space."

Mike chuckled. "As if you *could* take up too much space." His smile faded. "Um, I was going to do laundry tomorrow so I'm kind of out of clean boxers. I know this sounds like some sort of wastoid move but do you mind if I don't wear underwear either? I mean, if it's a big issue I can try to find something."

"There's nothing I haven't seen before." El shrugged, her petite shoulders moving from under the covers. "And we've done it before," she added in a whisper.

She couldn't hold back from glancing down at Mike's limp member dangling between his legs as he made his way to the bed they were going to share. Even now, after the euphoria had worn down, she still found Mike incredibly attractive and she gulped, visibly affected, before snapping out of her trance when Mike's weight dipped into the mattress.

El scooted further, making room for Mike before turning around. She couldn't face him and she was way too tempted to pull him into a tight embrace, so she knew it was for the best if they just didn't face each other.

"Goodnight, Mike. And thank you...for helping me with the exam," she murmured, her voice muffled into the covers that smelled like him.

"It's really no problem. Night, El," Mike said quietly as he rolled over. She was facing away from him so he figured that even though they were sharing his bed she still wanted to distance herself as much as she could. And honestly, maybe it was better that way. Maybe it would be easier to resist hugging her tightly against him, something he couldn't stop thinking about since he'd done it at the window.

Mike fell asleep. His dreams were fitful, causing him to toss and turn. In his dream he was running through the woods to the cabin, bursting through the door, looking for El. Just as he had when she'd left. He had held on to hope that she was there again, waiting for him to come. She hadn't been. She *never* was there again. Mike checked every week, even after his sadness had turned to anger.

Hope was the worst.

His restlessness woke El up and she watched Mike dream, her heart breaking in her chest.

"El? Where are you?" Mike called out in his sleep. "Please come back." His words were coherent if not a little drunk sounding. "I'll do better." He had rolled onto his side, facing her. "I promise." The last part was just a whisper.

El was in shock. Her heart was furiously pounding, her lips sealed into a thin line as she felt the uncontrollable tears running down her cheeks. She tried to make no sound – she didn't want to wake Mike up. It would probably make him feel embarrassed or, even worse, he would deny everything.

But El knew better. She was currently hearing every pained whimper coming out of his mouth as he mumbled her name over and over

again, the corners of his plush lips turned downward and his brows furrowed as he struggled in his sleep. El couldn't take it anymore.

She didn't know if it would work, but she could at least *try* to alleviate some of his pain. Her delicate palm pressed over Mike's cheek and she caressed his freckles with her thumb and whispered in a soothing tone.

"It's okay, Mike. I'm here."

Mike's dream abruptly shifted, like storm clouds parting to reveal the sun. Instead of feeling lost and scared, looking for El and never finding her, suddenly she was *there*. Mike could see the sunlight steaming through the waves in her hair and she was smiling at him, her arms open. Mike tried to run to her but his legs wouldn't move fast. It was as though he was moving in slow motion. He felt a rush of relief when in his dream El started to make her way toward him too.

They met and embraced. To Mike it felt so real. He could feel her in his arms and he could smell her in his nose.

As Mike lay dreaming, El had been overcome with emotion. She hated to see him in real pain. It was one thing to be awake and cognizant; he could handle anything thrown at him. But being so hurt while he slept was different. He had no guard, no protection. El decided that, just for tonight, she would act as his protection.

So that's why she scooted closer, wrapping her small arms around him and hugging him closely to her, whispering quietly in the dark.

"I never left you. I never *wanted* to. I'd never want to."

El studied Mike's features. They seemed a lot more peaceful than moments ago, his high cheekbones tinted pink as he breathed through parted lips. He was so pure and she was still overwhelmed after what she had just heard.

It was so hard to resist and El wanted, *needed*, to be strong and stay away from Mike, but when he resumed his initial position and lay on his back, she seized the opportunity in a mindless haze and pressed her lips to his. Mike whimpered in return and she cooed him, her

fragile hand burying into soft strands of dark hair while her leg entangled with Mike's.

She peeked at him once in a while, her soft kisses ceasing just so she could make sure that he was still asleep, before proceeding to nibble at his lips. El was unsure of what Mike would think if he was awake, but she preferred him this way, compliant and soft under her touches, just like he once used to be.

In Mike's dream, El was kissing him. It was just like it had been when they were younger. In his dream he was holding her, their kiss getting deep, Mike lifting her up easily, wanting to feel her closer.

In reality, El was kissing Mike, hesitantly at first but then she couldn't hold back; the darkness blanketing them, promising silently to keep their secret. She moved, resting on top of him. El didn't mind when Mike's arms enveloped her. She thought his dream must be getting better.

When El moved on top of him, Mike woke up. But she was kissing him so sweetly, exactly the way she had been doing in his dream, that he didn't want to ruin the moment. It was so different from their spiteful and violent kisses when they could no longer resist the invisible tether that attached them.

During this, Mike had gotten hard. He could feel their sexes rubbing together as El continued to kiss him. She was aroused as well. He wanted so badly to experience her the way he used to, with no anger, no hurt.

So Mike pretended his dream had taken a far sexier turn.

"Mmm, teach me, El. We'll get Benny's after. Show me what to do. Brought you some pj's."

El couldn't believe it. Even in her desperate state of arousal, she was dumbfounded to hear what Mike was burbling. She could no longer be cynical and defensive around him, at least not right now, when he was sleeping like a baby and murmuring words that indicated he was dreaming about their time together. She was softened, soothed even, to find out that Mike was still the same innocent, kind soul.

As much as she wanted to just lay on top of him and listen to his gentle breathing, she was already hot and bothered, and the fact that Mike's erect cock was throbbing under her pussy didn't help at all.

And so she took him in, one hand carefully cradling his head while the other grabbed the base of his member before she sunk on it.

Mike stirred just slightly when she lowered her hips, so El stopped and studied him closely. The warm air left his lungs with every quiet exhale and El took it as a sign to keep going.

It was anything but rough, or angry. She was moving as slowly as possible, her ass cheeks barely touching his balls as she rocked her body on top of his.

"Mike..." she murmured almost inaudibly, frightened that if her pussy swallowing him whole didn't interrupt his dreams, her words would.

Her upper body lowered itself on top of him and she silently moved her elbows on either side of his mop of hair while taking his cock in. In and out, in and out, over and over again as, she tried to hold her ragged breath. The only times she allowed herself to barely breathe were when their lips connected, Mike's unconscious state giving El the satisfaction of being kissed back.

It was working. El seemed to believe that Mike was still asleep and she had slipped his throbbing cock inside her like it was the key to her heart. Mike was trying desperately to maintain his illusion of sleep, keeping his breath steady even as he heard the soft sighs he knew she was trying to keep quiet.

El was making love to him and he didn't want her to stop. He did, however, want to be more involved, wanted to move his hips, to push himself deep without the accompanying anger from before.

Mike wanted to make love to her too.

He amped up his dream, getting a little more vocal but still making it seem like his words were the product of his wet dream.

"We're at church. We c-can't, El." Mike said as he rolled over, taking her with him. He was on top when the maneuver was complete but

he thought it seemed enough like moving in sleep.

"But I want to. I don't know how. Show me." He was already moving, his hips rolling, his hard dick filling her up and rubbing against her clit. He was moving slowly and deliberately, a little clumsy even, keeping up the appearance of a man dreaming.

"You don't have to know how. You're perfect..." El's earnest admission was accompanied by her velvety hands barely grazing Mike's raven locks. She ached to hold him, but the fear was holding her back so she just let Mike push his stuttering hips over hers and send his cock straight inside her warmth.

Nothing about what they were doing was hasty. Mike forged himself inside of her in a rhythm so thrilling and soothing that El found it unbearably difficult to hold herself back from moaning. She was forced to, though, and she rarely allowed the pleasing sobs to escape from between her lips.

She was so immersed in their sweet love-making, that it took her a few seconds to realize that the phone inside Mike's dorm room was ringing. Filled with panic, she rushed Mike to his initial position of laying on his back before she swiftly pulled the covers over their bodies. She contemplated jerking his shoulders until the deep slumber he was in disappeared, but she decided against it and lay in bed silently, her back now turned to Mike just like she had initially fallen asleep. The ringing echoed through the room along with El's heart beating faster than ever as she prayed that Mike wouldn't be suspicious in case he woke up.

*Just stop ringing. Just go away.* Mike was more than disappointed when El moved him, sliding out from under him so quickly he wasn't sure how exactly she'd managed. But he knew, he *knew* there was no way she'd ever think he could sleep through the shrill ringing of the telephone so he wasn't surprised that their brief interlude was over.

Mike stirred.

"Ugh. Who's calling at this hour?" He reached over El, grabbing the phone from the cradle.



"Do you have any idea what time it is?" Mike asked in disgust. "Oh, hi, Mom. Yeah, it's raining a lot. Power went out at the library."

El heard Mike pause, clearly listening to the other end of the line. She made no movement, not a peep, wanting not to disclose that she was there.

"No, my dorm has a generator so we're all good here. Just sleepin', you know? It's like 3:15 a.m. I promise I'm fine, Mom."

After a few more reassurances that he was indeed unscathed by the storm that had made the news and worried Karen Wheeler, Mike said goodbye and hung up the phone.

"Sorry my mom woke you up. And I was having the best dream too. So disappointing." Mike moved back to his place in bed, missing El against him.

El knew she shouldn't, but the words were already on the tip of her tongue and despite her brain screaming at her not to say it, she couldn't stop herself.

"Yeah? What was it about?"

*Stupid, El. That was so stupid!*

A pissed sigh escaped her mouth right after and before Mike could reply, she blurted out with her back still turned to him. "Princess Leia? Were you her little slave?"

Mike felt a little like she'd slapped him. Just moments earlier they had both been so connected and now she was throwing emotional jabs again.

"No. I certainly wasn't dreaming about a princess. It doesn't matter anyway. Dreams don't come true." Mike rolled over, facing away from her, and then muttered, "doesn't matter how real they might seem."

"Agreed," El mumbled from the other side of the bed.

It took her longer than she anticipated to fall back to sleep, and the lack of Mike's even breathing that would sometimes turn into soft

snores told her he wasn't sleeping, either. She didn't make a move this time, though, instead deliberately tormenting herself with memories of her past with Mike until she was on the brink of tears.

She stopped when the thoughts had become a heavy burden and, before she fell asleep, she had decided that for whatever ominous reason they had been separated years ago, there was no turning back now. Mike could have lovely dreams about her past self all he wanted. That El was gone. She was no longer the same innocent girl and the fact that he had never tried to contact her was something El could never overlook.

**Author's Note: There are five chapters left in this story. I know I'm updating frequently and I'm happy to do so, but know that this is finite and the end is hurdling towards us. Thanks as always for reading. I hope it's been as fun to ingest as it was to write (right, M?).**

## 9. Chapter 9

Neither Mike nor El spoke of what happened when they studied for the exam. El ended up scoring a 93% and Mike couldn't help feeling a little proud. Not that he told her.

The week after the exam, El dropped a bit of news on Mike that he hadn't expected.

"What are you doing tonight?" She asked, laughing internally at his shocked expression, no doubt assuming she was asking because she wanted to do something with him. She didn't let him answer. "Because I have a hot date." With that she turned on her heels and exited the building, leaving Mike standing there dumbfounded.

*She's not mine. She can date anyone she wants. Annoy them for a change.*

This is what Mike told himself but he didn't feel it. His chest felt funny and he could hear his pulse in his ears.

For El's part, she thought that if she dated someone she could stop thinking about Mike. It bothered her how he was always there in her mind, just under the surface. She knew how she felt but he didn't share her feelings so El wanted to move on; to have a life with no mention of Mike Wheeler.

So obviously it irked her when she and her new man went to a party and she saw Mike standing in the corner. Not able to help herself, El thought it would be fun to parade her new beau around, maybe make Mike jealous.

Mike kept his distance, fuming more and more, until he saw El's new guy in the kitchen about to snort a line of cocaine. He immediately went to find El, to let her know how dumb she was being for even associating with this guy.

"What the fuck, El? Dude is a cokehead? Is that what you're looking for? How stupid are you?"

"Excuse me?"

The loud music booming through the speakers forced El to yell at Mike. Not that she wouldn't have even if the room they were in had been completely silent. She didn't appreciate his accusatory and acidic tone, nor the fact that he was calling her stupid.

"Why do you care and who gives you the right to tell me what to do?" She continued, this time grabbing Mike by the front of his polo shirt and whispering in his ear so he could hear her loud and clear.

When they broke apart, she didn't miss the hurt look on his face, despite his eyes blurred by anger. El knew they were in for a long, eventful night and even though she couldn't help but feel flattered that Mike still cared about her enough to question her decisions and scold her, she was still infuriated that he even dared to come talk to her about it. He had no right, not after everything he'd done.

"I *don't* care. I'm just a decent person. And as such I don't think you should be dating someone who does drugs. Those are hard drugs, El! What else does he do? If you want to date an asshole cokehead then go ahead. At least I'll know I tried. I thought you were smarter than that. But hey, I'm wrong a lot apparently."

Mike had pulled her by her arm away from the speakers to the corner of the room by the kitchen...where the coke snorting was happening.

El thought that Mike was wildly unreasonable, especially when his long fingers wrapped around her bare arm and he succeeded in leading her to where the action took place. She could now clearly see her date doing the thing Mike had already mentioned. Not that El needed proof - she didn't care because she wasn't in love with the guy. He was just a distraction from the only boy she had ever loved, but even seeing her with another person didn't stop Mike from tormenting her.

"So what? Not everyone is a stupid...*church* boy like you. You're a fucking nerd, Mike, and you should mind your own business! Since when do you care about what I do?"

Mike wasn't sure how to answer her. Truthfully it was, *short answer, I*

*don't. Long answer, I love you* but he didn't know where to begin. Her words were venomous and Mike felt it.

But he couldn't have answered her anyway because just then El's new boyfriend came bouncing in from the kitchen.

The guy was threatening just by simply *being* - his vulgar mannerisms coming out through every pore of his body. Mike was disgusted beyond words and he had no idea how someone as angelic as El could ever have eyes for something so grotesque. Even so, he couldn't deny the fact that the guy seemed attractive as he was well built and as tall as Mike. Even his face, which still had white powder around his nose, was universally attractive. Mike hated him with all his might already.

"Is this dude bothering you?" The guy asked from behind El but loud enough for Mike to hear.

The boys' eyes locked at the same time and El gasped when she felt a strong arm encircling her waist and coming up to cup her breast. She lowered her head in embarrassment. As much as she wanted to get on Mike's nerves until he left her alone, she didn't want him to witness to something like this. It felt wrong and almost like cheating.

"No, it's okay. He's just a childhood friend." She forced out a smile in the guy's direction and put her small hand on top of his until he dropped his arm and their fingers intertwined.

"Yeah? Then why is he looking at you like that?" El's date insisted as he let go of El and stepped in front of Mike. "She's hot, isn't she? Gonna be hotter later..."

"Dude, you're high. Don't be so degrading." Seeing him put his hands on El made Mike feel sick and as much as he just wanted to get out of there, he also couldn't resist pointing out the guy's flaws.

"You'd fuck anything in here, man. You're just goin' fast, right? I bet you'd fuck that guy over there if he gave you a shot. You're just looking for a hole." Mike gestured toward a group of three guys, one ripped guy, a short, thin boy, and a guy who looked like he never left 1975. It was a motley crew and Mike thought it was funny that he

hadn't said whom in particular he was talking about. "There's probably some cottage cheese in the fridge if you look. Knock yourself out, asshole."

Mike's temper was up. He could tell he had touched a nerve when the guy stepped closer, his fist clenched. Mike couldn't help himself.

"Or I'm sure your mom'll let you fuck her again when you get home."

Before El could even register every hostile and mocking word that flew out of Mike's mouth, her date was already throwing a punch at him. She couldn't do anything but scream when the mop of dark hair bounced along with Mike's face and by the time El had managed to intervene, Mike was already covering his busted lip.

"Why did you do that?!" She yelled at her date, although she already knew the answer. The guy was on drugs and, besides, everything that Mike had just said was asking for trouble, but it still broke El's heart to see the blood trickling down his pale fingers while she still tried to hold the perpetrator back.

Mike looked at El, blood dripping down his face. "Great choices. Have fun with that." He couldn't be there anymore. "Sorry I cared. Guess I'm the stupid one after all. Get out of my way." He brushed past her, feeling angry and embarrassed and hurt, and headed out the front door. Mike just wanted to be alone. It was really happening; El was moving on. He hated that any of his feelings for her had been stirred and rekindled and really wanted nothing more than to disappear.

El didn't even think twice before deciding to follow Mike, but her date seemed to have a different opinion.

"Are you fucking kidding me? You're not going after him, are you?" The guy spat as he grabbed hold of El's arm and held her in place.

"Just...leave me alone!" She slapped his hands off her and pushed him aside.

At that point El just ran out the door and into the darkness, the outdoor floodlights being the only source of lighting as she tried to reach Mike. His legs were obviously longer and therefore his stride

was faster, apart from also fleeing the house before El.

It took her a while, but when she finally managed to hold Mike in place, they were at the end of the back yard, right next to a greenhouse and away from all the commotion happening inside the house. She didn't have to yell anymore, but her tone was still aggravated as Mike turned around and she saw the bloody split on his bottom lip.

"What were you thinking?!"

Despite her harsh words and enraged tone, her hands carefully ghosted over Mike's face as she tried to examine the wound. It seemed like it hurt, but not as much as it did to have Mike yank her hands off him.

Mike pushed her away, albeit gently. "Don't pretend to care if I'm hurt. You can save your Florence Nightingale routine. No one is looking. Why did you even follow me? Don't you want to be back in there with Less Than Zero?"

He had flinched when she touched him, fighting his first instinct to melt into her. His lip hurt but not as much, Mike realized, as seeing that guy's hands on her and El not minding.

"You'd probably like him right now anyway. He's got a lot of energy, could go for hours. Fuck, maybe you could fuck him so long he'd have a heart attack. Awesome that you're dating someone where that's a possibility. A brilliant move. But hey, if that's what you want, who am I to stand in your way? It's not like my opinion ever mattered anyway." Mike looked down at El who was standing so close the condensation of their breath mingled together in the brisk autumn night.

"Not like *I* ever mattered."

"Stop saying that, you dumb-" El let out an exaggerated sigh and, once again, she reached for Mike's head.

She could tell it took him a lot of self-control to not push her away as warm fingers caressed his injured lip, the back of her thumb wiping

away the excess blood before their eyes met.

El couldn't pretend being chary around Mike anymore and not even his belligerent actions were going to push her away this time. Maybe they had grown over the years, but there were times when she still considered Mike the same innocent, pure kid who didn't deserve to be hurt. At least not physically.

"I'm sorry. I had no idea he was going to do that and I'm just-" No, El thought. This was not the time for her to be candid about her feelings. "It was your fault, okay? Just mind your own business and stop worrying about who I'm-" she decided to twist the knife, hoping to get a reaction, "sleeping with."

There it was. Mike didn't realize how much he'd feared it until she said it. He was glad it was kind of dark because there was no way she would have missed the look of utter disappointment he knew was plastered on his face.

"Not worried about it. It's clear that I shouldn't worry myself with anything you do. You leave. You leave and you disappoint so I don't know why I was even surprised. Of *course* you'd find someone like him. You never-"

Mike stopped. He had been going to say something about how she never thought she was good enough for anything she actually deserved but he didn't think now was the time to embarrass himself further by letting her know he cared about her self-esteem and had always held her in much higher regard than she'd ever held herself.

"I never what?"

El's brows quirked up as she pulled back to look at Mike. She was getting sick of his petulant complaints. It was one after another, always something to throw at her, always the one to be blamed by Mike.

"I never learn my lesson? I always let someone destroy me? Is that what you wanted to say?"

Her silvery tone was replaced by something more abrasive, the



disgust written on her features as she asked one question after another and tried to see what Mike was about to tell her but stopped.

"If you aren't the one to ruin me, it will be someone else, anyway. So what? Why do you fucking care, Mike?"

She waited for an answer, but there was none coming out of Mike's mouth.

"I'll tell you why. Because I'm the best, and probably the *only* fuck, you'll ever have. That's why you're so wounded right now, right? You're scared no one is gonna want someone as lame as you. But you know what?"

El had no idea what she was doing as the jabs kept on coming while she tried to see what was about her that made Mike care so much. Mike watched her in shock, but she still took it a step further and led him inside the greenhouse before forcing his big hand down her skirt, right where her womanhood was.

"I don't care, Mike. I'll be the greater person and continue to fuck you. You can always have me. Are you happy now? Happy to know that your fuck toy won't leave you? Now you won't have to worry about who I'm seeing or fucking as long as you still get to do the same, right?"

Mike's fingers grazed over El's pussy before he pulled his hand away. He was getting angry.

"My fuck toy? Is that what you think?" For a moment he softened and his voice was quiet. "Is that really how I made you feel? El, you were never that. I...you were the most important...you sti-"

He stopped again. "Why would you ever want to bother with me anymore? Why draw it out?" Mike's anger bubbled up once more. "Maybe *you* don't want to stop fucking *me*. Is that it?" He had been taking small steps forward as he spoke, El stepping backwards. Soon she hit the wall and Mike was only millimeters from her. "Tell me, El. Are you turned on right now?"

"Yeah, right." El scoffed, apparently unimpressed. On the inside,

though, her blood was coiling, her eyes searching Mike's as she tried to decipher the look on his face. It seemed like a mix between lust and anger, and El knew she could never be anything but putty in his hands. Especially now when he was hovering over her, his intimidating gaze staring her down. Her pussy throbbed in anticipation, but she wasn't ready to let Mike be in control.

"At least my dick isn't about to pop out of my pants." She pointed at the bulge in Mike's jeans, contented that even with just a simple gesture of pressing his hand over her pussy she had still managed to get him hard.

"And don't worry. You don't have to use your sweet little fake words to try to make me feel better. I don't care if I was your fuck toy," she lied, her fingers coming down to Mike's cock and giving it a generous squeeze.

"You know why? Because you were mine, too. Say whatever you want, but I taught you everything, Mike. I taught you how to move your tongue over my pussy." El used her free hand to bring Mike's to her panties once again, this time hooking his knuckles around the edge of the fabric until he grazed his fingertips over her clit.

"I taught you how to finger me...how to use this *small* dick of yours."

She emphasized her words by squeezing his cock, hard. At the same time, she urged his hand to go lower down her slit until it reached her hole and Mike's middle finger eased in. He was compliant for the most part, his hand mellow as she used it for her own pleasure while still not forgetting about Mike's own needs.

Mike tried not to give in but El clearly had an effect on him. It was primal.

"Stop it," he pleaded but his body said otherwise. El unfastened his jeans. "Please, just stop," Mike whispered.

El sighed softly as Mike's finger continued to move even as his words said the opposite. He knew exactly how to make her feel good.

"You don't want me to stop." El's lips were almost touching his, his

head hung low as he fingered her slippery cunt. "You don't," her lips brushed against his, "want me," gently over the busted part, kissing there as though she was trying to make it feel better, "to ever stop." She held Mike's raging hard dick in her hand, she always did like how it felt to hold it, and started pumping him.

Mike melted into the kiss. It hurt, but she was being gentle which only made her hotter and it angered him that she turned him on so much but he was helpless now. Without breaking the kiss and without removing his fingers from her pussy Mike used his free hand to tear her panties down her leg. She gasped but didn't stop kissing him. In fact her body squished more against his.

"You shouldn't have ripped them, Mike."

El sighed against his mouth as she deliberately avoided pressing over his busted lip. It seemed like it hurt and when she tried to nibble on it, he croaked out a hiss and El was quick to press apologetic kisses all over the split. She tasted iron as she did so, but it didn't stop her from lapping at the wound.

"What am I going to tell my date?"

She egged him on, trying to elicit any kind of reaction that would make Mike punish her in return. It didn't matter that she was lying and had never had sex with that guy and most definitely never would after what he'd done to Mike, but he didn't have to know that. El wanted him cruel and indignant just so she could feel less bad for what she'd done to him.

But even while she tried to stick to her masochistic plan, she still massaged Mike's cock with fervid strokes, her thumb encircling around the swollen tip as she spread his pre-come around while their tongues still battled for dominance. Pulling back, she breathed over his mouth.

"Or do you want me to go back like that? To know that you did that to me? You can do that. I might've taught you everything, but I have to admit I've always been a slut for you so I guess I shouldn't mind."

Mike gave in. Feeling her always made him feel at home and the way

she was kissing him was too much. But he knew her. Mike knew El possibly better than anyone ever had, at least he thought so. She wanted him, it was definite by the way she was stroking him, her hand touching him in all the right ways. Because El knew Mike too.

But he knew that she wanted to feel small, punished, wanted to feel powerless against him.

*Maybe that's why she's dating that ultra-alpha type dude.*

Mike had never been able to deny her what she wanted.

"You can tell him you took them off. Tell him you wanted to be ready for his coke filled frat boy cock." He kissed her roughly, not caring about his lip. *So what if I get blood on her face?* His hands lifted her skirt, pushing it up so that her naked ass was showing.

"I'll be fast so you can get back to him. That's what you want, right? For me to, how did you put it, *use* you?" Before he got really rough he kissed her for real, just like he used to. It was deep and loving and he noticed that El gave back, but just as quickly he stopped it. "Turn around," Mike whispered, his face still almost touching hers. "I...can't look at you right now."

He spun her, holding her hips and not letting her move much. She was a little short for what he had planned to do so he improvised. He picked her up, bridal style crazily enough, and carried her to the back corner of the shed where there was a potting bench that was about at the level of a table. It would have to work. He set her down.

"I want you to bend over. I don't care if you get dirty. You're gonna take my cock right here and now. You got me hard so you're gonna fix it."

Mike pushed her down, liking the gasp that escaped from her. He knew that sound. El wanted this maybe more than he did.

"You can still say no. Now is the time, El. Your ass and pussy look so good. Your thighs are wet, El. But I'll stop. If you want me to I'll stop." Mike bounced his cock off her ass, rubbing it all along her crack and her slit, feeling how warm and wet she was. How ready for

him. He leaned down. *God, she always smells so good.* His breath ghosted over her ear as he licked it, moving to the back of her neck. "Do you want me to stop, El?"

"I don't care," El lied for the umpteenth time that night as she tried to ignore the pang in her chest at Mike's words. *I can't look at you right now.* Of course he couldn't. The fact that she wasn't worthy of anyone's love was embedded in El's mind. But much to her dismay, she only wanted *Mike's*. She *needed* it and the realization dawned on her a lot stronger when she was so vulnerable in front of him, all bare and submissive.

She did what she knew best, provoking Mike with tantalizing moves, her ass swaying in front of his hard cock as she silently begged him for something, *anything*. He didn't seem to get the hint or maybe he just simply pretended not to but either way, El was thirsting for more so she left her pride aside.

"Do you want me to beg you? Because I can do that, if that's what gets you going. Nerd pretending to be fierce in bed and denying girls, oh wait, just *me*...denying me the pleasure of being stuffed by cock just so he could be begged in return and feel almighty? Is that what you need, Mike?"

El couldn't help it.

"What are you talking about? You like begging me. You always did. You're wasting time right now. Do you want your after-school-special boyfriend to miss you? Come looking for you and find you crying my name as I fuck your brains out? Gotta hurry now."

With that, Mike entered her. He could have just rammed himself in like he knew she was expecting but he went slowly, wanting her to feel everything as he returned his dick to the place, if he was being honest with himself, he most liked it to be.

"I want to make this count. Want you to remember. Remember how it feels, El. I know you love it. I can feel that you do." Mike was rocking into her, his fingers stroking her hair and occasionally grazing her scalp, his other hand caressing her ass. He started to increase his rhythm, thrusting harder and deeper every time.

"You can think about this next time you're fucking him. Or do you already? Does he fuck you better than I do? Does he know what you like? Do you...ever...think...about...me?" Harder still, El was crying out with every punishing stroke.

"Never," El mewled and held back from rocking herself onto Mike's hard rod. "But he does...fuck me...so much better," she lied unabashedly.

Her fingers skimmed the wooden bench as he pummeled his hard cock into her and she found herself overly obedient and compliant to his touches, despite the snarky remarks that didn't let up. Mike didn't deserve to get away with it so easily.

"He's so...much...better...and I, oh, I...I come so hard on his cock..."

Even as she continued to lie, all she could picture was Mike doing that to her instead. Mike was the only one who had ever made her come and, despite her stubbornness, El was adamant that she wanted him to be the only one who could do that. The only one who could feel her that way, so intimate and vulnerable, while she experienced him just the same in return.

Mike felt her words like wasp stings. Even if she was lying, of which he wasn't sure, it hurt to hear her say someone else loved her better than he ever had. He fucked her harder.

"Well no wonder. I'm just a stupid church kid you had to teach everything to, right? Guess you didn't teach me how to be the best at making you come."

Mike reached around her, standing her up, his breath fanning over her neck as they moved together uncontrollably. He gently massaged her clit; quite a contrast from the way his dick was pounding her.

"And yeah, maybe no other girls will ever fuck me. Maybe I'm not that special. Maybe you'll be the only one to ever make me come." Mike kissed her neck. She was sighing and pooling into him. He could have sworn she was trying to get closer. He sped up his movements. His hand was so slippery as he played with her clit, he could feel his cock moving in and out of her. She was meeting him,

her ass suctioned to his body. She was already starting to shake and tremble.

"But maybe you won't be. Do you ever think about that? About some other girl riding my cock, milking it? Me screaming her name as I come deep inside her?"

"N-No," El stammered. "Who would ever...want you?"

*I would. I do*, she thought to herself and just the mere thought of Mike touching some other girl the same way spurred something inside of El. There was a distressing vexation inside of her, just picturing Mike pounding someone other than her, and it didn't take long until her irritability showed through every fiber of her being.

El zapped out of Mike's hold until they were facing each other yet again. She succeeded in hoisting herself up onto the potting bench and pulling Mike by the shoulders until their chests were glued. Her fingers went through soft strands of hair as she tugged on them, her free hand guiding Mike's cock inside her cunt. He obliged and filled her up immediately, and El sighed in response.

"And tell me...Mike...do you sometimes dream about me? And don't...lie," she managed to utter through feral thrusts.

El knew that she could easily expose herself anytime soon if she kept on poking fun at Mike and especially his wet dreams, like the one he'd had back when they had shared his bed, but she couldn't control her need to mock him. It was the only weapon at hand against his dominant demeanor and the way he fucked her so hard.

"Dreams don't come true. Who cares what I dream about?" His mouth went to hers, both of them relenting and accepting the other. In a moment of blissful weakness Mike spoke with his heart.

"Not weird to dream about the only girl I'll ever love."

*Oh fuck me! I did not say that out loud!*

He tried to just ignore it, to cover it up by changing up his strokes, pulling almost all the way out and holding himself there while he went back to kissing her. He could feel her wiggling as she struggled

to get him back inside. Her legs tightened but Mike wouldn't give in.

"What? Did you need something?" Her annoyed grunt made him chuckle. Mike rested his forehead on hers. "I know," he whispered. "I want to come too. Just give me the word."

"Please?" El tried, her face docile and on the brink of tears as she tried to ignore what Mike had just admitted.

*He's just saying it. He likes to torture me,* she repeated over and over again inside her head. It was her coping mechanism, but her body still couldn't resist his.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and refused to relax her tight grip as her lips sought Mike's until she found them. She kissed him almost by force, not bothering to have her kisses reciprocated as she just whimpered against his mouth, her hot breath fanning over his face.

"Please, Mike."

El was desperate already and just wanted to feel herself connected to Mike in every possible way. Maybe there would never be an emotional connection again, at least not an admitted one, but that didn't mean she could ever deny herself the pleasure of their bodies becoming joined.

Mike couldn't have stopped himself if he tried. He had never been able to deny her, especially when she begged him so sweetly. He could feel his heart breaking at the thought of this being over soon. They were nothing to each other now, that was clear to him, but in moments like this it was easy to remember how much he cared for her. Mike knew he always would, even if she didn't care about him.

He hugged her close, plunging his cock back into her as deep as the position would allow.

"Take it then. Right now it's yours, El. Come for me. Just like you used to. Just give me that? I got my lip busted trying to stand up for you."

Mike could feel El contracting her muscles, clenching around his



cock, not letting him go. He could feel the telltale beginnings of her orgasm.

"You know when you suck me in with your pussy like that you're gonna make me come. Is that what you want? Do you want me to come in you while you're quivering around my dick? Let's make each other feel good just one more time."

Despite agreeing with each of Mike's inquiries, El was too overwhelmed by her approaching orgasm to form coherent sentences. All she did was thrash in Mike's arms, her legs tightly wrapped around his torso while he plunged into her at full force.

And then she came undone, her whole body quivering while she gasped and moaned in Mike's ear, hearing him do the same in return.

"Don't...stop..." she whined while still climaxing and Mike didn't go against her words.

His cock pummeled her insides the whole time she climaxed, only for El to feel Mike dumping all of his semen inside of her moments after. The warm liquid filled her and she sighed, her fingers slowly detangling from Mike's hair as their orgasms subsided.

They stood in silence for a little longer, panting and holding each other. El couldn't tell if Mike wanted to pull back, but her hold was so firm around his body that she was certain he couldn't escape even if he tried.

"I've never had sex with him," she offered all of a sudden and cringed right after. There was no way Mike was going to believe her now after everything she'd told him while having sex, but she still felt the need to come clean.

"Right. I believe you like I believe in God." He allowed her to slide away from him to start putting herself back together. Mike didn't know why but he wasn't feeling resentment toward El at the moment, he was resenting his father for making him think things that never happened. If he hadn't gone to church he'd have never met El, would have never fallen in love with her, would have never felt the blinding pain of losing her and then the new pain of her being back in his life

just out of reach. He wouldn't fall asleep thinking about her every night. He wouldn't have to think about someone else touching her, holding her. He wouldn't have to think about someone else *loving* her.

"It's fine. Really. I mean, we're not anything. You're in college, you're just doing what college kids do." Mike felt spent, his lip hurt, and he was dreading going home and thinking about this. His whole body smelled like her now.

"Just be careful, all right? I can't...just be careful with that guy."

Their clothes back in place, Mike wasn't exactly sure how to depart.

"Umm, well, see you around I guess."

"Wait-"

El had a hold on Mike's arm before he could exit the greenhouse. The lean muscles stiffened under her touch and she could feel her heart shattering. It wasn't supposed to go that way. Mike wasn't supposed to be surprised or unfamiliar with her body outside of sex. And yet he was.

She wished everything hadn't been so complicated and, more than anything else, she wished Mike would have contacted her in those two years she had spent by herself. All he was saying right now seemed to come from a place of love and kindness, but El was reluctant to trust him again. How could she, after she had spent two years just praying for a sign from him that she had never gotten?

Despite her disappointment at the boy she loved so much, she still needed him. *Just one last time*, she tried to promise herself.

"Kiss me," she croaked out, almost scared. "Like...like when we were younger. Just pretend. For a moment."

Mike didn't speak. He could hear his own heart beating. Her hand felt warm on his arm, so much sense memory. He cradled her head in his hands, gently brushing his thumbs over her cheeks before lowering his head. Their noses touched as Mike's lips hovered tentatively over hers. The anticipation made him shiver.

And then he kissed her. Slowly, just using his lips at first, and then letting his tongue explore when he felt hers trying to do the same. He liked how her hands were in his hair. He liked the sounds she made, the soft sighs that would escape as their heads tilted together.

His hands moved to her body and he held her close, not wanting the kiss to end.

"I've never been good at pretending if goblins and orcs aren't involved," Mike whispered as they finally brought their kiss to a close, both still offering small tender pecks before letting go.

"You were good now," El argued with a sad smile plastered on her face.

She didn't even want to think of a time without Mike next to her, and the only thing that was barely alleviating the pain of their more or less breakup was the fact that she could at least see him around campus. That would be better than not seeing him at all for two years, she figured.

"I guess I should go..."

Their eyes locked and El could read the desperation on Mike's face. It was almost like he was twitching and aching to pull her back against his body.

"And...I lied. I'm sure anyone would want to be with you. You're a good guy."

*But not to me,* El convinced herself.

With one last kiss pressed to Mike's cheek, she sauntered outside the greenhouse and back to the party. She tried to deal with the uncontrollable tears on her way to the house, but it was to no avail and she was forced to spend the next half an hour bawling on the bathroom floor and rocking herself until the pain slowly faded away. Until there were no more thoughts of a future with Mike. At least for now.

**Author's Note: They both need to be shaken. I'm just as irritated. I mean, actions speak louder than words but c'mon, guys, use**

your words! They'll get there...probably. Thanks for reading and riding along with me. And thanks to my constant reader partner for finding my mistakes. I don't know what I'd do without you. I'd probably be as hurt as Mike and El in this fic.

## 10. Chapter 10

**Lace your boots up, kiddies. It's gonna get wet in here tonight.**

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There wasn't a lot to do the last bio lab before Thanksgiving break. The students were still required to attend though. Mike was sitting at his table reading an old X-Men comic book when El walked in.

He had only seen her a few times since the party and the greenhouse. They both did their lab work and were cordial, neither of them really undercutting the other anymore. Mike kind of wished it could go back to that. At least when they were trying to one-up the other with hurtful remarks and mocking tones there had been passion involved. Now it was like they really were nothing...like they had never shared the best of themselves with each other.

"Hey," he said as she took her seat. He waved the comic slightly. "Kind of a free day. We can do whatever. I'll just read. Not gonna bother you."

"X-Men?" El questioned as she glanced at the comic.

She had seen the comic before. Most of the stuff Mike had brought her when she was staying in the cabin had been Superman comics, but she knew some things about the other heroes as well. She had seen Mike reading X-Men and Spider-Man countless times while waiting for her in the storage room.

Mike's nod and hum in approval were missed by El as her mind was already drifting off to their memories together, how he would hold and kiss her behind his father's back and whisper sweet nothings in her ear. The sigh she then let out was louder than she had anticipated because Mike was now looking at her, his big, doe eyes staring with concern into hers. El tried to deflect the upcoming question by going back to the comic talk.

"Aren't they like...weird? Why do you like them so much? They're freaks."

"They're not freaks. They're *awesome*. I mean, yeah, the government wants to get rid of them because of their powers but assholes are always afraid of what's different from them. My dad never wanted me reading these. That's why I stashed a bunch at the cabin..." Mike heard what he'd said. It had been so easy to fall back into an effortless conversation with her.

"Um, but the X-Men are cool. I wish we lived in a world where some people had superpowers. I know I wouldn't be one of them but maybe I'd get to meet one. Maybe they'd be my friend. Don't laugh at me, it's just something I think about. I'd love for there to be like, some concrete obstacle that made it harder for people to believe the bullshit my father preaches." Mike turned to her, smiling apologetically. "I'm kind of really not looking forward to hanging out with him next week. What are your Thanksgiving plans?"

He had asked before he realized that El probably didn't have plans. With no family, no one would be waiting on her to get home.

"Well, my plans include sleeping. Lots of it," she disclosed carelessly.

There was no point in beating around the bush. Mike had known her for years and she didn't have to come up with an excuse as to why she was spending Thanksgiving alone, like she would have normally done with someone else from college.

"But good luck with your father. I hope he makes you sing a church song for the good old times," El teased him, her elbow playfully nudging Mike's arm.

She regretted the decision right after and her whole body tensed up as she tried to distance herself from Mike's side of the desk while still feigning a small smile.

It was then that Mike made a decision. When El had playfully nudged him it had felt natural, *normal*. But he noticed the frightened look on her face right after, like she feared she'd overstepped some boundary. No matter what had happened, whatever reason behind their emotional distance now, Mike wanted to always be a soft place for the only girl he'd ever loved. He may never be her close friend, or someone she came to with exciting news, but he never wanted her to

feel afraid around him. He wanted her to know that if she ever needed him, he would be there for her.

But he knew he couldn't say that so he was going to have to show her.

"Oh, you'd love that, wouldn't you?" Mike laughed, his eyes bright, locking with hers. He ruffled her hair, letting his fingers stay a couple of seconds too long on her head. "Just for that, I should tickle you." He started to act like he was going to, his hand moving to her side. Just before he touched her he winked. "Nah, you could kick my ass. I know you."

The shocked expression on El's face made her eyes grow comically larger in size as she feared the attack. But right as Mike was speaking, El was already aiming for his hand before clutching it tightly. Their fingers ended up intertwined and El glanced at them in pure horror before carefully pulling her hand back.

"I really could and would. So don't," she threatened, but her voice was less confident than what she was trying to emanate.

Mike drew his hand back, a look of shock on his face which then melted into giggling. "You're right, you're right. I'll watch it." It had felt nice when, even if just for a second, her hand held his.

"Sorry you'll be all alone." He could see that she thought he was making fun of her. "No, I mean it. I'm sorry you have to spend the holiday by yourself. Though for this one, I'd let you switch with me in a heartbeat."

He knew he shouldn't ask but he really wanted to know. Mike pressed on.

"Your uh, boyfriend didn't invite you to go home with him?" Mike tried to keep his tone light, breezy.

"He, uh...no. He did not."

El preferred not to tell the truth. The guy had in fact invited her to his family's Thanksgiving, but she had politely declined. She wasn't interested in spending time with anyone but Mike, but of course he

didn't have to know. She had only started dating the guy to try to forget Mike, a plan that didn't work at all and left her feeling stuck and full of regret for ever initiating it. But her stubbornness prevented her from just making things easy. El would rather let Mike think her boyfriend was a ruthless jerk than to admit she didn't want to be with him.

"But anyway, I hope your holiday won't suck so much," she added cordially.

"He didn't? I'm sorry." Mike's face dropped. "I'm sorry you'll be all alone. I can't say he's scoring big points with me. Um, not that you care what I think." He wasn't being snarky, Mike was just stating how he felt. The idea of El being all alone made him sad. She had been alone so much. It was on the tip of his tongue to suggest that she come back to Hawkins and stay in the cabin, that he could bring her food, but he knew she'd say no and then he'd feel foolish for asking. He changed gears in his head.

"Well you'll get to sleep at least. That's cool." Mike chuckled softly. "Want me to bring back some Benny's for you?"

"Benny's?" El repeated incredulously.

She hadn't had their burgers since she had left Hawkins and whenever her memory allowed her to go back to that place of love and comfort in which Mike was always involved, she would sometimes remember the particular fast food and its meaning for her. How she'd embarrassed herself in front of Mike the first time he had taken her there or how they had spent their evening eating burgers in front of the fireplace.

She watched Mike carefully, her eyes scanning his as she looked for any trace of maliciousness. There was none; Mike really was willing to carry a bag of fast food all the way back to school just for her and El wondered for a moment if he was actually going out of his way to do something extraordinary. She couldn't tell, nobody had ever done something sweet for her besides Mike.

"If you can...yeah. I'll pay you back when you get here."



Mike smiled. "You got it." They were silent for a few moments, both of them unaccustomed to this new way of speaking without fighting.

"You, uh, want a comic to read? I've got more. Jean Grey, hottest member of the X-Men...you could read about her telekinetic powers and how she can find people in her mind. Good stuff! Can you even imagine how awesome that would be? Plus she's like, walk on the sun hot. My dream girl right there." *Well, not exactly my literal dream girl.*

"Really?"

El's eyes narrowed at the mention of telekinesis. That was her power, the one she despised the most while Mike seemed to be infatuated with it. He was already pulling another comic out of his backpack and El didn't hesitate to grab it, her fingers grazing over the pages as she turned one after another. She wasn't as interested as Mike in comic books, but she wanted to take a look at the object of his desire.

To her dismay, the character of his dreams had nothing in common with El besides the freak element. She seemed to be a lot curvier and her long, red hair was nothing like El's hazelnut locks. She tried to hide her displeasure and hold back the grimace threatening to form on her mouth. It would be pathetic to let Mike know she envied a fictional person, so she decided to play dumb and tease him.

"So what's so interesting about her? She can do...what? Move stuff around? Do you think she could like...jerk you off without touching you? Is that why you like her?"

Mike knew that El always resorted to baseness when she felt vulnerable. He wasn't sure why exactly a comic book would make her feel that way though.

"No, not that. I, uh, I kind of like a more hands-on approach to that." Mike acted like he didn't notice how her eyes darted to his crotch before looking down at her own lap. "I just like how she handles adversity. She had to go through a lot, she lost a lot, but she still is one of the most powerful mutants and they all look up to her. She wasn't sure about herself, which makes her seem more real. She's not cocky, it's not like she *wants* to have powers, but she rolls with it." Mike added one thing more.

"And uh, her confidence and attitude make her hot. I'm um, not really into redheads."

El was already determined to deflect the powers subject. It made her uneasy how carelessly Mike could address these issues that made people monsters. He was the same innocent kid El had met and a part of her wished he could see her the same way he was seeing his favorite female character.

"Then what are you into?" She inquired while resting her head in her palm and watching Mike.

Her eyes widened when his cheeks became tinted with a shade of rose pink and she chuckled, her voice light and melodic as she waited for an answer.

Mike looked nervously at his watch. *Just a few more minutes.* He could get through this without embarrassing himself. Maybe.

"Um, I uh, I guess I like confidence. You know, someone who knows what she wants and isn't afraid to say it. Someone who takes chances. I rarely do so it's cool when someone makes me get out of my comfort zone." Mike realized that El knew he hadn't been with anyone else and that she could probably see right through him saying *someone*. He was obviously describing her.

"But uh, at the end of the day, you know, someone who makes me feel loved. Like I matter. Like out of all the possible people in the world they chose *me*. I know that's probably stupid."

*Like I matter*, Mike had said.

It was then when El realized she had probably never made Mike feel like he meant something to her. But he did, he was the only one that mattered and she had always been stupid enough to hide it. *No wonder he never tried to reach me*, El thought to herself, but all she did was nod in response.

Her smile had faltered already and she tapped Mike's comic book absentmindedly. Her mind wandered to all of the careless decisions she had made, how long it had taken her to admit her feelings to

herself and how she had stupidly started dating other people. Maybe if she hadn't been so selfish Mike would've wanted her.

El snapped out of her thoughts when the class ended earlier and the only indication of that was the students starting to exit the lab room, until there were barely any left. El stood up and grabbed her bag, her eyes fixed on Mike who was still sitting down and holding his X-Men comic.

"Well, I hope you find that person. Goodbye, Mike."

*I found her when I was 16*, Mike thought. "Have a good week, El. Sleep a lot. Have good dreams." He smiled. He really meant it.

Mike remained in his seat and watched her walk away. She was probably going to spend the night with her boyfriend before he left for home, wherever *that* was. Wherever he hadn't invited El to join him. He didn't want to think about the things she might do with the guy but his mind wouldn't stop betraying him. Mike sighed. He put the comics back into his backpack and got ready to leave.

As he exited the room and rounded the corner to the main hallway Mike heard sniffing. Interested, he searched for the source. He found it behind a large ornate pillar.

"El?" She was crying. "What...what's the matter?" She didn't answer, only shook her head. Mike was disappointed but not surprised that she wouldn't confide in him.

He didn't like to see her cry. Mike didn't want El to be in pain. It occurred to him that this was the first time since before she'd left him that he'd seen her cry. He thought maybe she'd developed a rough exterior because he knew he'd been mean enough to make her cry the times they'd had confusing angry sex but he hadn't seen any tears. His heart broke now.

"Hey, it's okay. You don't have to tell me. But I'm right here. You don't have to be alone either."

Mike held her. He thought she might stiffen and then pull away, but she allowed his arms to wrap around her and pull her into him. She

pushed her face into his chest and cried, Mike didn't know why, but he was going to hold on until she asked him to stop.

"You weren't supposed to see me," El croaked against Mike's chest before pulling away.

He looked beyond concerned as he glanced at her with those big, black eyes that El had fallen in love with years ago. If she could have turned back time, she would have done it in a heartbeat. Mike might have been the only person in the world who had shown her how to love and be cared for, but at the expense of her own suffering. El felt like with all of the mean and cutting remarks she'd made to him he wouldn't believe her if she told him her true feelings. He would *never* believe her.

Her sobs were gradually decreasing, but she still avoided letting Mike see her red face and puffy eyes. It was inevitable, though, when his slim fingers cupped her chin and urged her to glance up. El did as she was silently told and murmured, "I'll miss you next semester...even though we didn't really...get along, you know."

"Is that why you're crying?" Mike kind of doubted it but the hopeful part of him still forced him to ask. "It's my fault. I could have been a lot nicer to you. I acted so immature. I wish we could start over."

"It's not just...that. But that, too. And no, it wasn't you. Or at least not *just* you. You were right because I really am a bitch. And not just now."

El could read the slight confusion on Mike's face.

"You want someone who could show you that you matter. And I never did that. When we were together...I never showed you how much you meant to me. But you really did. You were my *everything* and I just-"

A soft exhale left El's lips. She wiped the tears that refused to cease before adding, "I never showed you."

*And now it's too late because you hate me.*

No wonder Mike hadn't tried to look for her or even send a letter.

Why would he, El thought, when she had been nothing but reluctant around him? He had always been so selfless, drowning her in love and unconditional support while she had tried to keep her distance.

Deep down, El had realized from the very beginning how special Mike was to her, but she had always been too scared to let it come to the surface, unwittingly waiting until right before she was sent away to voice her feelings.

Mike heard everything El said but his mind locked on to one thing in particular.

*You were my everything...* And then she'd said something about how she had never shown him that.

He sighed. "Come on. You can show me where to drop off your burger from Benny's. I'll walk you home."

They walked silently for a bit, leaves blowing across their path. Mike had so much he wanted to say but he was having a hard time. Finally he found the courage.

"You did too show me," he said as they were arriving at her building. He could see her confusion. "You showed me that I mattered. I uh, when I was describing the kind of girl I'm into...um, El, I was describing *you*. It still bugs the hell out of me that you never saw yourself the way I did." *Or the way I do.*

El fought the urge of stopping in her tracks at Mike's admission. She kept up with Mike's faster stride, though, her lips pressing into a thin line before adding, "I'm sorry..."

Mike only gave her an apologetic look in response, despite his eyes trying to indicate something more. El couldn't quite put her finger on it and she was the past the point of crying by now. The last thing she wanted was to get back there.

"What's done is done," she murmured almost inaudibly, her eyes kept on the ground as she and Mike walked silently to her dorm.

Once they reached her room, El sighed and forced out a dishonest smile.

"This is it. 315. Don't forget, okay?"

"Hey, um, can I see your room?" All of a sudden Mike wasn't ready to be out of her presence. He also was curious to see how El decorated. "I won't bother you for long. I promise." He gave her a pleading look.

"You wanna see my room?" El asked incredulously, amused at Mike's request.

He nodded in response and she didn't hesitate to unlock the door.

"Here it is..."

She welcomed Mike in, her finger pointing towards her side of the room. His eyes followed the pointed hand.

"That's my bed. And uh...yeah, my stuff...I don't have a lot because I didn't get to pack much when I left The Lab. And I didn't really get much in those two years spent away," she explained as Mike sat on her bed. He looked awestruck and El couldn't help but grin.

"And that's my roommate's side of the room. She should be here soon. I think she's in class or-"

El stopped mid-sentence when she reached her roommate's bed. It was neatly made, unlike other times, but what drew her attention was the white piece of paper with messy handwriting.

*Decided to leave earlier. Happy Thanksgiving and have fun!*

"I, uh...I guess I'll be alone for a while."

She handed Mike the note and before he could reply, she added, "I should actually take a shower. I woke up late and didn't have time to wash this morning, but you can stay if you want. It won't take long."

Once El had left for her shower, Mike looked around. El's bed looked comfortable, normal. Her tastes weren't as fancy as either of his sisters', just a light pink comforter and white sheets with little flowers on them. He could see because El had neglected to make her bed that day.

Mike looked at the door, making sure it was closed tight, and, satisfied that it was, he picked up El's pillow and held it to his nose. He tried to fight back the tears that were starting to form as he stood in El's room hugging her pillow.

*Get it together.* Mike studied El's bookshelf. It was mostly textbooks for school and a few novels for reading, but then he noticed something acting as a sort of bookend.

He dropped El's pillow back on her bed and picked up the object that had suddenly monopolized his attention.

*She kept it? She kept it. And it's here, so what does that mean?*

Mike sat down on El's bed. In his hands he turned his supercomm over, lovingly running his fingers over the channel dial and raising the antenna just like he did when he was a kid.

"I tried to call you but the signal wasn't strong enough," Mike whispered. "Then Dad took my supercomm away. Said I was too old for that stuff. I wish I could have talked to you. I was so lost without you." Mike spoke quietly to himself as he held his old supercomm. He definitely didn't want to argue anymore with El and he hoped that when he asked her about it when she got back from her shower she wouldn't lash out at him.

"You found it," El almost choked as she came out of the bathroom only to see Mike holding the supercomm.

She had a fluffy baby blue towel wrapped around her form that draped down to her mid-thigh and, despite shivering, she couldn't take her eyes off what was in Mike's pale hands. He had found the only object she had decided to bring from the cabin, keeping it under her pillow at The Lab before packing it along with her few belongings when she had been forced to leave.

"You kept it? I was gonna try to contact you but the signal wasn't strong enough. Dustin and I were gonna try to boost it, maybe get it to reach farther, but my dad took it away. He said I was too old for childish things and that I should focus on my future."

Mike felt resentment against his father start to bubble up but when he lifted his head and saw El standing there in just a towel, her hair wet, dripping slightly onto her shoulders and down her back, he no longer wanted to think about his father.

Mike stood up, replacing the supercomm on the shelf. When he turned back around he noticed how close he was standing to El, facing her.

"Um, I...can go. If you want." Mike stepped closer. His hands were itching to touch her.

"I don't."

El didn't miss how Mike stepped even closer to her, their bodies within arm's reach as they looked at each other. She knew she was supposed to put some clothes on. Her skin was covered in goosebumps because of the room's temperature difference, but she was burning at the same time. It was on the inside, though, the familiar heat pooling in her stomach as she watched Mike's eyes roaming all over her body. She decided to take it a step further and made a mindless decision that both of them would probably regret later, El figured.

Letting the towel drop down to her feet, the pastel fabric pooled on the floor as she stood naked in front of Mike. Her nipples were erect and she tried to blame it on the cold, but that wouldn't explain why her front was already aching to be touched. Mike's eyes grew bigger in size and El gulped, scared of rejection.

"Do you want me to change?"

"I definitely don't," Mike's words were barely audible as his hands went to her torso, taking a moment to feel her muscles tighten under his fingers before tugging her against him.

"I like to look at you." His eyes roamed over her before locking with hers. "I want to. El, you're still the most beautiful girl I've ever seen. You still affect me the same as always."

His face was closer, wanting so badly to kiss her then, not believing



that he was standing in her room and she was naked, letting him touch her, neither of them making snide remarks. Mike's hands moved and El didn't flinch when his thumbs grazed her nipples.

"El, I..."

El was too eager to bother with words as she cut Mike off. Her fingers latched onto the back of Mike's hair and she pulled him closer until their chests clashed along with their mouths. He tasted and smelled so sweet, the familiar scent invading El's nostrils as she breathed through her nose when their tongues met.

Mike didn't hesitate, either, kneading El's ass in his strong hands and eliciting soft whimpers against his mouth. He carefully led her to the bed he had previously sat on, but El had other plans first.

"Off," she intoned firmly against Mike's lips at the same time she fumbled with his sweater.

Mike complied immediately, managing to toss his sweater and t-shirt on the floor in record time before El blindly searched for his belt. It came undone seconds after and Mike's pants fell to his knees before he kicked them aside.

The only thing that separated their sexes now was the thin fabric of Mike's boxers but El planned on taking her time, at least until it led Mike to whimpers and pleas. Her tongue lapped at his frantically, but her hands barely massaged his erection through his underwear. She took deliberate strokes that left Mike whining into her mouth and she smiled triumphantly.

"More?"

She was already driving him crazy. Mike's erection strained, trying to make her touch him more. He *needed* her; Mike was sure of it. All through their fighting, all through their bouts of angry lust driven fucking, all through the hidden tears, Mike knew that having El back in his life in whatever capacity made him feel more whole again.

He pushed her down on the bed and was instantly on top of her.

"You can tease me if you want but I know what you like, El. And I'm

gonna do what you like," he whispered, his lips trailing along her neck. His hard cock, still sheathed in his boxer briefs, rested between El's legs. She always did like it when he did that.

"You like feeling my dick on you. You like to get me hard and then *almost* feel me...until you can't take it anymore. I have nothing but time, El. I can make you feel like...I can make it feel like old times. Like *us*."

Mike's boxers had a damp spot from being where his cock had pushed them into her slit.

"And I want to look at you this time. Can I?"

"Mhmmm-" was all El had found the strength to say. Even her hum came out as choked because of all the emotions that were bubbling up inside her chest.

This was the first time in years when Mike was so outspoken and gentle, his words saccharine as he whispered them over El's reddened lips. It drove her insane and she tried not to drown in her feelings, instead being as present as possible in the moment. There was nothing more that El wanted than to have this moment burned into her memory forever.

"I missed this," she admitted in a moment of weakness as their lips united in needy kisses.

Their hips grazed over each other with every push and pull and El sighed, her parted mouth inviting Mike to kiss her again but all he did was ogle her perky breasts and grind his boxer clad member over her core. She wanted to feel him bare and pulsing over her.

"Take them off..."

Mike took his hands away from her just long enough to hastily push his boxers down until he could kick them off.

"Like this?" Mike asked as he resumed his position. He looked into her eyes as he asked. Her lower lip was between her teeth, anticipating what she knew was coming...what she wanted.

El looked at Mike reassuringly, her hands roaming all over his broad shoulders and arms as she tried to draw him in unbearably closer. The anticipation was killing her.

"Yes...like this."

Mike's cock was drenched in El's juices, both of them so turned on. He wanted to take it slowly. They had been so rushed in the greenhouse, and the bathroom, not to mention angry. The closest thing to what Mike wanted now had been when he was having a nightmare and El had turned his nightmare into a dream, but she'd thought he was asleep the whole time. Mike wanted to be gentle, at least until El begged him to be rough, and he knew she eventually would, but he wanted to tell her so much he knew she wasn't ready to hear so he let his touches speak for him.

Mike ran his fingers through her hair, never breaking eye contact. He kissed her forehead, then her cheek, then his lips brushed against hers.

"Hi," he said quietly between soft pecks. He could feel his cock at her opening, could feel her warmth as she wiggled, trying to get him inside. Mike smiled as he felt her do that, she *always* did that and his heart swelled at the thought of it.

"I missed this too, El," Mike said as his cock eased into her pussy, loving the sigh that accompanied her acceptance of him. Their mouths connected and Mike started sensually thrusting into her, slowly, deeply, making sure his shaft hit her clit every time.

"I missed you."

"Me too... I missed you so much," El croaked, but she felt like the words weren't enough.

Her suave gestures accompanied them as she relished in the feeling of Mike thrusting into her, his hips moving lasciviously against hers. She gasped for air, her eyes wide open whenever Mike was buried all the way in and her fingers tugged on the ends of his raven hair when he would tickle her clit with his burning skin pressed against it.

Their kisses were rapacious as they breathed into each other's mouth and found it futile to break apart. El wanted it this way; she wanted Mike over her entirely until their bodies melted into each other and she didn't hold back from showing it. Her calves wrapped around Mike's thighs as she assisted his movements, urging him to go deeper with every thrust.

It went on for minutes, their ragged breaths merging as El was now pushing her hips up to meet Mike. Yet she wanted *more* and on top of that, she wanted to show the boy she loved with all her heart how much he meant to her. A part of her felt stupid for even thinking of giving herself to Mike that way, but she'd been fantasizing about it for years and sex was the thing she was the best at, the thing that had bonded her to Mike when they were kids. El could feel his fingers grazing over her there anyway and it made her want it more.

"Can we...can you...put it...somewhere else?" El asked awkwardly and cringed at her own words.

Mike stopped. He stayed where he was, his cock buried to the hilt inside her, their bodies so close.

"El, are...are you sure?" Mike looked into her eyes and saw that she was. She nodded, kissing him urgently once again.

"Just roll over, on your side. Don't go too far, I want you close to me." Mike got behind her, spooning her, his hard cock between them. He moved his left arm underneath her so that he could hold her close, could touch her breast. With his right hand he explored where his dick had just been, getting his fingers wet and then beginning to massage her asshole. As he felt her relax he inserted a little more of his digit.

"I've wanted this for a long time but I don't have to have it, El," Mike said as her asshole started to open for him more. He kissed her neck and her ear. "But if you want me to, I want to put my cock in your ass. You make me so hard, thinking about how tight you'll be makes me even harder. God, El, if I can make you come with my cock in your ass...that will be the best. You always make me feel the best...even when you're mad at me. Fucking you is the best no matter how we do it." Mike was letting the tip of his cock join his finger,

alternately inserting his finger and then his cockhead.

"I'm stretching you open. Fuck, you're so hot. I'm about to put my hard cock into your ass, El. Gonna slide it in. Do you want that?"

"I do...please do it."

El had never known what to think of anal sex. She'd seen it in porn before and while she had fingered her asshole and had dreamed about her fingers being Mike's dick, she hadn't anticipated the real moment.

There was a slight pain as Mike's cock advanced unbearably slowly and she gritted her teeth, the left side of her face resting on the pillow as she forced her ass against Mike's hips. He had already done a good job of stretching her open with his fingers, but his penis felt completely different and she felt full even with just half of his cock in.

"Don't...stop," she keened and struggled for breath as Mike's thick cock continued to make its way inside the tight ring of muscles.

It seemed like forever, when in reality El guessed only minutes had passed until Mike was completely buried, his balls grazing over her ass cheeks. The feeling was a mix of pain and exquisite pleasure that El had never experienced, but all she knew was that she didn't want it to stop.

"You can move."

Mike held her close. He figured there was no way it wasn't at least a little uncomfortable.

"Good girl. You took me in so good. Move with me. Let's just rock, like you do when you go to sleep." Mike wondered what she'd think about his memory of how she put herself to sleep. "But don't go to sleep, El. Not right now. I want you here." He took the lead, rocking her, rocking into her. The position allowed him to hold her so close he could hear her every time she breathed. "How does it feel? It feels tight for me...like the best tightness ever. Like I don't ever want to stop."

"Then don't stop," El begged, completely under Mike's spell.

He always knew how to turn her on, how to drive her crazy with just words that left her speechless, let alone his actions.

And El did as she was told, rocking herself against Mike as his words echoed inside her head. *Good girl*. It made her moan into the pillow and the more she repeated the praise to herself the more she pushed against Mike's cock and allowed him to split her open entirely.

"You're so big, Mike...it feels really good. Go harder...if you want. You can do what you want to me, just...please don't stop."

El was on the verge on tears by now, the pleasure so overwhelming that there was no more trace of her usual snarkiness. She was reduced to a complete mess and all she wanted was to keep on feeling every inch of Mike's cock penetrating her tightest hole. Her hand cupped Mike's that was holding her breast and she urged him to massage it while they moved together, her ass lightly slapping over Mike's pelvis with every deep thrust he made.

Mike knew El was being honest with her praise. Her movements, the way she was trying to get more of him in even though he was all the way inside, how she was begging him with moans and touches, encouraging him to massage her breasts, to rub her ass, to play with her clit, told him all he needed to know. Told him all he'd *wanted* to know for months now.

Mike and El would always share a connection that couldn't be matched by anyone else.

He had to look at her. Mike needed to see her, to kiss her while his dick plunged into her most intimate hole. He pulled his cock out of her ass and rolled her onto her back.

"Fuck, El, I need to do it this way. I need to see you. I want to see your face." He hovered over her, loving how his cock seemed to know where to go. El wrapped her legs around him, her ass pulled slightly upwards by Mike's body. Mike watched her face as his dick slid back into her barely gaping asshole.

"Mmmm, yeah. Is this okay? Fuck, I can feel your pussy on my stomach. Rub your clit and lips on my skin while I fuck your little asshole, El." Mike leaned forward, his cock slipping deeper into her ass. "I need...I need to kiss you. God, El, I'm fucking your ass and I need to kiss you. I need it while your ass sucks on my dick."

El was awestruck and unable to deny Mike's request. Not that she wanted to, but even if she had it would have been impossible when every word that came out of his mouth was intended to turn her on immensely. So she obliged Mike and kissed him deeply, sobbing into his mouth as she swathed her tongue over his and swallowed all of his grunts and moans.

"Are you gonna come in my ass?" She teased between heavy breaths.

Her clit was stimulated by Mike's skin slapping over her pussy repeatedly and she cried out, her legs squeezing Mike impossibly tighter to her body as she didn't allow him to pull more than half of his cock out. He fucked her with short thrusts that left her breathless and whimpering against his plush lips, his dick forcing its way deeper with every move of his bony hips.

"I want you to...to come...in my ass. And fill me up...with your come, oh, Mike...is it gonna be a lot? I want it to, ah, I- I want it to be so much...it leaks out of my asshole. Will you give me that? Please, Mike... Say that you will. I need it. I need your come deep, oh fuck, so deep...inside."

"No way it won't be a lot, El. But I'm not in a hurry. I want to keep fucking your ass. You feel sooo good. How about I make you come though? Wanna come with my cock in your ass? I won't stop; I'll keep fucking you just like this. Your sweet pussy can come, contract. Want me to put my fingers inside? I don't want you to feel empty." Mike had been playing with her clit as he spoke, teasing it, pinching it lightly between his digits. Now he easily slipped a finger inside, twisting his hand so that his forefinger and pinky flanked her wet lips and his middle two fingers could pump into her, allowing his thumb to control touches to her clit.

"I know you like to be filled up," he murmured before their lips crashed. "Wanna make you come twice before me." Mike felt El's

hands in his hair. "Wanna make you come *forever*."

"No, don't-" El tried to plead, but Mike's expert fingers had already entered her.

Her eyes rolled in the back of her head for a split second as his thumb joined her clit and her hand moved to Mike's nape out of instinct. She squeezed hard and cried into Mike's mouth, the acute pleasure of having both of her holes filled being too much to bear.

She lay completely still as Mike pounded his cock and his fingers in and out of her, scared that if she made the slightest move everything would turn out to be just the best dream she'd ever had instead of reality. Her eyes were squeezed shut, her other senses taking over and she couldn't even bother wondering if she looked silly with saliva hanging out of the corner of her mouth as Mike destroyed every inhibition from her, pushing her ever closer to orgasm.

"Mike-" El warned, her voice reedy when the telltale signs of her orgasm approached and every muscle stiffened.

She heaved, her stomach clenching and unclenching repeatedly along with her pussy and asshole and it only took two more flicks of Mike's thumb and his digits arched inside her pussy for El to come. Her legs forced Mike to stop moving until her orgasm subsided and she panted against his sweaty shoulder.

Licking the salty skin when the orgasm wore off, El murmured tiredly.

"Don't stop until you come, Mike. I did this for you...I want you to feel good with me. You can use me. Do whatever you want. It makes me happy."

El's small hands pressed on either side of Mike's face before she kissed his lips and urged him to put himself first for once.

"What I want? El, I'm doing it. Come for me again. Right now. I know you can. Think about my cock in your ass, pushing in. I'm stuffing it inside because you're so tight. Can you hear it? Hear your fucking perfect ass taking my cock?" The squishing and sucking sounds didn't



stop as Mike pointed out to her the music that their fucking was creating. "Look down, El. Watch me disappear into your butt. Look at how hot that is." Mike pulled back a bit to give her room. The two of them watched in awe as he fucked her ass. Mike thought her pussy looked like it was breathing as he stroked into her.

"So come for me again. I'll help you. Your pussy looks like it wants to come again. Wants me to feel it." He put his whole hand over her mound, applying pressure to her clit with the heel of his hand, letting his fingers slip in as her moans got louder.

"Yeah, just like that. I hope I'm making you feel good because, El, you're making me feel like a god."

"Mike!" El screamed, louder and harder than ever when her second orgasm exploded all of a sudden.

She quivered uncontrollably as her eyes refused to peel from what Mike was doing to her and only closing them when she found it impossible to keep going. She cried out Mike's name repeatedly and let her fingertips dig into his flesh so hard she knew there would be bruises.

"Mike..."

Panting profoundly after her remorseless climax, El still found the strength to force Mike onto his back before straddling his hips. Her shaky hand took hold of his cock and she teased it over her gaping asshole while never breaking eye contact with the boy underneath her.

He was mesmerizing, his damp locks sticking to his forehead and his mouth parting wider when El finally sunk on his shaft. They moaned in unison, El's ass slowly starting to bounce on top of Mike until it hit his sack with every powerful thrust.

"Stop holding back...I need you to fill me up, Mike...please fill me up with come," El begged and lowered herself until their tongues danced together.

Mike wanted to watch her more, wanted to admire how her perfect

tits bounced as she rode him, plugging her tight ass with his dick, but she was fucking him too well. He couldn't hold out much longer.

"You need it? You want to feel me bust in your ass? El, I'm going to. It's gonna be a come enema. It's gonna drip out of you all week long."

He pulled her hips down, making her take him all. He could still feel her pussy on his pelvis and it felt so erotic Mike couldn't help but touch it again. She was still pulsing occasionally.

"I'm gonna come now, El." Mike touched her clit. Maybe it was that she was so sensitive from coming twice already but as he touched her, his fingers knowing exactly how, he felt her start to tremble again.

"Oh yeah, come with me. Fuck, El, you're coming in your ass. Does it feel different? I can feel you squeezing my cock! Fuck! Oh fuck, El! Uuhhnnnn!" Mike shot his load, stream after stream as El cried out his name again, coming all over his cock as her pussy walls clenched and quivered around his fingers, her third and by far most powerful orgasm. Mike watched her face, committing it to memory, wanting to never forget how she looked when she was in ecstasy.

Finally spent, Mike rolled El over. He hugged her.

"I want to see. Can I? Can I watch my come drip out of your ass?"

"You want to-" Their eyes met and El could see Mike was serious. She couldn't say no to that.

"Okay..."

She nodded meekly and pushed her legs wider apart before Mike occupied the space between them. Her hands held her cheeks open as she pushed her ass more into Mike's face, allowing him to see the come she was forcing out of her gaping hole.

"Is it a lot?"

Mike watched as his milky white come oozed out of El's asshole in large blobs. It dripped down her crack. He was still semi-hard and he couldn't resist rubbing his cock over it, smearing it around.

"Looks so hot, El. Can...can I...I just gotta..." Mike pushed the tip of his come covered cock back into her pussy. "Fuck, you're still so amazing. I...does this feel good? God, El, I..."

"Feels the best," El interjected with a tired smile on her face.

She pulled Mike on top of her right after, their sweat-covered bodies coming together before they kissed. This time it wasn't rushed, their tongues languidly moving against each other for a few moments until Mike pulled up for air.

"Do you want to take a shower? I know *I* need one."

**Author's Note: This chapter was much longer but I split it in half. They aren't quite finished with their evening yet. Just three chapters to go now. Will our heroes get their happily ever after or will they succumb to their own insecurities and self-righteousness? Like sands through the hourglass...**

## 11. Chapter 11

This story was written last month and I was looking over this chapter to make sure there were no (hopefully) grammar or punctuation mistakes, because I hate that, and I realized that I had forgotten what happens in this chapter. Let's just say that even I said to myself, "I can't believe I'm gonna post this!" But anyway...

Warnings and all, just like the rest. Stay frosty.

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El combed her fingers through Mike's damp hair, allowing their eyes to study each other's faces as they both grinned stupidly.

Mike was a little afraid he'd do something wrong and break the spell of whatever new corner he and El had seemed to turn, but there was no way he was going to tell her no, probably to anything. If she wanted him to take a shower with her, Mike was going to take a shower with her.

"Sure. If that's what you'd like. Could I borrow a towel?" He noticed that the shadows had changed in the room and it was much darker outside than when they'd arrived after their class.

"Sure."

El opened her closet and handed Mike a new towel, while she used the same light blue one.

Inside the shower cubicle, their bare skin was already touching in the cramped space as El turned on the warm water. She considered apologizing for it, but she figured Mike was already used to the small college bathrooms. Besides, she didn't mind his form slightly pressed over hers as they showered together.

El took the soap first, lavishing her soft skin until it created a white, flower-scented foam. Her hazel eyes fixed on Mike the entire time she did it, watching in awe how godly he looked with water dripping down his ivory skin and how he pushed his wet locks away from his

face. She didn't even realize how focused she had been on staring at him until his gentle hand grabbed hers and aimed for the bar of soap.

Averting her gaze timidly, she murmured, "If you don't have to go home today...maybe, I mean if you want...maybe you could sleep here."

Mike took the soap from her and gently turned her so that her back was to him. He started soaping her back, watching as the suds dripped down to her ass.

"If you want me to, El, there's nothing I'd like more than to sleep next to you." He massaged the soap into her skin, not forgetting the mess he'd made a little while earlier, washing his come away gingerly, not wanting to hurt her. His hand was in her ass crack washing it and her breath hitched but Mike was gentle, even gentler when he heard her sharp intake of breath. He lowered his head to reach her shoulder, trailing kisses from her neck out.

"Ohh, I'm sorry. I'll be softer. Just trying to get me off of you."

"Maybe I don't want you to," El murmured in a voice so sweet Mike melted right away.

She complied, though, letting Mike caress and wash every part of her body with touches so tender her mind was going hazy. Her patience was running thin and all she wanted was to kiss and offer Mike the same treatment, but she waited until he was done.

When Mike finally finished her back, El turned in his arms and kissed his mouth, her lips feathery over his. The soap was now hers and she ran it over Mike's torso before covering her arms with foam that helped her coat his member thoroughly. He flinched once her delicate hands started caressing his limp cock and El feigned an innocent smile, despite being fully aware of what she was doing.

"Do you want me to stop?"

"No, please don't stop." Mike wasn't sure if he meant what she was doing with her hand or how she was looking at him. His hand reached out and cupped one of her soapy, slippery breasts, squeezing

rhythmically in time to her strokes on his cock. Not being able to resist any longer, Mike pulled her into a full embrace, trapping his now hard cock between their bodies. He kissed her deeply, water running down their faces. It turned him on that El was so into it; moving her body against his, knowing that she was manipulating his cock with her flesh. Her hungry lips went to his neck where she sucked passionately, then to his chest. Mike knew where she was headed.

"El, you don't...oh god...you don't have to if you don't w-want to." She was on her knees, kissing everywhere but his dick, which was twitching in anticipation. El looked up at him just as she started moving his cock head over her cheeks and nose, finally letting it touch her lips. She was teasing him, Mike knew, just waiting for him to tell her what to do.

Mike put his hand on the back of her head, his fingers getting lost in her locks.

"Will you put it in your mouth? I need you to suck on it, El. I need you to suck my cock. Please lick it." His pleas were whispered, his eyes never leaving hers. Her lips opened and her tongue swirled around his head. "Fuck, you know exactly what I like. You're so good at sucking my dick."

Of course she knew what to do, El thought. Her life had revolved around Mike for years and even when he hadn't been around, all she had been able to think and fantasize of was him. Even so, it was nice to hear the praises coming from him. They urged her to keep going, her tongue lapping expertly at the swollen tip before her mouth traveled lower and she licked the undershaft of his cock.

Mike let out a guttural groan in response and the way his mouth parted indicated that he wanted to say something, yet he was cut off by El's plush lips wrapping the head. She progressed ever so slowly, taking the length inside her warm mouth until it was more than halfway in.

Their eyes locked after that and El lightly drew her teeth over Mike's smooth and hard flesh. She applied the perfect amount of pressure because Mike's face didn't contort in unbearable pain. If anything, he

seemed lost in the delirious pleasure and El didn't hesitate to bob her head up and down his cock.

It was more of a warm-up at first; getting herself ready to take Mike inside her throat and it didn't take long until she did so. She could feel her throat constricting around his head and she breathed through her nose before finally releasing Mike with a *pop*.

"Am I that good, Mike?" She taunted him with words that were interrupted by her slick muscle swirling around his shaft. They didn't break eye contact.

"Do you like it when you feel my throat around you? Until I can barely breathe?" Mike nodded and El teased the head with her tongue again. "I trust you, that's why I do it."

"El, you're so good...at everything you do to me." Mike's other hand joined the one already on her head and he held it as he softly fucked her mouth, still letting her do most of the work. "I love...it that you can deep throat me. You take me in so deep no matter which hole. El, I...I dream about this."

El's heart felt full at Mike's admission, because she could easily admit dreaming about the same thing. Once again, it was proven that she and Mike were on the same page and made for each other, but she tried to push the sappy thoughts away. It didn't serve either of them good, at least not now.

Placing her hands on his thighs, El carefully slipped Mike's cock out of her mouth and looked up at him while choosing to stroke it in return.

"Not so quick, Mike..."

His brows quirked and she smiled wholeheartedly.

"I wanted to ask...do you trust me, too?"

She was already spreading his legs wider apart, her velvety lips now playing with his balls while she massaged his erect cock and waited for an answer.

Mike looked down at the only girl he'd ever loved...the only girl he'd *ever* love.

"El, I trust you with my life. Even when you're mad at me. I still trust you completely."

"Then promise to tell me if you like this? It's okay if you don't...I just want to try."

Without hesitating, El scooted closer to Mike's form until she was entirely between his legs. She angled her head in the right direction at the same time her hands spread his ass cheeks apart and then she dove right in.

Timid at first, she darted her tongue out and flicked it over Mike's asshole, only to hear him gasp in response. She had no idea if it was a positive thing or not, but Mike had yet to complain so El continued her ministrations. Her vision was obstructed by Mike's sack resting on her face, but El kept on lapping at the rim gently while her fingertips dug into his ass to keep his shaky knees in place.

"Oh, Jesus fuck, El. That feels so good. You're gonna make me come without touching my cock." Mike couldn't believe how erotically hot the juxtaposition of how amazing El's tongue on his virgin asshole felt and how dirty he knew the act was. As her lips grazed his inner ass cheeks, her tongue trying to get deeper, Mike had a thought he immediately voiced aloud.

"I should be doing this to *you*. I should be sucking out all the remaining come I dumped so deep into your ass. I should be kissing you there, making up for how my dick stretched you. Oh fuck, can you touch my cock while you do that?" Mike sighed when El's small hand wrapped back around his shaft, her thumb on the tip. "Yeah, you're so good at making me come. When we get back to your room I'm gonna lay you down and lick your asshole. Want me t-to?"

"Mhmmm," El agreed, her voice muffled by Mike's ass and balls taking over almost all of her face.

She didn't mind it, though, and she continued to stroke Mike while her left hand parted his legs even wider. This way her tongue had



easier access inside Mike's tight asshole and she didn't miss the way it puckered up around her muscle.

Refusing to slip her tongue out of Mike, he finally relaxed enough for her to penetrate his tight hole. His cock was massaged at the same time and El wondered why she hadn't done this earlier. The moans that flew out of Mike's mouth were music to her ears and she could undoubtedly say she had never heard him so vocal and aroused because of something she'd done to him. It made her proud and she alternated between sucking on his slippery asshole and fucking her tongue in and out of it.

"I hope you like this as much as I do," she admitted sincerely once she had run out of breath, her eyes now meeting Mike's and smiling at him.

After catching her breath, she averted her attention back to him and this time she started with his balls, sucking on each of them before going back between his thighs and licking the slightly gaping hole. El could feel it fluttering over her tongue, almost as if it wanted to draw her in, and she had an idea.

"I'm going to do something else now. If it hurts or you don't want it, tell me."

After warning Mike, she coated her left middle finger in saliva before letting it slide down to his already wet asshole. She teased the rim for a few seconds, letting Mike get used to the intruder and stroking his cock at the same time to distract him from when she finally pushed her digit inside his asshole.

"Hurts?" She asked in concern when Mike tensed a little bit when the first knuckle went in and she was quick to lick his balls apologetically, all the while jerking his dick with her right hand.

El's finger was in his asshole. *El is inside me!*

"N-no. Just surprised me. El that feels...like...I don't know but I like it and I like that it's you doing it. I feel so full and your fingers are so sm-small. How did you ever take my whole cock in yours? Can you, um, can you slide it in and out? El, I want you to f-fuck my ass with

your finger. Go as deep as you can. I want you to be the only person ever inside me. Will you? And when you m-make me c-come will you keep finger fucking my ass? Play with it however you want, El. I love..." Mike hesitated as he felt El's tongue go from his cock to his balls, then it joined her finger, getting him all wet with saliva. "I love everything you do."

"I just thought you needed to see how good it feels," El explained with an excited smile on her face.

She was turned on as well, her pussy throbbing at the way Mike's tight asshole squeezed her finger in. She decided to move it just like he had asked and it didn't take long until she could easily fuck her finger in and out of his clamped walls.

Her mouth started bobbing on his shaft and the added element of her actions made her more eager, her lips forming a tight seal around Mike's cock as she sucked him passionately. His ass was fingered at the same time, eliciting moan and after moan from Mike and El was certain she'd always want him to feel this good.

"You're so tight, Mike. I never knew...it would feel this way. But it's so good. And look at you...you love this so much which only makes me want to go harder."

The last word was emphasized by her finger pushed all the way in and Mike gasped, his bulged eyes staring down at El as she just offered him a playful smile before going back to jerking his cock with her mouth and fingering him.

"Yeah I love it," Mike growled, the sensations of her mouth sucking his dick while her finger explored and fucked his ass making him feel some primal instinct. "It's gonna make me come. You know what I like best I think? I like when you tease it just before you shove your tongue in and I like what you're doing now...when you finger fuck me deep. Well, as deep as your fingers can go. You make me feel awesome. You can do it harder. I'm so close, El. Wanna come with your fingers in my ass."

"Fingers?" El remarked, her lips now grazing over Mike's tip. "So you want another one? I can do that."

Her mischievous smirk took Mike by surprise and his lack of response told El that it was okay to stick with her plan.

Pulling her middle finger almost all the way out, she pushed it back in accompanied by her index finger. She started out slow, barely making progress while Mike moaned and heaved over her.

It didn't help him that she went back to sucking his cock, her mouth sloppily running up and down his shaft while her fingers quickened their pace. He seemed close, his breathing more ragged with every suction of El's lips and every pump of her digits inside his asshole.

"You're gonna come, Mike? Your ass is clamping my hand really hard. Looks like you're about to come. Feed it to me, Mike. Give me your come. After you do I can say I had your come in all of my holes."

Her mouth wrapped around his dick right after and she sucked him eagerly while splitting his tightest hole open.

Mike had just been talking, just textbook running commentary like he did for most things. He realized what he'd said when El added another finger to the one already pumping in and out of his ass, making him feel fuller than he'd thought possible. After the initial surprise though, he got into it. He could feel the come bubbling in his balls, ready to blast through his shaft and spray out wherever it happened to.

And what El was saying only got him closer. Hearing her command him to give her his come, to *feed* it to her while she literally fucked him in the ass with her two longest fingers, Mike was helpless to stop the sequence that had already begun.

"Oh, fuck my ass, El. Please? I wanna come. I wanna come with your fingers fucking me." Mike watched her suck his throbbing dick, her eyes never wavering from his. His legs were beginning to shake.

"I'll do whatever you want. Only you can make me come...and I'm gonna, El." She continued to pump her fingers a couple more times. Mike could barely speak. He nodded violently at her before his eyes rolled back. Mike felt El's fingers go deep and stay there, her mouth licking and sucking him. He started to come hard while her mouth

was about halfway down his shaft.

"Gaaaahhhh, fuck!" Mike forced his eyes open so he could watch. Come was already spilling out of her mouth. "Suck it, fuck, suck...it...oh shit do you feel it? I'm still coming s-so h-hard." Mike felt wave after wave overtake him while El inhaled his dick and his ass held her fingers like a vise.

El had never thought guys could come more the second time around, but Mike was proving her wrong. Ropes of semen shot down her throat and she almost choked, the white liquid spilling from the corner of her lips, but she refused to let go of Mike's cock. Her fingers almost hurt, his asshole clenching them tightly as he came, not relaxing until Mike calmed down.

When he did so, she gently removed her fingers and Mike hissed in discomfort. El was quick to press apologetic kisses all over the head of his cock, lapping at the leftover come and drinking it all.

"How was it?" She was still kneeling, her mouth now pressed all around Mike's softening dick before she finally stood up.

Mike helped her stand and held her to him. He felt so close to her right then and feeling so close after years of feeling so distant and separated was overwhelming.

"You're amazing, El. You never have stopped surprising me. You...I..." Mike wasn't sure what to say. He had pulled back to tell her something important but as he looked into her waiting eyes he decided the shower stall of her dorm room wasn't really the place he wanted. His head dipped and his lips met hers. He kissed her tenderly with his long arms wrapped around her.

"We're gonna run out of hot water. Wanna dry off?" He asked as their heads broke apart and then joined again.

"Let's go."

They both stepped out of the shower stall and grabbed their towels, but El was too focused on gawking at Mike drying himself off. She could barely wrap her head around what she had just done to him

and she found herself stupidly grinning at the fresh memory.

Before Mike could see the seemingly crazy look on her face, El did the same to her body, making sure to squeeze the water out of her hair before exiting the bathroom naked. She was about to put something on when she noticed Mike's shirt on the floor and she carefully grabbed it.

"Is it okay if I wear this? Your t-shirts fit me like dresses so they're more comfortable," El explained, scared that Mike might think she was a creep. She couldn't help it, though. Every little thing that smelled like Mike or reminded El of him caught her eye.

Mike smiled. "Of course you can. I, uh, I like seeing you wear my shirts." Gone was the confidence from earlier, replaced by an awkwardness that crept in as he thought about how he was going to sleep next to her tonight, because she'd asked. She wasn't mad at him, they weren't arguing or hurling painful remarks at one another. Things felt different and Mike was afraid of doing something to ruin it.

"Hey, uh, are you hungry? I kind of feel like I ran a marathon. Want to like, order some sandwiches?" Mike knew she'd prefer that over pizza and hoped she'd notice that he remembered that little detail. He stepped closer to her, feeling bolder. She had slipped his shirt on and was looking in the mirror on the closet door, fooling with her hair. Mike was still naked. He rested his chin on her shoulder.

"And if I'm gonna clean out your insides before I get them dirty again I'm gonna need to eat."

It felt like the air left El's lungs after Mike spoke. Their eyes met in the mirror before she could see her cheeks going a deep shade of pink. She forced out a smile so Mike wouldn't think she was suddenly backing off, because that was the last thing El would have wanted.

"Sandwiches it is."

After a quick phone call to her favorite delivery restaurant, she joined Mike under the covers. He was still naked and there were dried come splotches on her sheets, but El figured they still had another round

before she would have to change them.

"Are you sleepy? You can take a nap until the food arrives."

Her hands ran through Mike's damp hair and she caressed his cheek, taking in every inch of his face and wanting to embed his beautiful features in her memory at the thought of barely having this opportunity the next semester.

Mike liked having her run her fingers through his hair. She was touching him so lovingly he didn't want her to stop. He hadn't felt her hands on him like this in so long he was afraid to go to sleep; afraid that when he woke up it would have all been a dream.

"I'm a little tired but I don't want to sleep until later when you do. I don't want to waste any time sleeping when I could be doing other things with you. Even if those other things are just laying here cuddling. El, I...I don't want to go home and then when I come back you're gonna hate me again. It won't be that way, right?" Mike asked as she cradled his head against her.

"I never hated you."

El frowned, her lips forming a pout and even when she was seemingly upset, Mike still found her adorable.

"I was just...angry. That you still had the same effect on me. When I saw you...I just...you were just as pretty. And I missed you a lot and I didn't really think you'd want me around. So I guess I kept my guard up...as usual. But I never hated you. I never could."

Her lips grazed over his ever so softly, almost as if El wanted to reinforce the idea of never being able to hold any ounce of hatred towards Mike.

As they lay curled up together waiting for their food to arrive, Mike mused about the few previous months.

"You know, when I looked up in bio lab and you were about to sit next to me, I wanted to just grab you and hold you and never let go. It hurt that you didn't seem to care about me anymore so I acted like a jackass. For so long I thought I'd never see you again and then there

you were and I didn't know how to deal with my emotions. I...I felt like I was in mourning when you left. I felt like a piece of me was gone forever." Mike sniffed her hair.

"And then you were back in my life but it wasn't the same. Only we kept being pulled together even though we both fought it. What do you think that is? I mean, even when we were super angry at each other we still fit together like we were lock and key, no matter how we tried to fight it. What does that mean?"

"I don't know..."

Except El knew. She knew had it to be love, there was no other possible explanation for it. Their lives together resembled a love story El had only seen in the soap operas she used to watch at The Lab.

But she didn't want to admit it. At least not now, when Mike had just reminded her of the years he had never bothered to contact her. She refused to get mad at him now, but that didn't stop her from feeling sad.

"But whatever it is...I think it's special. Don't you think?"

"I think...I think that I'm lucky to have known you for even for a short time. You left, or whatever, but you had already changed my life. I'm a little afraid to say you're back in it now. Losing you was the worst. I don't know if I could do it again. You just...I mean even when we were fighting and trying to hate each other...you can understand me like nobody else. That frustrated me back in September. Now I kind of need to know it will never change."

El had no words to show how she was feeling. So she chose actions instead, her small hands used to hold Mike in place as she peppered feathery kisses all over his face. But it didn't take long until things progressed, their limbs intertwined as they breathed into each other's mouth while their tongues wrestled.

El was burning already, her skin on fire as Mike paid attention to every inch of her body and all she wanted was to take the t-shirt off and feel their forms pressed together.

Unfortunately enough, the delivery guy knocked on El's door and after paying for the meal, she came back with the sandwiches and sat on the bed. Mike was still naked and covered by El's pink blanket. It complimented his pale skin, El thought, as she munched on the food.

They sat in a comfortable silence eating their sandwiches. Mike thought back to that time at the cabin when they'd sat on the floor in front of the fire and had eaten burgers from Benny's...and then lost their virginity to each other. It was a happy memory, even if El had gotten weird after it. Now he was eating with her again, naked, and was a little worried about her getting weird again.

Mike yawned and stretched and then scooted down more into the bed after he polished off his sandwich.

"Would it be okay if I snuggle up against you? I want you to have enough space. I'm just gonna sleep for a little bit...just gonna close my eyes if that's okay."

"Of course it's okay."

El melted at the sight. Mike looked at her with puppy eyes, his plump lips pressed into a pout and his rosy cheeks puffy as he lay on one side. She let out a soft sigh and was about to cuddle up to him when she remembered her sheets were a complete and utter mess, covered in come and sweat from their previous actions.

"But not now. Come on, stand up!" El chirped and helped Mike off the bed.

He obliged without complaining and El was quick to change her sheets and pick their clothes off the floor. When everything was in place, she even decided to light a vanilla candle and set it on the nightstand after turning off the lights.

The atmosphere was overly soothing and perfect for cuddling, and El just hoped Mike wouldn't laugh at her for setting up something rather romantic.

Much to her relief, he didn't say a word as he silently got under the fresh covers and El followed him right after. They faced each other,



their noses brushing together while El caressed his face. She was sure she would never get tired of touching him and her certainty was reinforced when her lips pressed against Mike's in a gentle peck.

"Sleep tight, Mike."

Mike cuddled against her, sliding his arms around her until she was as close as she could be. Her head was resting on his chest and he was lazily combing his fingers through her still damp hair. He knew they were both teetering on the edge of sleep.

"That night of the orientation party," Mike whispered, "I went home and I cried. I mean, I didn't *want* to, I tried to hold it back. I was still pissed and annoyed, and I didn't even know why, and I felt good because I'd just had sex you know, but I sat down on my bed and started to take my shoes off and when I bent down I smelled you on my shirt. Like, how you always smell. Like vanilla. And then it was like I'd lost you all over again even though I'd just seen you...and other stuff. I didn't want to be angry when I thought of you. And when you looked at me you didn't seem happy to see me anymore. You always looked hurt when you saw me. That was crushing. I never want to hurt you. So I cried. I cried for what I'd lost and I cried for what I'd found because it seemed broken. Anyway, I don't know why I'm telling you this. I just..." Mike kissed her forehead. "Thanks for asking me to stay. I...I always slept better when you were next to me. Night, El."

They lay there in the soft glow of candlelight and drifted off to sleep, holding onto one another as though if they let go they'd never get another chance.

El couldn't even understand how she managed to fall asleep. She waited for Mike to drift off first before sobbing silently. His chest was covered in warm salty tears by the time El was dreaming and when she woke up hours later, Mike was in the same position, his left arm wrapped around her shoulder while she buried her face in his chest.

Opening her eyes groggily, she tried to adjust to the dim light. The entire room smelled like fresh laundry detergent and vanilla, all mixed with Mike's intoxicating smell, and El took a deep breath of air and inhaled his soft skin.

Her lips pressed against his chest right after and she watched him sleeping peacefully. It was nighttime by then and the campus was completely silent, not a single noise disturbing their peaceful nap.

And yet, Mike might have sensed El kissing his skin because he was now looking at her through half-lidded eyes and El didn't miss the way his lips turned upwards. *Adorable doesn't describe him well enough*, El thought to herself.

"Hi." She smiled back. "You can go back to sleep. It's only around midnight."

"I don't want to sleep if you're awake," Mike said, his smile growing as his eyes took on a mischievous glint. He sat up a bit. El was still on top of him but he had no trouble moving with her weight on him. Mike held her in his lap.

"I think there was something I was going to do...some cleaning I needed to do." Mike acted as though he was deep in thought, trying to remember. "Oh yeah! Do uh, do you still," Mike's hands traveled under her shirt, *his* shirt, and lifted it over her head, "would you still want me to rim you? That's what it's called, I looked it up years ago." His hands caressed her breasts and he leaned forward. El had shifted and was now straddling him but even though Mike was hard, and getting harder, he made no attempt to buck into her. His lips moved over the skin of her shoulders, breathing her in. "I'll be really gentle. I'll kiss everywhere my cock was. Can I? I love it when you're on your knees in front of me."

"Yes... yes, you can," El assured Mike in a desperate voice. She was burning already, her pussy aching to be touched but she knew she was in for a different treat.

Her hips moved in circles over Mike's, so sensual and erotic and she was squirming in anticipation already. She waited for Mike to make the next move, though, and he didn't disappoint. His strong arms helped her lay down on her back as he kissed every inch of her body, starting from where he could feel El's pulse on her neck and traveling lower in a teasingly slow manner.

El whined and whimpered, her legs parting on instinct as she ran her

fingers through Mike's dark locks. She even tried to urge him to go down by lightly pushing on the top of his head, but he was opposing. El didn't quite mind it, but she needed Mike *there* and she needed him *now*.

"Just do it...M-Mike...you're- you're driving me crazy," she stammered right before a sharp intake of air could be heard.

"Do what? I'm just kissing you. I have a lot of time to make up for. And I'm trying to clean you with my mouth but you seem to be leaking something out of here and it's slowing me down. Maybe I should taste it? What do you think? I think I will. It smells nice." Mike ran his tongue along her slit, her arousal evident and dripping onto the bed. "Mm, yeah, tastes nice too. It's dripping down to your asshole, El. I was going there anyway, I'll clean it off." Mike delicately brushed his lower lip over El's hole, wanting to be gentle after their earlier activities. Since El was on her back, his nose was in her pussy as his lips and tongue began to massage and manipulate her tight ass. "Does it feel nice? I'll do anything you want, El. Just tell me. I'll be right here sucking my old come out of your perfect asshole."

"This is what I want. Please don't stop."

And Mike didn't. His tongue was running in circles over El's asshole. It tickled her, but in a good way, and she didn't refrain from praising the boy between her legs.

"You're so good, Mike. It feels, oh, that's...amazing."

The bridge of his nose was glued to her clit, toying with it at the same time he sucked on her tightest hole and El wondered if that was what heaven felt like. It sure came close to it, now that Mike was slowly inserting his tongue inside her come-filled ass and she almost choked while trying to take in a deep breath

"M-Maybe...maybe I should lay like this," El suggested after a few blissful moments.

Her fingers entangled in Mike's hair lovingly, barely tugging on it as she carefully shifted under him until she was on her tummy. Mike allowed her to widen her legs as much as possible before she placed

her small hands on her ass cheeks and spread them apart. This way Mike could see her puckered hole, all slick and ready to be played with.

"I think you can reach it better like this."

This is what Mike had wanted. Not that he didn't love any position El was in, but for this particular activity he liked her being so accessible. And he loved how she held herself open for him.

"Oh fuck yes, just like that. You like me doing this? I'll do it forever, El." Mike's hands were on her ass cheeks, kneading them, spreading her even wider. "I'll suck on your ass until you tell me to stop." With his tongue he gently fucked her, letting it slip inside as far as it would go. The shower had washed most everything away but Mike sucked hard, loving her reaction, and could taste his come from earlier start to dislodge and drip out. He lapped at her hole, getting every salty drop he could.

"Does that feel good? I've always loved your ass, El. It turns me on so much."

"Show me how much, Mike."

El was in a frenzy already, her entire body squirming under Mike's touches and kisses, and he didn't hesitate to show her every possible trick he had in store. His tongue teased her opening before pushing in, only to travel down to her pussy right after. El struggled to stay calm and enjoy the exquisite treatment, but she was burning to be filled with cock and split open again.

"I can't. Please let's do it again. Wherever you want, Mike. Just put it in..." She whined into the pillow and arched her back until Mike's face was fully buried between her ass cheeks.

Of course Mike was going to give her what she wanted but he was going to make her wait just a bit more.

"Gotta finish my chore. Gotta get you clean first." He licked with more purpose, making sure she felt every pass of his hungry tongue. "Wow, you really took it deep, El. My cock was so far inside you. Do

you have any idea how hot that is? And now you want me again? If you're not careful I might fall back..." Mike was cut off by her pushing back, trying to get his tongue deeper. "I know, you like to feel me deep. I'm gonna give you what you want. But I don't want to hurt you or overuse you so I'm just gonna fuck you hard right here," Mike patted her soaking wet pussy. "Would that be okay? It feels so good when I put my hard cock in your tight pussy. Like it was made for only me."

"It was made for you. It's only yours. Nobody's ever been there."

El wasn't lying, despite doubting that Mike would even believe her. He hadn't the first time she'd tried to tell him she and her date had never been intimate. But it was true because, up to this day, El was incapable of ever letting anyone but Mike touch her this way. He was the only one who knew what to say and do, how to tease her with light touches that left her begging for more, and how to help her be vulnerable in front of him.

She was lost in thoughts with Mike breathing heavily in her ear and teasing his cock over her opening until he finally pushed in and they both let out soft sighs. They fit together perfectly and the relief was already washing through El's body while the familiar warmth flooded her chest. Maybe it was wrong, or even cheesy, El thought, but feeling Mike inside her was what she knew best and the only thing that could calm her down completely.

"I lo-oh, Mike..." El corrected herself, afraid it was not the right moment. She decided to focus on Mike's unbearably slow and deep thrusts instead as he rocked her along with his hips' movements.

Mike relished in how his dick fit inside her, how she came up slightly on her knees so she could have more leverage, could rock back into him. But he wanted to hold her, to kiss her.

He pulled out after a minute or two of deep fucking.

"Come here, sit on my lap? I just wanna see you while I fuck you. I..I need to."

He pulled El up and she quickly straddled him as he sat on the edge

of the bed. Mike slipped back in easily, loving the sounds she made as he found his way back inside.

"You do what feels best. You've got me so hard, use my cock to make yourself feel good. Shit, you take it so good. Do you like taking my cock, El? Do you like being filled with it?" Mike fucked her harder, pushing her down onto him as she got more into it. "I like filling you with it. I like how you sound when you're full of my cock. You're the sexiest fucking thing ever, El."

El was used to being told how sensual and sexual she could be, but hearing it from Mike, hearing him call her the *sexiest fucking thing* spurred something inside of her. She was smiling timidly, watching Mike through half-lidded, lust-filled eyes while riding his cock.

Unlike other times, it was anything but brutal now. She took her time, studying every microexpression on Mike's face as she took his cock in. Her ass dropped hard with every fall, resting on his thighs and sending a shiver down her spine at the feeling of Mike's cold, ivory skin gluing to her ass cheeks.

"You like letting my pussy milk your dick dry? You've never said no to me, Mike. Does that mean you love it? It sounds like you do."

El's provocative words were murmured in his ear, her breath fanning over his skin with every rise and fall of her hips on top of his. She could feel Mike bucking his hips right after, sending his cock deep inside and El couldn't help the erotic gasp escaping her lips.

Mike *did* love it. He loved hearing her talk that way, talk dirty to him while she fucked him. He loved feeling her take charge and use his dick for her pleasure. He loved how she couldn't seem to get enough of riding him, taking his full length and wanting more. Mike loved how she was looking at him.

"Fuck yes I love it. I could never say no to you, El. I love...this too much. God, you feel so g-good. You've got me in you so deep. Kiss me. Kiss me while you fuck me. While my cock is in your pussy where it fucking belongs." Mike began thrusting harder from his position underneath her, causing El to have to grip his shoulders to stay upright. He pulled her down but kept his speed, his cock

jackhammering into her wanting pussy.

"O-Oh! Yeah, fuck me, Mike. Wreck me," El pleaded into his mouth.

She was already obliging his request, her lips frantically pressed on his as they share open-mouthed kisses. Their tongues reached everywhere, the corners of their mouths coated in saliva. It was both raw and lascivious and it only urged El to push harder against Mike, their thrusts meeting halfway and resulting in slapping sounds that echoed throughout the room.

In a swift motion, she led Mike to her ass and silently told him to squeeze her cheeks. He did as he was taught, his big, manly hands kneading El's soft flesh and gripping it so hard it almost hurt. El loved it, though, being in raptures of delight at the familiar, yet delirious feeling of having Mike's cock plunging into her.

Mike didn't know how it was possible but he was on the verge of coming again. He was surprised there was anything left but he guessed that El just had that effect on him.

"You're gonna fuck the come out of me, El. I can't help it. It's like you're on fire inside and my cock is the only way to douse the flames. But they keep reigniting. So I have to come in you again to put them out...even if it's just for a little while." Mike squeezed her ass, loving how soft yet firm her cheeks felt in his hands. El's mouth was back on his and they traded sloppy kisses that were mixed with moans and whimpers. "I like trying to quench your fire. I like that you need me to keep doing it," Mike breathed as he moved El on his cock at a faster rate. "I'm gonna come soon. You're gonna make me come again. Fuck, I swear every time is like the first time I ever felt it. It's like you have some power over me," he admitted, never slowing how he was bouncing her on his stiff dick. "Rub your clit for me while you ride me. Can I see? Show me how you like to touch yourself. I want to come in you while I watch."

El couldn't say no to that. She started out slowly, her torso tilting backward so Mike could see everything happening. Using tantalizing moves, she teased her clit and looked at Mike as she did so. It was hard at first, finding a suitable rhythm to ride his hard cock and touch her mound at the same time, but everything soon fell into

place.

Her fingers moved at the same pace she bounced on Mike's shaft and the vehement sounds coming out of his mouth told El she was doing the right thing. She didn't stop, her engorged clit shining between her fingertips as she stroked harder and faster while Mike helped her fuck herself on his dick, his hips pushing upward.

"I'm going to- again, oh, Mike...you m-make me come so hard...and so much," El babbled as she felt the impending orgasm.

A few more thrusts and flicks of her wrist and she was in pure bliss, her walls contracting around Mike's girth as she finally came. He watched her the entire time and didn't cease the exertion, instead sending his cock deeper and being a little more brutal with every thrust that left El crying out as she climaxed.

Mike watched her, how her face looked when she touched herself, how she knew exactly which way worked best. He had thought he'd come and then make sure that she did but with just a few quick movements of her hand and a few deep thrusts of his cock, Mike felt El come all over him, again, and it felt every bit as good as all of the other times. It sent him over the edge too.

"Oh shit! I'm...filling you with come again! Fuck, how is it so much? Oh god, El, your pussy sucks me so deep. You're still coming too, I can feel it. Love...to...come in you. Fuck!"

It was hard, much harder than Mike had anticipated. They sat together on the edge of El's bed, Mike's cock still twitching and throbbing inside of her tight pussy. El collapsed into him and he held her, rubbing her back. They were both panting and sweaty, but both happy.

"You're so awesome," Mike murmured as he traced lines on her back with his finger.

"No, you," El stated with a grin on her face.

She was tired but she still found the strength to pull Mike in for a kiss. This time they took their time, savoring each other's mouth and



still breathing heavily, even when they pulled back.

Carefully, she lifted her hips enough for Mike's cock to slip out of her and they both hissed at the lack of contact. The semen that had previously flooded El's pussy was now dripping onto Mike's softening dick and El watched in awe. It was never-ending, and she almost felt bad for letting it go to waste.

Without saying a word, she dropped to her knees and lapped at the warm liquid covering Mike's dick. He gasped and El smiled up at him, refusing to stop until he was all clean.

She didn't bother to go wash herself again; it was already too late and she just wanted to cuddle so they could share sweet, gentle kisses. The look on Mike's face made El think he agreed so she silently led him under the covers until they were tucked under the fresh sheets.

"I don't want you to go..."

"I won't. Not tonight." Mike kissed her again, their noses brushing as they kept coming back to each other. "And if you want me to stay this week, I'll stay." He felt her snuggle against him so close. He thought he could feel her shaking slightly. He knew they had just used a lot of energy but Mike was afraid that there was another reason for her sudden trembling.

"Hey, El? Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," El lied.

She was an expert at it by now, a fake smile plastered on her face as they stared at each other. She didn't even want to think of having to spend her holidays alone. This time felt different, though. She and Mike had reunited at last and all she wanted was to feel normal and do normal things with the boy she loved so much. The thing was, El was anything but normal and she knew that.

"And no, you should go. I've seen you every weekend around campus so I suppose you haven't visited your parents yet...and you should."

Mike suddenly had an idea. "Would you want to come home with me? I mean, it's just an idea. You don't have to. I just...you shouldn't

have to be alone. And my mom makes a crazy amount of food." Mike looked expectantly at her.

"No, that's not a good idea."

Mike's face dropped and it shattered El's heart within seconds. She had to put on a mask for him and be tough for their sake.

"It's really fine, Mike. I was just...talking nonsense. I'm happy to be here. It's better than the orphanage, anyway..."

Mike's face fell. "Well...what about the cabin? *Our* cabin? You could stay there and I could visit you and bring you food? It could be like...I mean, at least you wouldn't be alone the whole time. I'd make sure of it." Mike was trying anything. He didn't want to be separated from El any longer. He had wasted enough time already. "Would you? Come back with me?"

"That would be nice, but I'll have to say no..."

El didn't like the frown on Mike's face.

"I don't...I'm not...ready...to go back there."

She didn't think Mike could even fathom how much the cabin meant to her. It was a sacred place, a lovely little house that allowed her to feel normal and loved, even if just for a few days. El didn't want to ruin the magic when she was still unsure of where she and Mike stood. He seemed sincere now, but so had he a day prior to her being forced to leave Hawkins. And back then, he hadn't even bothered to find her, so El still had her own, justifiable doubts.

"But you'll be back soon and I'm not going anywhere. I'll be waiting for you here. Just...can you...visit the cabin? For me? And see if it's still the same? I just want to know."

Mike nodded and then yawned, which caused El to yawn as well. She was thinking about how she was going to break up with her *boyfriend*, a word she had always hated referring to him as because he was only a placeholder, a ruse for her to forget who she *really* wanted, because she only wanted Mike and now she felt like maybe he wanted her too. They fell asleep holding one another, neither of

them having slept so well in such a long time.

**Author's Note:** Just two chapters left now. Will things be the same when the break is over? They still haven't exactly communicated their true thoughts and feelings.

**Fun fact:** my favorite part of this chapter is when El stops and changes her sheets. It makes my heart happy for my own reasons.

## 12. Chapter 12

Okay, this story originally was 13 chapters but when I was getting 12 ready I thought it seemed short and was kind of a downer, so I just put it with chapter 13. So this is the final chapter. I hope it's enjoyable. Heads up that some may find it to be sardonically irreverent so this is me warning of that. Bonus points if you can find the Mother Love Bone lyric in it.

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Thanksgiving break crept by for Mike. He couldn't wait to get back to school. Back to *El*. It was true that they hadn't exactly been clear where they stood with one another verbally but Mike was pretty sure he had an idea judging by their physical actions.

And Mike was sure that he still loved her. Loved her *hard*. He did as she'd asked and went to the cabin while he was visiting Hawkins to pass the time. It looked the same, no one had inhabited it in the time since Mike and El had used it, though a panel of glass on the door had been broken, probably in a storm, so he had no trouble sliding his hand through to unlock the door for himself. He stepped through the threshold into nostalgia and felt comforted by the memories. He couldn't wait to see her again.

So when the break was over he wasted no time getting back, not forgetting to get her a treat from Benny's first. He kept it warm in an ice chest on the way back, thinking if it kept things cold it could keep them warm too.

He was almost giddy as he climbed the stairs to her third floor dorm room. Mike happily knocked on room 315 and waited, excitement bubbling from him. He just wanted to *see* her. To *kiss* her.

But he frowned when just before the door opened he heard a man's voice coming from inside and then heard El laugh. Then her sweet voice drifted to Mike's ears. *Ugh, who is that? Hold on, I'll make them go away. I don't want company right now*, he heard her say, as though she was being interrupted and annoyed at the prospect of having to pause whatever fun thing she was doing, before the door opened just a bit and Mike stared down at what he could see of El through the

sliver of open door.

"Mike?"

"I...um, brought your burger. Who's in there?" Mike asked, but he knew.

"I...uh...you, uh, came. Today..."

Panic flooded El's entire body. She was quick to close the door behind her and join Mike in the hallway as she refused to let him in. Her *boyfriend*, though she despised thinking of him as such, had stopped by and while El didn't want to see him, she *did* want to officially break up with him. So she had let him in to do just that but soon discovered that she was projecting her own feelings onto the issue and was having a hard time making the break, thinking of how she felt when she found herself all alone. Now he was in her room and the last thing she wanted was for him and Mike to meet again. El knew how that would end.

She hadn't anticipated Mike coming back so early and she couldn't help but wonder if he had done it on purpose, just to surprise her. Unfortunately, it was anything but a nice surprise.

Of course it happened that while she was planning on breaking up with the guy, she had been incapable of doing so for the last hour of him being there, never having broken up with anyone before. After all, while she and Mike had loved each other when they were younger they had never put a label on themselves and as such had never had any sort of verbal breakup. She figured breaking up with someone was messy and she found herself laughing awkwardly at his stupid jokes as she tried to ease herself into the breakup subject. At least until Mike had knocked on her door.

"I thought you'd be here tomorrow. I-" *I wouldn't have let him come in if I had known*, she said to herself, but was too afraid to even voice the words. "Thank you. For the burger. I'll have to talk to you later though." El knew that later there was so much they needed to talk about and she thought she'd have the chance.

She grabbed the paper bag from Mike's hand and looked at him with

big doe eyes. He seemed hurt, *angry* even, and El couldn't do anything but stare at him.

"Really? He's here? El, I thought we...no you know what? Never mind what I thought." Mike's disappointment turned to anger as he felt his stomach tighten. He didn't want to throw up so he let his anger intensify. His imagination was already in full gear and preventing his rational side from interrupting with logical thoughts. "Enjoy your burger. And your life." Mike turned and started to walk away. *I should have known. She never loved me. God, I'm so stupid. I'm such a fool for thinking things were different now.*

He shoved his hands in his pockets as he started down the stairs. He didn't give her time to respond.

"Happy Thanksgiving, El."

Morning dawned to find El with tearstained cheeks and untamed hair. She had done everything but sleep and she methodically checked all the places she thought Mike might be, not finding him at his dorm, before she rushed to the library, where she guessed Mike was studying. She couldn't handle it anymore. Her heart shattered upon seeing him so defeated the previous day and she knew there had to be a way to fix it.

"Mike!" Her voice cracked when she spotted him.

He looked like he had been crying - his puffy face and red eyes gave him away - and El just wanted to punch herself when she realized he was standing up and trying to leave.

"I'm so sorry and it wasn't what you thought it was, I swear! Please let me talk to you," El whispered desperately, her small hands frantically gripping the fabric of Mike's sweater until he couldn't break free.

Mike twisted his arm out of her hand and tried to walk away. El followed him.

"Mike, listen!" She chased after him.

"Leave me alone, El. It's over. I can't keep doing this. I thought things

were gonna be different," Mike fought back tears. "I thought...I thought you cared. You hurt me, do you understand? What you did sucked!" Mike started to walk away again, needing to distance himself because while he was hurt and angry, he also wanted so badly to just scoop her into his arms and tell her he loved her. His bruised pride had caused him to fabricate all sorts of possible scenarios that El and the guy had been engaged in when he had arrived at her room and even though the scene had actually been pretty benign, Mike had made it one hundred times worse by obsessing over it.

Mike Wheeler was a stubborn boy but El was stubborn too and continued to follow him, grabbing again at his wrist.

"Just stop, El. What's wrong with you? What is *wrong* with you?" Mike ripped his hand away and trudged off once more.

"I- I don't know..."

The pulse was ringing in El's ears, along with Mike's acidic question. It hurt to see him so bitter and determined to get rid of her, as if she didn't mean anything to him. As if he was the one who never cared.

As soon as her eyes pricked and tears tried to run down her cheeks, El wiped them away.

"Mike, I'm sorry. It's not-"

"It's not what? It's not what I think? It's not as bad as it seems? El, I thought about you all week and here you were with him, laughing and doing who knows what else. I...I can't. This thing? You and me? Whatever this is...or was," Mike gestured back and forth between them. "It's done. Do you get it? It's over. You can have your coked-out-alpha-male-ass-slapping-tit-ogling-excuse for a boyfriend. We're over." Tears were streaming down Mike's cheeks and he knew he was hurting her by the way her face crumpled and she bit her lip but once he got going he couldn't stop. He was hurting too. Mike was about to walk away when El grabbed him yet again, her sadness taking on a determination and her brow furrowing. Mike knew that look. El had something to say.

"I broke up with him. That's why he was there in the first place. It's just- it was hard and I didn't know how to do it but I did it anyway after you left..."

Her hands sought for purchase and landed on Mike's face. She was standing on the tips of her toes, desperately trying to lock eyes with the boy she loved so much. Yet he was not having it. Tears spilled down his cheeks while he looked away from El, from *anything* that had to do with her, and all she could do was wipe away the salty little droplets running down his pale face.

El was heartbroken and the fact that she had no one but herself to blame only made it worse. Her eyes pricked and the tears threatened to fall.

"Mike...look at me," she begged in a whisper.

All Mike wanted to do was accept what El was saying but his stubbornness and pride just wouldn't let him. He *did* look at her, which only made it harder. But maybe things were supposed to be hard. Maybe he didn't deserve real happiness anyway.

He gently put his hands on hers, where they were desperately clutching his face, and removed them.

"El, no. Even if that's true...I can't. You need to figure out what you want. I...we can't keep hurting each other and I can't keep feeling this way all the time. I think I need to figure myself out too. I shouldn't feel all possessive and jealous if my feelings are what I think they are. I mean, right? It's supposed to be like, mutual trust or whatever? And it's not. I feel crazy. I feel like I constantly need you and that's not healthy." Mike was still holding her hands as he stood there talking. He held one to his lips and kissed her fingers softly.

"So no. This is over. I...I think it has to be. At least for now. I...I'm sorry, El. I don't know what to believe anymore."

El hung on to every word Mike was mumbling despite the unforgiving pain they brought her. He seemed so indifferent, so dispassionate - as if their love didn't mean anything - and El felt like losing her mind already. All she wanted was to sob into his chest and



never let go, but Mike was clearly having a different view.

"Okay, then..."

She was defeated as she wiped her eyes and took one last glance at Mike. Despite being so gentle even when refusing her unconditional love, El still found his words vicious and bitter while they carried on trembling through her mind. She couldn't do this anymore and the flight instinct kicked in.

Without any farewell or hopeless promises, El removed her hands from Mike's hold and ran back to her dorm. She wasn't surprised when the only boy she had ever loved didn't bother to follow her - it wasn't the first time he hadn't.

*So that's that*, Mike thought as he watched El run away. Seeing her literally run hurt him. She was *fleeing*. He had used his words and caused her so much pain she actually ran, no, *sprinted*, away from him. Now he wanted to disappear...to just cease existing.

"Goodbye, El," Mike whispered as he watched her figure get smaller and then she was gone, back inside her building. Back to her room where there were so many memories of things they had done together. So many intimate things that Mike didn't even want to think about.

Yet he couldn't stop thinking about them.

Lying in his bed that night, Mike tried to sleep but every time he closed his eyes he saw El's hurt, crying face and could still feel her hands on his cheeks.

*I deserve it. I deserve to be haunted by her pain. I'm the worst. Why did I push her away?*

Mike sighed, the air leaving his lungs, and got ready for his first of many sleepless nights.

The next few weeks were difficult for Mike, having to see El in biology lab and try to keep his distance. She always looked hurt and it broke his heart further but he didn't know to fix their problem. He was confused, wanting to be angry and yet knowing that he had

blown everything out of proportion. He wanted to be with El but he didn't know how she'd ever feel the same when he had hurt her so badly. For someone who had as many words as Mike Wheeler, he couldn't string enough of them together to tell her how sorry he was. He had barely been sleeping and his hair was always messy. Finally the Christmas break was upon them and he went back to Hawkins. He hoped to sleep there. He hoped to *forget*.

El was having her own hard time. She wanted to be with Mike, she knew that like she knew her name, but ever since he'd taken away any hope of that for her she had analyzed every part of their relationship and had decided that she wasn't good enough for him anyway. She would always be an outcast, a freak, not like everyone else. Mike deserved the best and El certainly would never think of herself as that. Maybe she was always supposed to feel like a piece of her was missing. She went about her days, spending her Christmas break in the library or sleeping or listening to sad songs that kept her in her melancholy.

The day after Christmas Mike was sitting with his family at the dinner table not really paying attention to what was being said, poking at his food, lost in thoughts he wished he could stop thinking. His ears perked up when what his father was saying broke through his wall of inattention.

"I'm impressed with how school is going, Mike. I knew once I took care of that girl you'd buckle down and excel. Had to get you back on the right track. A father knows best, they always say." Ted smiled smugly, like he was the smartest man on the planet.

Mike felt like his jaw dropped to his plate.

"What? What did you say?"

"I had to intervene. I saw you two, Mike. You were having sex, doing unspeakable things, in the *church*. I couldn't let her taint you. She's not pure. She doesn't even have parents, Mike. You should be with a nice, regular girl with a family and a good name. You were just a teenaged kid. You couldn't possibly have made good decisions. I don't want my son to be with some...some...some orphan. You're better than that. Those kids are throwaways, Mike. You're meant for

something greater. Once I had her removed from your life things looked much better for you. And I was right! Look at how well you're doing at Notre Dame!"

Mike was livid. This man had taken El away from him, had taken away the girl he *loved*. He tried to remain calm so that his father would hear everything he had to say.

"It was *you*? *You* sent her away? You sent a kid who had *nothing* away from the only friends and family she knew? And what about me? What about your son? Didn't you see how depressed I was after that? Did that escape you? I almost jumped into the quarry, Dad. And all because of *you*? If you're a man of God then God is a real mother fucker. Oh, wait, he's the *original* mother fucker. Happy fucking birthday, Jesus." Mike got up from the table.

"Now son, you will not speak that way in my house. You need to pray for forgiveness."

"No, dad, I think *you* need forgiveness. You're manipulative, you're a liar, and you do *not* have the best interest of your congregation in mind. You never even *talked* to her. You don't know her, don't know anything about who she really is, how sweet and caring and smart and funny she is." Mike's voice was wavering as he spoke of El. He fought back the tears, choosing to be angry instead of crying. "And you *lied* to me. They all told me she had gone to see the world. You *told* them to lie, didn't you? Or did you just lie to them too? If you were a righteous man you would have explained everything to me then, you would have sat us both down and talked to us and maybe we could have come up with a solution that worked for everyone. But no, not the Reverend Ted Wheeler. Ted Wheeler deals behind the scenes with a silver tongue Satan himself would envy." He neglected to mention that he and El had been reunited at college.

"You shut your wicked mouth!" Ted tried to match Mike's anger but had been caught off guard by Mike's breakdown of what had happened, what Ted had done. Mike had been eerily correct.

"I'll do you one better! I'm going back to school. Tonight! Mom, I'm sorry, but you deserve better than this excuse for a man. I can't stay here anymore. Maybe never again. You can blame *him*. I'm sure he'll

tell you to pray about it. Bullshit is always his answer, except when he's ruining lives." Mike left the table and went up to grab his things from his room. He was going to find El as soon as he got back. He was going to tell her everything and hope that she understood. He felt sickly anxious as he thought about how he'd pushed her away.

*My father created a hell for her and then I told her I couldn't be with her. What if she doesn't forgive me?* Mike thought as he drove back to school. It was dark out but not terribly late. He wasn't sure where she'd be but he was going to search until he found her.

When he got back to school he checked her dorm room but no one was home. Then he went to the student union and didn't find her there either. Finally he decided to check the library. He was cold, his nose was numb, but he didn't care. El was more important than his comfort or warmth.

El was in the library sitting at a table by herself on the evening after Christmas Day. Apart from her roommate, she had cut everyone off when Mike had decided to do the same to her. El was far from proud of how everything turned out, but she couldn't complain much, either. Her life was finally peaceful despite the countless nights she still spent crying over Mike and wishing he would come back to her.

And that was why she stood up from her seat when she spotted a mop of black hair and a lean, tall frame approaching her.

*Mike.*

Mike was deliberately walking toward El and locking eyes with her; a thing he hadn't done in over a month, even when they had been forced to share a desk in the bio lab, and a wave of panic rushed through her body to the point she found herself frantically packing her books.

She wasn't ready to deal with him. Not now and maybe not ever again as she could already imagine the mean things he was about to tell her. Or worse, El thought, maybe he would try to act as if they were nothing but mere friends.

Mike was five feet away from El when she finally zipped up her white

bomber jacket and yanked her backpack off the floor. Her baby pink, fluffy scarf was messily wrapped around her neck and masking part of the shock written all over her face as she walked quickly toward the exit door.

"El, wait!" Mike shouted and was immediately met with a series of *shhhhhss* from the other library patrons. He hastily followed her out into the cold night.

"Please wait!" He called, trying to catch up to her. He used his height to his advantage and his long legs carried him to her, though she still wouldn't turn around. She had made it halfway across the quad, heading toward her dorm when she stopped.

"El, I have to tell you something. It's important!" Mike was feeling scared because she still wouldn't turn around. He just started talking.

"Okay please just listen? If you want to walk away after you hear me out I understand and I'll leave you alone. I just need you to know."

Mike saw her shoulders slump and knew that she was going to stand there, but she still didn't turn around.

"My...my dad. El, he's such an asshole. No, he's worse than that. He's *the worst*. I was at home and he was talking about my school. I wasn't really listening until he started talking about how he'd had to get me on the right track. How once he removed *that girl* from my life things looked better for me. El, my dad had you sent away. He made me get rid of my supercomm and he told everyone to let me think you left because you wanted to. I didn't try to contact you because I didn't think you wanted me to. I thought you left me. But it was *him*."

Mike was crying. A cold wind blew and El started walking again, though slowly. Mike kept up with her.

"I'm so sorry for not talking to you. I never even asked to hear about it. I'm such a mouthbreather, El. And I'm so sorry for all the time we lost. You want to know something? I never wanted to love anyone else. You're *it* for me, El. Even if you walk away tonight you'll still be the only girl I'll love. And I *do*..." They were now standing in front of the chapel, which was closed for a lighting project that would

illuminate the stained glass so it could be seen at night.

"I love you, El."

The crunching noises made by El's shaky feet stepping on the snow ceased.

"You shouldn't."

Turning around, she looked at Mike. But this time she *really* took a look, studying his beautiful features for the first time in over a month. It was obvious he had been out in the cold for a while before entering the library because his pale skin was red and stung by the cold; his dark, long eyelashes and black beanie now peppered with small snowflakes and El forced herself not to pull him in for a kiss and try to make him feel warmer, just like she was feeling on the inside.

It all made sense now - why Mike had never tried to look for her and how he had always seemed just as hurt as her by their sudden separation. El felt beyond stupid to not realize that Mike's father, the reverend, had been behind all of their gruesome pain.

But that didn't change who she was. Or *what* she was. Mike's father probably knew about her powers too and El couldn't disagree with him. Mike's life could really get back on track if she wasn't around.

"I'm a freak. I don't know what your dad told you, but he was probably right about everything. So forget about it. I'm- I'm trying to."

"What are you even talking about?! You're not a freak, El. But I'll tell you something. As long as you're you I wouldn't care about anything else. I wouldn't care how you looked, or how you dressed. I wouldn't care if you walked backwards. I wouldn't care if you could fly, though I won't lie that would be so fucking cool. But what I'm trying to say is that there's nothing you could tell me about yourself that would make me feel differently about you. Fuck, El. I love you so that means the good and the bad. All of you. Please? Please let me? I mean, look where we are right now." Mike saw her follow his gaze to the big doors of the chapel. The big *locked* doors.

"I don't believe what I used to. Not anymore. But here we are, you and me, and so much happened for us in a church. We met there. We...we made each other feel so good there. Do you think it means something? El, it can...if you let it. Just tell me what you think is wrong with you so I can tell you how right it actually is."

"It's not, though."

The cold tears hit El's scarf and she succumbed her head under the cozy fabric until only her hazel eyes were visible.

"It's not like you think it is. All those comic books you read...they suck, Mike. Jean Grey? She found love and people who understand her, but in reality it's never like that. You're just shunned and forced to keep it a secret and it just...sucks!"

El couldn't tell what Mike was thinking, but there was a mix of bewilderment and confusion written on his face as he listened to her. El grabbed his shoulders and turned him around until he faced the lighting project.

With a flick of her mind, all the lights turned on, one by one, until the whole chapel was illuminated. The sudden burst of light reflected on Mike's features and El didn't miss the way his mouth parted in pure shock and how his eyes lit up, as if he was a small kid on a Christmas morning. It melted her right away.

"You think that's cool, don't you?" She shot cynically, despite the heat pooling in her stomach at the sight of Mike staring in awe. "It's not..."

Mike could hardly believe what was happening. His mind was racing, thinking back to all of the weird things that had happened; doors opening but El was on the other side of the room, lights turning on when she was nowhere close to the switch. Nosebleeds. A tattoo. El was mistreated at The Lab. *The Lab!* Rumors about The Lab that he had always shrugged off flooded his brain and he *knew*. Mike knew what she meant at that moment. He didn't know exactly *what* she could do but Mike did not care.

A smile spread across his face and he took a step closer.

"I think...El, I think you're cool. I always have, no matter what you can or can't do." He reached out, cupping her cheek in his hand and wiping away a tear with his thumb. "Did you just do this? For me? It's beautiful...but not as beautiful as you. And I'm not talking about your face, though I love that." Mike stepped even closer, their faces were only inches apart. "El, I'm talking about *you*. Like, who you are inside. You're the most beautiful, your heart and your mind. I don't care what you can do to things; I care what you do to *me* and you make me happy. When I'm with you I'm happy, El, and I don't ever want to not be with you again." Mike closed the gap, though to him it looked like El was just waiting for him to do it. Their lips connected and Mike felt El sink into his embrace.

"God, I missed you," he murmured, their mouths never breaking entirely. "How are you so amazing?" He marveled into her mouth.

"You're freezing," El stated the obvious in concern and Mike nodded in agreement.

"How about...we warm ourselves up in here? We can...talk," she suggested tentatively and motioned to the chapel. She didn't plan on talking that much because being away from Mike had been terrifying enough and all she wanted was to press herself against him and never let go.

"That'd be nice, but it's locked. It says there."

El's eyes followed Mike's pointed finger until they landed on the sign that reinforced his statement. It brought a sheepish smile to her face. *Maybe my powers don't suck so much after all*, she thought.

"Too bad."

She tugged on Mike's hand and brought him closer to the ancient, wooden doors. Using her powers once again, the locks came undone before El led Mike inside the chapel with an innocent grin on her face.

The chapel itself wasn't terribly unlike the church where they had met. The stained glass looked down on wooden pews and crimson rugs along the aisles. El and Mike sat down on the second pew from



the front, the same location where they'd often sit as kids.

"I just, I can't believe my dad would do something so vile. El, I wish I could give you all that time back. I wish I could give it back to *us*."

El sighed, but not from sadness. She felt like she could finally relax. It had all been a misunderstanding and it would be funny if it wasn't so maddening.

"I was so scared. They took me away and were short with me if I asked any questions. And the place they sent me to was almost worse than the lab before it was an orphanage. I had so many chores and they only fed us the required minimum and I cried myself to sleep so many nights. I always hoped you'd come find me. I didn't have any friends because they'd give us extra chores if we talked to each other about anything other than work. It was like a prison. I'd think of you at night and I'd dream about you, but somewhere along the way I was so overwhelmed by everything I started to resent you, or I resented *something*. I didn't understand how me running away for a few days could equal such a harsh punishment. Now I know. It wasn't that at all." El hung her head.

"I don't want you to ever feel like that again. I want to make sure your life only gets better every day." Mike slid his hand over on the seat until his pinky finger touched hers, then his hand enveloped El's. "I shouldn't have pulled my hand away that day at church. In the beginning. I was so dumb. I was surprised and my heart was speeding up and then I worried that my father would see but now I know I shouldn't have cared about anything but *you*. You're all the matters. I thought I'd lost you forever."

El smiled shyly and gripped his hand. "I'm not lost anymore. You found me, or the Universe found me for you. Can you believe we chose the same school?" El scooted closer to Mike. "I mean, is that God or something?"

"I don't know. Maybe. But definitely not the God my dad preaches about. Not a selfish God who needs constant praise or he'll smite his people, but a God that rights the wrongs of the world, who brings people together instead of allowing wars to be fought in his name. I wouldn't call it God at all. It's something that doesn't need human

affirmation. It just keeps a balance in the Universe. Maybe it is the Universe." Mike leaned in as El did the same and they met in a kiss, which deepened rather quickly.

"I love you. You know that, right? It's most definite. I always did, even when we were being stupid and fighting all the time. I love you so much." Mike said between kisses.

El was almost crying. "I love you too. I thought I'd never get to again. I thought it was all over. It was crushing, Mike."

He pulled El into him. Being raised in church he thought he might feel odd about showing any sort of physical love in the actual sanctuary but he found that he felt peaceful. It felt *right* to be holding her in his arms there, it felt *right* to be kissing her.

"Don't cry, El. I promise, I'm done being stupid. I promise I'll always talk to you, no matter if I'm happy or sad, I'll always make sure you understand me and that I understand you. No more misunderstandings. We're in this together for always." Mike wiped a tear away from her cheek and smiled. "Look where we are right now. We're in church. Where's that girl I love to do things with in church? I know she's in there, just waiting for the crying to be over. She wants to come out and play, I know it." Mike knew he was getting through because El looked at him and no longer looked as sad, instead giving him a slightly mischievous grin. "You know what we do in church. It's what we're *best* at." She looked up at him and he winked at her before his face got more serious. "I'm sorry he hurt you. My dad can't hurt us now. I'm sorry *I* hurt you. But you don't ever have to be alone again." Mike's hand stroked her thigh.

"I wish we'd figured out a way that I could finger you while we sat in the audience listening to my dad blather on. Can you imagine sitting there with my hand stroking your pussy, getting you wet, while anyone could see us at any time?" Mike felt his love grow.

He felt something else growing too but he didn't care. He *needed* her and if there was a God then he'd set all of this up so Mike didn't hesitate. He stood up, taking El with him. His hands moved under her sweater and she shrugged off her coat.

"I love fooling around with you in church. I missed this. Remember sucking my cock while my dad preached? Remember me going down on you? You teaching me how? Fuck that was so hot. You're the best teacher. I remember everything I learned, everything you taught me. Now I want to fuck you in a church sanctuary. We've never done that. Can I show you how well you taught me?"

"Really?"

El was grinning from ear to ear. There were no more boundaries between them now - Mike knew her inside and out, he now knew what anyone else outside The Lab had never found out. She felt exposed and vulnerable, but in a good way that only Mike could ever manage to draw from her, and contrasting these emotions was the empowerment his words were giving her.

El wanted to thank Mike somehow, to show him how grateful she was for not giving up on her, and so she pulled him toward the first row of pews. He sat down obediently and held her scarf and jacket to his chest, while El swiftly took her knitted sweater off. It went off right before her boots and jeans, and she was soon standing in nothing but white lingerie and striped socks. Her bra came undone without the help of her hands, and Mike was mesmerized to see the lace fabric flying in the air until it landed on the ground.

Silently, El undressed Mike until there was a pile of their combined garments on the floor. He still had his pants on, despite being unbuckled and pulled down to his mid-thighs, but they had done this enough times to know they could work with it.

She was now on her knees between his shaky legs, her icy fingers warming up over his erect shaft as she stroked it teasingly. A stripe of saliva landed from between her frosty lips to his tip before El smeared it all over the length and smiled up at Mike.

"I don't think the sanctuary is that different, Mike. Though it *is* a bigger stage. You'll have to put your skills to use. Is there anything you need to brush up on? Because maybe I can tutor you."

"I need to be tested I think. To prove what I know. See if I know it on a college level." Mike watched El listen to him, her nose and lips

teasing his straining cock the whole time. "Since you taught me in church and that's where we are I think my memory will be good. But I'm not sure. You might have to remind me. Like, what does your mouth feel like?"

Mike juttied his hips forward, his dick rubbing against her lips. El winked at him and took the tip into her mouth.

"Don't be fast," Mike whispered. "I want to come with you shaking on my cock."

"I'd *always* give you an A for that." El didn't refrain from wrapping her lips around his head again and going down onto the shaft. She took her time like she had been asked to, her mouth massaging Mike's throbbing cock so slow and sensual he was already bucking up.

"You know, Mike... there's still one thing we've never done," El pointed out while rubbing her glistening plush lips over Mike's swollen tip. She was doubting her body was capable of the task she was about to perform on Mike and a wave of self-consciousness took over her, but she still thought they could give it a try. Her small hands pressed on either side of her perky breasts and she squeezed them together, right around Mike's erect cock. His shaft was in between, and her fingers formed a shield where her boobs couldn't reach, just so Mike could be engulfed in nothing but warmth and softness.

"You've never tit-fucked me. Do you want to give it a try?"

She moved her upper body along with her hands, the tight seal that she had formed around Mike's cock tickling his most sensitive parts.

Mike had always thought about fucking El's breasts, or at least feeling his cock slide against them, feeling her soft skin pillowing his dick as he moved between them. She was never about showing off her tits but Mike had always thought they were great and they had grown in the last couple of years.

"Fuck that feels good. But it looks even better. Look down, El. Yeah, don't stop. Like how my cock touches your mouth every time you

lean down? Keep fucking me with your amazing tits but could you tease me with your tongue as my dick pops out under your chin?" Mike's large hands were on her chest, his fingers wrapped around each boob and pushed in, squeezing his cock between them. El's saliva was acting as lube and she was brushing her lower lip across the tip of his cock every chance she got. Occasionally she would hold him in her mouth when he was at the peak of his thrust, pressing her breasts together with him, and Mike watched it all in wonder. Seeing his big cock poke through her perfect tits sent a smattering of pre-cum out over her chest. He wasn't worried though because he knew there would be so much more later.

"God yes. Do that."

El obliged, letting her mouth toy with Mike's tip every time it peeked from between her breasts. She moved along with his thrusts, helping him feel the smoothness of her hot flesh and gazing up at him whenever she could. He had moved so that he was sitting on the edge of the pew and El could fit in the space between his legs. He was thrusting but El was really doing most of the work due to Mike's lack of leverage on the firm seating. It was work she didn't at all mind.

He was so striking, his eyes so captivated by what was happening between his legs that El could easily study him. It became overwhelming after a while and flashbacks of their early encounters flooded her mind and it didn't come as a surprise to find in front of her eyes the same sweet, loving boy who was enchanted by everything they were doing.

El stopped and moved up, her panty clad pussy resting on Mike's thighs after she straddled his legs and cradled his head in her palms. He couldn't look away and El was contented, because she needed Mike to look at her.

"Mike, I really...love you. And I'm sorry for everything..."

She was stopped mid-sentence because Mike was already kissing her mouth and trailing his tongue over her bottom lip. El wanted to reciprocate it, but not before she finished.

"Mike, listen-"

"Show me." Mike had heard her but they had already spent so much time lamenting and apologizing and crying. He thought they both needed to just let their bodies speak for them. He pushed her panties aside, exposing her bare and soaking wet pussy.

"Tease me some more. Do it while the saints watch us. They like to watch, El. Let's make it good. When you can't stand rubbing your hot pussy on my dick anymore you can take it. I'm gonna pull these panties sideways as far as I can because you look so hot still wearing them while you use my dick. If they get uncomfortable tell me and I'll take them off."

Mike's fingers ran through her slick folds and he moaned. She was already grinding on him and her familiar warmth felt so good he pushed her down into himself harder while his mouth returned to hers.

"Fuck, you feel good. Make yourself feel good. Make your pussy feel good."

"Only if you feel good, too," El added over Mike's open mouth.

They licked the inside of each other's mouths and tangled their tongues together while El kept a firm grip on her panties that were pushed aside. This way her bare pussy could rub over Mike's erection, her clit touching every little inch of his shaft and sending chills down El's spine.

"But I can tease you if you want. I'm pretty sure I can make you come just by doing that."

In a swift motion, her hips lifted up until the head of Mike's cock was pointed right at her entry. She took him in just slightly, less than an inch burrowed inside her wet folds before she raised herself up and lowered back down.

"Remember when we first kissed?" Their teeth clashed together as they both grinned at the memory. "You were such a virgin, Mike. I was, too, but you were scared...and I shoved my tongue down your throat and you loved it."

She decided to refresh Mike's memory and repeat the act, her tongue now dancing around his before they needed air and nuzzled their noses together. Her pussy was still tantalizing his cock, merely taking him in then copping out.

"Or when you looked under my skirt. I knew you wanted me."

"Just looking at you teases me, El. I remember all that stuff. Separating the apples after I'd looked up your skirt. I got hard in the orchard that day you know. I had to hold the basket in front of me for a while so no one saw. Then when we were alone and talking I thought about looking up your skirt, how I could see your panties and how climbing the ladder had caused them to bunch up into your crack and your ass looked so nice...oh fuck you feel so good doing that...I got hard again. And then you kissed me. It was so hot how you just took what you wanted. Kissing you that day is still one of my best memories. I jerked off so hard that night in the basement thinking about seeing up your skirt and...fuck you're so wet I almost slipped all the way in just now...and what it would be like to see you for real. To *touch* you. Then I felt guilty so I prayed like an idiot. But hey, maybe my prayer was answered. Here we are now. We should kneel."

Mike picked her up in mid-stroke and carried her across to a small prayer altar. He set her on her knees and got behind her. Instead of lining his cock up, his mouth went to her pussy and he licked, only her outer lips, knowing how he would drive her crazy by doing it. He let his tongue travel up, lightly flicking over her asshole and loving how she moaned and backed herself into him more. He wasn't sure how exactly she was putting up with his teasing but her thighs were completely wet and slick and Mike knew she couldn't hold out for much longer. He stood on his knees behind her, not bothering to wipe her juices from his face.

"You tell me when you can't stand it. Tell me when you need it. Let's stay on our knees. We should be reverent here. The knees bow, the tongue confesses."

Mike was running his hands over her smooth back, his cock between her legs. He liked that she would squeeze her legs together around it, so obviously wanting him to penetrate her but also wanting the

delicious teasing to continue. He had pushed her panties down so that they were around her lower thighs, stretched as far as the elastic would allow as she wiggled and writhed wanting to feel his body against her.

"Don't-" El lamented between moans.

It felt so wrong and perverted to be put on her knees in front of an altar while being naked with a throbbing cock between her legs, but it only added fuel to El's fire. She played down the sinful act by reasoning out that Mike was a church boy and if someone had the right to do that inside a church, it was definitely them. Not that El cared that much. God was the last entity El had ever believed in and the only reason she had never complained attending church back then was Mike's presence.

After the initial embarrassment had worn off, she spread her legs as wide as possible and used her delicate hands to part her ass cheeks and give Mike better access to her pussy. It was sopping wet and aching to be touched inside and out, but El was aware that she had to work for it to happen.

"Mike...put it in. Can you see how wet I am? Put your cock in so you can feel."

The trick wasn't working because all Mike was doing was rubbing his tip over her asshole and clit as he deliberately avoided El's gaping hole. Her middle finger eased inside the hole as a content sigh escaped her parted mouth.

"Fine, keep praying," she joked while now pumping two fingers in and out of her. "I'll just...fuck myself...and pray for you to do it instead."

Mike couldn't let that happen. He couldn't finally have her, *really* have her heart and soul, and allow her to pleasure herself while he held out.

"I got what I prayed for. Time to answer *your* prayer." He felt the tip of his cock find its home, like magnets attracting, and eased himself in painfully slowly. There would still be time for out of control



fucking but right now he wanted to feel every minute muscle twitch and hear every desperate gasp as he filled her with cock. He started slowly, going deep, pushing her head down more so that her ass was raised to him, sinking himself deep and bottoming out, her cries of lust filling the air.

"Tell me how you want it, El. Tell me faster or deeper. Tell me more or less. I want to worship you."

El surrendered to Mike entirely as soon as he soothed the fire inside of her. Her hands and knees supported her weak body amidst the slow plowing and she couldn't stop herself from rocking onto Mike's hard shaft.

"Deeper. And hard. I want to feel you, all of you."

She savored the teasing fucking until then and glanced between her legs, right where Mike was plunging himself until his dick disappeared inside her core.

"Is that what you want?" Mike asked, even as he was doing it. "It's what I want too. We always want the same things, El." He loved that she was looking, watching him working between her legs, watching as his hard dick pounded harder into her.

"You like it hard, I know. I know everything you like. I've known for years, El." Mike's thumb grazed her asshole. "And you're so good at this. You're so good at taking my cock in every way imaginable. I love to give it to you. Yeah, push back on me. Make me go deeper. I love it when you take what you want, El. I love it when you *get* what you want."

El devoured every word that came out of Mike's mouth. They never ceased to turn her on impossibly more and she slammed herself onto Mike's cock repeatedly, until the slapping sounds echoed throughout the empty church.

Raising her upper body up, El searched for Mike's face until she entangled her arm around his head, their cheeks now nuzzling together. He continued to pound her, forcing El to take his cock as deep as was physically possible, until his sack smacked over her skin.

"Will you tell me something, Mike?" He hummed in response and El smiled in delight, her lips now glued to his ear. "Tell me you're mine, only *mine*. And th-that...only *I* will ever get to feel you like this...and only *I* will get to make you feel this way. Will you tell me? Please tell me. I need to hear it."

Mike held her close, her arm around his neck, pulling his head to hers as she strained her neck to reach him. He kept his pace, his cock slamming into her, squishing their bodies together with every needy thrust.

"I never want to feel anyone else on my cock. I never want anyone but *you* to touch it." Mike kissed her cheek, his heart swelling as her head turned more so that her lips could reach his. "I only want to kiss *you*. I only want to make *you* feel good and I'll do anything to accomplish that. El, it's always been that way...I think since we first met. I just...knew." His cock went impossibly deeper as she added her other arm, only her knees and Mike holding her up as she accepted his hard fucking.

"El, it's all yours. *I'm* all yours. My body, my mind, my heart. You make everything better. You make *me* better."

"And do you love me? Because I love you, Mike-"

She couldn't take it anymore. After taking a glance around the dimly lit church, El pulled away from Mike's delicate hold and rummaged through their clothes. She successfully scattered them on the ground until they formed a barrier between their bare bodies and the cold, dirty floor. Mike was lazily stroking his cock and watching El in confusion when she lay down on their shared garments and pulled him closer. Seeing her lay spread out before him, declaring her love, in a *church* of all places felt like a dream. He reattached to her instantly once he understood what was happening. His knees gave up immediately as their bodies entangled, El's calves wrapping around Mike's thighs while her hips pushed against his.

"I love you so much," she continued, her fingers caressing Mike's rosy cheeks. "And I'd never let you go. I'd be stupid to...when you're so good to me. And so beautiful...and amazing."

El was rambling at this point, her mouth glued to Mike's neck and peppering kisses over his pulsing skin as she waited for him to resume the thrilling plowing.

Mike held her as they lay together in the floor of the cathedral, looking into her eyes.

"I can't let you go, El. I even tried to and look at where that led us. We were torn apart and the universe put us back together again. Breaking only made us stronger."

Mike couldn't wait anymore. He loved her so much and he wanted to show her...in front of stained glass, in front of the prayer candles, in front of any deities that may or may not exist. He returned his aching cock to her waiting and wanting pussy, both of them sighing at the exquisite fire reigniting.

"Fuuck, you feel better than anything. I don't mean just my dick inside you. I mean you make me feel better in every way. I love you too. I...I don't think I ever stopped. I loved you then, I love you now, and I love you for always."

Mike thrust into her hard and deep as they both moaned together.

El refused to cry. She *couldn't*; not now, not when Mike was plunging into her until almost all the oxygen was leaving her lungs. And so she tried not to, instead wrapping her arms around his neck and keeping him glued to her chest as they moved in unison, El's body pushing against Mike's as they conjoined in the most exquisite way.

"Make me come, Mike. Make me...make me come on your cock. Only you can do this...only you can...fuck me so good. I'll never let anyone but you," El declared desperately.

"Okay, if that's what you want. I want you to have that. Whatever you need. Ease up just a bit?" Mike felt her arms relax and pulled back a little.

"I just wanna look at you while I do it. I haven't come in church since that day in the choir room before my father had you sent away, the day you wore those stockings and nothing else. You were so hot you

burned the image onto my brain. And now you're in just these striped socks? El, what is it with you and hosiery? You are so ridiculously hot when you wear just that. Like, cartoon eyes popping out of my head style. Just thinking about it...oh, I'm so close." He watched as his dick disappeared into her, then again, hearing her sweet sounds. He didn't want to finish before her though. He leaned back down close to her ear.

"El, are you close? I can feel your pussy throbbing on my cock but I want to be sure. Are you gonna come on my cock soon? If I can hold out until then, and that's iffy," Mike chuckled as he started to suck on her neck, still rocking deeply into her, "but if I can hold out until you come I want to come all over your body. I want to *baptize* you in my come, El. Would you want that?"

"There's nothing...I want more. Oh fuck, don't stop. Almost-"

Whining and moaning against Mike's shoulder, El let her orgasm take over. Her lower body jolted over Mike's bony hips when the contractions of her inner walls erupted around Mike's cock and sent waves of pleasure to them both.

It was slow and unbearable for Mike, who was now remaining still and waiting for El to stop thrashing in his arms so he could carry on with his plan. When she finally did and her orgasm subsided, the only cue was her lips lovingly pressing over Mike's temple as she breathed unevenly under him.

"Oh god, you are the sexiest thing I've ever seen. Until now..." Mike kissed her, feeling her ragged breaths hitch as he took away any source of oxygen, but he knew it wouldn't be for long.

He pulled out, grabbing El's hand as he got on his knees, hovering over her. He joined her hand with his and they pumped together.

"Mmm, gonna come. Gonna baptize you in the name of my asshole father, his nerdy son, and your holy spirit. Oh fuck, El, I feel it. Take it, let me wash you with it. Uuuuhhhnnnn!"

It was like it would never stop. So much come erupted and Mike aimed his dick at El, coating her naked body in his seed. It was

running down her stomach and dripping from her chin. It was in her hair and glistening across her breasts. As he finally managed to stop spurting, Mike fell into her, transferring his own semen to himself as well.

"Fuck that was amazing. I don't know what I believe in, but that makes me believe there might be *something*. I love you, El. I believe *that* for sure."

El's melodic laughter reverberated against Mike's shoulder as they lay still in each other's arms. Her fingertips grazed Mike's back, drawing random patterns on his freckled-skin and waiting for him to calm down. He had clearly come a lot - half of El was covered in semen as it seeped through strands of brown hair and rested on her breasts and stomach. She loved it, though, and there was nothing to complain about knowing that there were wet wipes in her backpack which was laying on the floor a few feet away from them.

"I love you too," she finally murmured while combing her fingers through Mike's locks. "Do you want to sleep with me tonight? My roommate isn't back yet."

Mike nuzzled into her, feeling like he was finally home after being lost for a long time. "Yeah, I want to sleep with you tonight. I want to sleep with you *every* night for the rest of my life. But it's your call. I'll follow your lead. I'll follow you anywhere."

El looked lovingly into Mike's eyes. "You don't have to follow because we'll always be connected. And we're a team, so we'll work *together*. But I don't want to sleep without you. Not ever again."

Presumed happenstance brought them together. Both Mike and El came out of nowhere and into the lives of each other, forming a bond that could never *really* be broken, even when the world ripped them apart. Throughout everything they could never let go, even when they were at their angriest. The Universe had a plan for them and while it toyed with their emotions, while it *hurt* them both, it also put them back together again. Mike and El could finally say that they believed in a higher power; a higher power that protected them and shielded them for the rest of their days. It accompanied them on all of their adventures around the world after college, it was present

when they found their first home to share together, it comforted them in sad times and laughed with them in happy times. It was with them always, never wavering.

Their higher power was *love*.

**Author's Note:** Wow, that was a fun ride. I don't usually do angst but I really enjoyed it. Thanks to everyone who read it (or reads it in the future) and had positive things to say. I love Mileven in ANY form in ANY universe.

**G-Force:** You can binge it now...maybe not in the car though. ;)

**M:** You know how I feel. Thanks for creating this awesome tale with me. We're connected just as much as they are. Only we're real. But anyway...